

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1839.

No. IV.

THE TRANSFIGURED:

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

The following tale is translated for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, by a lady of Pennsylvania, from the German of Tschokke, published a few years since. The chief design of the author seems to have been to illustrate the German philosophy of *Animal Magnetism*; in the course of which he endeavors to explain some curious, not to say mystical, metaphysical speculations. The learned may find something in them for reflection, while the lovers of romance will be better pleased with a very ingenious story, diversified with several interesting characters and exciting incidents, drawn with great power and rich coloring. The whole is thoroughly German, both in its beauties and defects. As the subject of *Animal Magnetism*, engages, at this time, a good deal of attention, and has enlisted in its behalf some of our men of science, the publication of this exposition of its theories and mysteries may be peculiarly acceptable.—*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*

The charm, elegance and retirement of the villa, the hospitality of our rich host, Ambrosio Faustino, and the grace of his most lovely wife, contributed not a little to the healing of our wounds, received in the battle of Molito, (we were four German officers,) but still more the pleasing discovery, that both the generous Faustino and his beautiful wife were of German descent. He was formerly called Faust, and was, by a singular chain of circumstances, induced to settle in Italy and to change his name. The delight of being able, far from our native land, to exchange German words, made us mutually confidential.

I had the liberty of passing my morning hours in Faustino's library. There I found in magnificent rows the choicest works, and also some volumes of Italian manuscripts, written by Faustino. They were memoirs of his own life, mingled with observations on painting and sculpture. I asked the favor of being permitted to read them, which Faustino was not only good enough to grant, but also drew out one of the volumes and pointed out what I should read.

"Read it," said he, "and believe me, however incredible it may appear, it is true. Even to myself, it seems at times a deception of the imagination, though I have experienced it all."

He also imparted to me many smaller circumstances. But this is sufficient for an introduction. Here follows the fragment from Faustino's or rather Faust's memoirs.

ADVENTURE IN VENZONI.

On the twelfth of September, 1771, I crossed the stream Tagliamento at Spilemburg. I approached with firm steps the German confines, which I had not seen for many years. My soul was full of an indescribable melancholy, and it seemed as if an invisible power drew me back. It constantly cried to me, return. In fact, twice did I stop on the wretched road, looked towards Italy, and wished to return again to Venice! But then, when I asked myself, "what argues it? to live! for

what?" I again proceeded onwards, towards the dark mountains, which rose before me in clouds and rain.

I had but little money in my pocket, scarcely sufficient to reach Vienna, unless I begged on the way, or should sell either my watch, linen or better clothes, which I carried in a knapsack. The finest years of my youth I had passed in Italy, in order to improve myself in painting and sculpture. At last I advanced sufficiently in my art to discover, in my twenty-seventh year, that I should never accomplish anything really great. It is true my Roman friends had often had the kindness to encourage me. Many of my pieces had occasionally sold well. Nevertheless this gave me but little comfort. I could not but despise creations which gave me no satisfaction. I experienced the painful feeling, that I was and should remain too weak to call into life with pencil or chisel the living conceptions within me. This threw me into despair—I wished not for money—I longed only for the power of art; I cursed my lost years and returned to Germany. At that time I still had friends there: I longed for a solitude, where I could forget myself. I would become a village schoolmaster, or engage in any humble employment, in order to punish my bold ambition, which had attempted to rival Raphael and Angelo.

The rainy weather had already continued several days and increased my uncomfortable feelings. The thought frequently awoke in me, if I *could* but die! A fresh shower drew me aside from the road, under a tree. There I long sat upon a rock, looking back with deep melancholy upon the destroyed plans and hopes of my life. I saw myself, solitary, amidst wild mountains. The cold rain fell in streams. Not far from me a swollen torrent roared through the rocks. What will become of me? sighed I. I looked at the torrent, to see whether it were deep enough to drown me if I threw myself in. I was vexed that I had not already made an end of my sufferings at Tagliamento. Suddenly an unspeakable anguish and the pangs of death seized me. I shuddered at my resolutions and wishes. I sprang up and ran on in the rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening and becoming late.

I came to a single large house not far from Venzoni. The increasing darkness, continued rain, and my own fatigue, induced me to stop at this building, which exhibited the friendly and inviting sign of accommodation for travellers. As I passed the threshold of the door, a violent shuddering and the same mortal agony seized me, that I had experienced whilst sitting on the rock in the wood. I remained at the door to take breath, but quickly recovered myself. I felt lighter than I had for some days, when in the warm public room I again felt the breath of man. Without doubt it had been merely an attack of bodily weakness.

They welcomed me, and I cheerfully threw my knapsack on the table. I was shown a small room where I could change my wet clothes. Whilst undressing, I

heard a quick step on the stairs; the room door opened, and some hasty questions were asked about me, such as whether I should remain over night—if I came on foot and carried a knapsack—if I had light hair; and many more of a like nature. The interrogators went away—came again, and another voice asked similar questions. I knew not what it meant.

When I returned to the public room, all eyes examined me with curiosity. I seated myself as if I remarked nothing. Yet I was tormented to discover wherefore any one had made such particular inquiries about me. I led the discourse to the weather—from the weather to travelling, and from thence to the inquiry, if any more strangers were in the house. I was informed that there was a noble family from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman and a very beautiful and sick young lady, an elderly lady, probably the mother of the young one, a physician, two servants and two maids. The party arrived at mid-day, and had been detained, partly by the badness of the weather and partly by the weakness of the young lady. I learnt, besides, that both the physician and the old gentleman had come into the public room, in great haste, and had inquired with some anxiety and astonishment about me. The host was certain that the party knew me well. He urged me to go up, as I should certainly meet old friends and acquaintances, since they appeared to expect me. I shook my head, convinced that there was some mistake. In the whole world I had no noble acquaintances, and least of all could I claim any of the German nobility. What confirmed me still more in this belief, was that an old servant of the Count came in, seated himself at the table near me, and in broken Italian called for wine. When I addressed him in German, he was delighted to hear his native tongue. He now related to me all that he knew of his master. The gentleman was a Count Hormegg, who was carrying his daughter to Italy for change of air.

The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. At first, he had seated himself gloomily by me; at the second flask, he breathed more freely. As I said to him, that I thought of going back to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked towards Heaven, and his eyes filled with tears. "Could I only go with you! could I only go!" said he sorrowfully and softly to me. "I can bear it no longer. I believe a curse rests on this family. Strange things occur amongst them. I dare confide them to no one, and if I dare, sir, who would believe me?"

THE MELANCHOLY COMPANY OF TRAVELLERS.

By the third flask of wine, Sebald, for so he was called, became openhearted. "Countryman," said he, and he looked timidly round the room; but no one was present but ourselves; we were sitting alone by the dim burning candle. "Countryman, they cannot blind me. Here is a curse under the veil and abundance of riches—here rules the bad spirit himself; God be merciful unto us! The Count is immensely rich, but he creeps along like a poor sinner; he is seldom heard to speak, and is never gay. The old lady, companion, governess, or something of that kind, to the Countess Hortensia, appears to be in constant fear, from a bad conscience. The Countess herself,—truly a child of

paradise,—can scarcely be more beautiful; but I believe her father has united her with the devil. Jesu Maria! what was that?"

The frightened Sebald started from his seat and became deadly pale. It was nothing but a window shutter, dashed violently too by the wind and rain. After I had tranquillized my companion, he continued:

"It is no wonder; one must live in constant fear of death. One of us must and will shortly die! That I have heard from the young woman Catharine. God be merciful to me! May I not, in the mean time, with my comrade Thomas, refresh myself with wine? Sir, there is no want of what we desire, to eat, to drink, nor of money; we fail only in a happy mind. I should long since have run off—."

Sebald's fable appeared to me to be full of his wine. "From what do you infer that one of you must die?"

"There is nothing to infer," replied Sebald: "it is only too certain. The Countess Hortensia has said it, but no one dares speak of it. Look you—at Judenberg, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. The young Countess announced the death of one of us. Being all in good health, we did not believe it. But as we were proceeding on the highway, Mr. Muller, the secretary of the Count, a man generally beloved, suddenly fell, together with his horse and baggage, from the height of the road, over the rocks, into the abyss beneath, ten times deeper than the church steeple. Jesu Maria! what a spectacle! Hearing and sight left me. Man and horse lay shattered to pieces. When you pass through the village where he lies buried, the people will relate it to you. I dare not think of it. The only question now is, which of us is to be the next victim? But if it comes to pass, by my poor soul, I will demand my discharge from the Count. There is something wrong here; I love my old neck, and do not wish to break it in the service of the God-forsaken."

I smiled at his superstitious distress, but he swore stoutly, and whispered: "The Countess Hortensia is possessed by a legion of devils. For a year she has frequently run over the roof of the castle Hormegger, as we scarcely could do on level ground. She prophesies; she often, unexpectedly, falls into a trance and sees the heavens open; she looks into the interior of the human body. Dr. Walter, who is certainly an honest man, affirms that she can not only see through people as if they were glass, but also through doors and walls. It is horrible. In her rational hours, she is very sensible. But, oh God, it is in her irrational hours that she governs us, when those evil spirits speak out of her. Could we not have remained upon the high road? But no, immediately upon leaving Villach, we must go on sumpter horses and mules over the worst roads and most frightful precipices. And wherefore? Because she so willed it. Had we remained on the great road, Mr. Muller (God be merciful to him!) would still to-day have drunk his glass of wine."

ATTEMPT FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

The return of the people of the house, with my spare evening's meal, interrupted Sebald's gossip. He promised when we were again alone to disclose many more secrets. He left me. In his place, a small, thin, gloomy looking man seated himself, whom Sebald, on

going away, called Doctor. I knew, therefore, that I had before me another member of the melancholy travellers. The Doctor looked at me at my supper, for a while silently. He appeared to be watching me. He then began to ask me in French, from whence I came, and where I thought of going? When he heard I was a German, he became more friendly, and conversed with me in our native tongue. In answer to my questions, I learned that Count Hormegg was travelling with his sick daughter to Venice.

"Could you not," said the Doctor, "give us your company, since you have no particular object in going to Germany? You are more familiar with the Italian language than we are,—know the country, the manners and the healthy parts. You could be of great service to us. The Count could take you immediately in the place of his late secretary. You will be free of expense, have a comfortable life, six hundred louis'd'ors salary, and to that added the known liberality of the Count."

I shook my head and remarked, that neither did I know the Count, nor the Count me, sufficiently to foresee whether we should be agreeable to each other. The Doctor now made the Count's eulogium. I replied in return, that it would be very difficult to say so much to my advantage to the Count.

"Oh, if that is all," cried he hastily, "you are already recommended; you may therefore rely on it."

"Recommended! By whom?"

The Doctor appeared to be seeking for words, in order to rectify his hastiness.

"Eh, why, through necessity—I can promise you, that the Count will pay you an hundred louis'd'ors down, if you—"

"No," replied I, "I have never in my life labored for superfluities; only for what is necessary. From childhood I have been accustomed to an independent life. I am far from being rich, yet I will never sell my freedom."

The Doctor appeared to be irritated. In truth, I was serious in what I said. Add to this, that I particularly desired not to return to Italy, in order that my passion for the arts should not resume its power. I do not deny, also, that the sudden importunity of the Doctor and the general behavior of these travellers, were disagreeable to me, though I certainly did not believe that the sick Countess was possessed by a legion of devils. As all his persuasions had no other effect than to make me more unwilling, the Doctor left me. I then reflected on all the different little circumstances—weighed my poverty against the comfortable existence in the train of the rich Count, and played with the little money in my pocket, which was all my riches. The result of these reflections were,—*"Away from Italy; God's world stands open before you. Be firm! only peace in the breast—a village school and independence! I must first endeavor to recover my individuality. Yes, I have lost all—the whole plan of my life—gold cannot replace it."*

NEW OFFERS.

My surprise was not a little increased, when, scarcely ten minutes after the Doctor's departure, a servant of the Count appeared, and begged me, in his name, to visit him in his room. "What in the world do these

people want with me?" thought I. But I promised to go. The adventure began, if not to amuse, at least to excite my curiosity.

I found the Count alone in his room; he was walking with great strides up and down—a tall, strong, respectable looking man, with a dignified appearance, and pleasing, though melancholy features. He came immediately to meet me, and apologized for having sent for me—led me to a seat, mentioned what he had heard of me through the Doctor, and repeated his offers, which I as modestly, but firmly declined. He went thoughtfully, with his hands thrown behind his back, to the window, returned hastily, seated himself near me, and taking my hand in his, said, "Friend, I appeal to your heart. My eye must deceive me much if you are not an honest man—consequently sincere. Remain with me, I entreat you—remain only two years. Count upon my deepest gratitude. You shall have, during that time, whatever you need, and at the expiration of it, I will pay you a thousand louis'd'ors; you will not repent having lost a couple of years in my service." He said this so kindly and entreatingly, that I was much moved, more so by the tone and manner, than by the promise of so large a sum, which secured me, with my trifling wants, a free and independent fortune. I would have accepted the offer, had I not been ashamed to show, that at last I had yielded to vile gold. On the other side, his brilliant offers seemed to me suspicious.

"For such a sum, my lord, you can command much more distinguished talents than mine. You do not know me."

I then spoke to him openly of my past destiny and occupation, and thought by that means, without vexing him, to put aside his offers, as well as his desire to have me.

"We must not separate," said he, as he pressed my hand entreatingly. "We must not, since it is you alone that I have sought. It may astonish you; but on your account only, have I undertaken this journey with my daughter; on your account have I chosen the worst road from Villach here, that I might not miss you; on your account have I stopped at this inn."

I looked at the Count with astonishment, and thought he wished to jest with me.

"How could you seek me, since you knew me not? Since no one knew the road I wandered? I, myself, three days ago, knew not that I should take this road to Germany."

"Is not this a fact?" continued he: "This afternoon you rested in a wood; you sat, full of sorrow, in a wilderness; you leaned on a rock, under a large tree; you gazed at the mountain torrent; you ran on impetuously in the rain. Is it not so? Confess candidly—is it not so?"

At these words, my senses almost forsook me. He saw my consternation, and said, "Well, it is so! you are indeed the man I seek."

"But," cried I, "I do not deny that some superstitious horrors seized me," and I drew my hand out of his. "But who watched me? Who told you of it?"

"My daughter—my sick daughter. I can easily believe that to you it appears wonderful. But the unfortunate one says and sees many strange things in her sickness. Four weeks since, she declared, that only through your means could she be restored to perfect

health. As you now appear before me, so did my daughter describe you four weeks ago. Perhaps about fourteen days since she declared, that you came, sent by God, to meet us, and that we must break up and seek you. We set out. She directed the way we should take—at least the part of the world we should go to. With the compass in the carriage, and the map in hand, we travelled, uncertain where, like a ship at sea. At Villach, she pointed out the nearest way to you, described even the particulars, and that we must leave the high road. From Hortensia's mouth, I learnt this morning how near you were, and at the same time the little circumstances which I have mentioned to you. Immediately after your arrival, Dr. Walter declared to me, that from the description of the host, you resembled exactly the person whom Hortensia, four weeks ago, and since that time, almost daily had described. I am now convinced of it, and since so much has already been fulfilled, I do not for a moment doubt that you and no other can save my daughter, and give me back my lost happiness."

He was silent, and waited my answer. I sat long, uncertain and silent. I had never in my life met with so singular an adventure.

"What you tell me, my lord, is somewhat incomprehensible, and therefore, with your permission, somewhat incredible. I am, or rather I was, nothing but an artist; and I know nothing of medicine."

"There is much in life," said he, "that is incomprehensible to us, but all that is incomprehensible is not therefore incredible, particularly when we cannot put aside the reality, and the phenomenon stands before us, whose cause lies hidden from us. You are no physician; that may be. But the same power which discovered to my daughter your existence in the world, has, without doubt, destined you to be her saviour. In my youth I was a free thinker, who scarcely believed in God, and can now, in my mature age, even go as far as any old woman, and consider as possible the existence of devils, witches, spectres and familiar spirits. Hence is explained both my importunity and my offers. The first is pardonable in a father who lives in constant anxiety about his only child, and my offers are not too great for the saving of so precious a life. I see how unexpected, extraordinary and romantic it must all appear to you; but remain with us, and you will be a witness of many unexpected things. Do you wish for an occupation exempt from the care and trouble of a journey? It depends upon yourself to choose. I will impose no labor on you. Remain only as my confidential companion, my comforter. I have now before me a heavy hour, perhaps it is very near: one of our company will suddenly, and if I rightly understand, in an unusual manner, die. It may be myself. My daughter has foretold it, and it will happen. I tremble to meet the fatal moment, from which my whole fortune cannot redeem me. I am a very unhappy man."

He said still more, and was even moved to tears. I found myself in a singular dilemma. All that I heard, excited sometimes my astonishment, sometimes my just doubts. Sometimes I had a suspicion of the right understanding of the Count, and sometimes supposed the error was my own. At last I made the courageous resolution to attempt the adventure, come what would of it. It appeared to me unjust to consider the Count

as an impostor; and in God's wide world I had no employment or living.

"I renounce all your generous offers, my lord," said I; "give me only so much as I have need of. I will accompany you. It is sufficient for me, if I may hope to contribute to your happiness and your daughter's recovery, though, as yet, I in no way comprehend the *how*. A human life is of much value; I shall be proud if I have it in my power, one day, to believe that I have saved the life of a human being. But I release you from all that you promised me; I do nothing for money. On the contrary, I will, moreover, maintain my independence. I will remain in your retinue as long as I can be of service to you, or can find my life comfortable in it. If you agree to these terms, then I am in your service. You can introduce me to your invalid."

The Count's eyes shone with joy. He enclosed me silently in his arms, and pressed me to his heart, whilst he merely sighed, "Thank God." After a time he said, "To-morrow you shall see my daughter. She has already gone to rest. I must prepare her for your presence."

"Prepare her for my presence?" exclaimed I, surprised. "Did you not tell me a few minutes since that she had announced my arrival and described my person?"

"Your pardon, dear Faust; I forgot to inform you of one circumstance. My daughter is like a double person. When she is in her natural state, she is in no way conscious of what she hears, sees, knows and says in her state of trance, if I may so call it. She does not recollect the smallest trifle that occurred during that period, and would herself doubt that she had spoken and acted as we related to her, if she had not every reason to place confidence in my words. But in her trance she remembers all that has passed in a similar state, as well as what she has experienced in her usual and natural life. It is only during her trance that she has seen and described you, but out of that knows nothing of you, except what we, by repeating her own expressions, have been able to inform her; you are, therefore, entirely unknown to her. Let us only wait for one of her extraordinary moments, and I have no doubt she will immediately recollect you."

In a conversation of some hours, I learnt from the Count, that his daughter had had for years, even from a child, an inclination to sleep-walking. In a state of somnambulism, she had, without being able to recollect it afterwards, with closed eyes, left her bed, dressed herself, written letters to those present, or played the most difficult pieces on the piano, and executed a hundred other trifles, with a skill, which she not only did not possess when awake, but which she could not afterwards acquire. The Count believed that that which he now sometimes called a trance, and sometimes transfiguration, was nothing more than a higher grade of somnambulism, but which enfeebled his daughter almost to death.

A FRIGHTFUL EVENT.

It was late when I left the Count's apartment. There was no one but old Sebald, in the public room, who was still enjoying his wine.

"Sir," said he, "speak a little German with me,

that I may not entirely forget my noble language, which would in truth be a shame. You have spoken with the Count?"

"I have spoken with him. I shall now travel with him to Italy, and remain in your company."

"Excellent! It does me good, to have one more German face near me. The Italians, as I have heard, are bad birds. Now, with the exception of our possessed Countess, you will be pleased with all our company. As you now belong to us, I can speak more openly of our affairs. The Count would be a good man, if he could only smile. I believe he is not pleased when one laughs. All that surrounds him has the aspect of the last day. The old lady is also right good, but is easily vexed, if one does not immediately fly here and there, according to her motions. I believe she goes to Italy merely on account of the pure burnt water, as she sometimes loves a glass of liquor. The Countess, also, would not be bad, if she had not, besides her pride, an army of devils in her body. Whoever wishes to be in her good graces, must creep on all fours. Bow yourself diligently before her. Dr. Walter would be the best of us all, if he only knew how to exorcise the devils. My comrade, Thomas, is therefore —" At this moment, the host, full of horror, rushed into the room, and cried to his people, "Help! help! there is fire."

"Where is the fire?" asked I, alarmed.

"Upstairs, in a chamber: I saw the bright flames outside the window."

He ran out; the house was filled with cries and confusion. I was following, when, Sebald, white as a corpse, held me by both arms: "Jesu Maria, what has happened?" I told him in German to get water, as the house was on fire.

"Another piece of devilry!" sighed he, and hurried into the kitchen.

The people ran up and down stairs. It was said that the room was fastened, and they sought instruments to break open the door. Sebald was up stairs even as soon as myself, with a bucket of water. As he perceived the door, towards which all pressed, he cried, "Jesu Maria! that is the chamber of the old lady."

"Burst it open," cried the Count Hormegg, in extreme agony. "Burst it open—Mrs. Montlue sleeps there, and she will be suffocated."

A man soon came with an axe, but it was not without difficulty that he could break the strong well mortised onken door. All pressed in, but shuddering, bounded back.

The room was dark. Only in the back ground, near the window, a yellow flame played on the floor, which soon went out. An indescribably sharp stench, blew towards us as we opened the door. Sebald made the sign of the cross, and sprang headlong down stairs; some of the maids followed his example. The Count called for a light. It was brought. I went through the room in order to open the window. The Count directed us to the bed. It was empty and undisturbed, and no where any smoke. Near the window the stench was so great that it made me sick.

The Count called the name of Mrs. Montlue. As he came nearer with the burning candle, I saw at my feet—imagine my horror!—a large black spot of ashes, and near by a burnt head, we could not recognize; one

arm with the hand; in another place, three fingers with gold rings, and the foot of a lady, partly charred.

"Great God," cried the Count, turning pale—"what is that?" He observed, shuddering, the remains of a human figure. He saw the fingers with the rings, and sprang with a loud shriek to meet the Doctor, who was entering. "Mrs. Montlue is burnt, yet no fire, no smoke! Incomprehensible!"

He tottered back, in order once more to convince himself of the reality of his discovery. He then gave up the candle, folded his hands, looked fixedly before him, and turning deadly pale, left the room.

I stood petrified, by so horrible and unheard of a spectacle. All that had happened during this day, the wonders that had been told, had so stupified me, that I stood, without feeling, gazing at the black dust, the coals and the disgusting remains of a human form at my feet. The room was soon filled with the men and women belonging to the inn. I heard their whispers and their stealthy steps. It seemed to me, that I was in the midst of spectres. The nursery tales of my childhood were ripened to reality.

When I came to myself, I withdrew from the chamber, intending to go down into the public room. At that moment, a door at the side opened; a young lady, dressed in a light night dress, came out, supported by two maids, each of whom carried a lighted candle. I remained standing, as if blinded by this new apparition. So much nobleness in figure, movement and features I had never seen in reality, nor even found in the creations of the painter or statuary. The horrors of the preceding moments were almost forgotten. I was only eyes and admiration. The young beauty tottered towards the chamber, where the frightful event had occurred. When she perceived the men and women, she stood still, and cried out in the German language, and with a commanding voice, "Drive away this crowd from me." Immediately, one of the Count's servants executed her commands. He did it with such uncourtly violence, that he forced them all, and me with them, from the gallery to the stairs.

"If there ever has been a fairy, this is one," thought I.

Sebald was sitting, quite pale, in the public room, near the wine. "Did I not say so?" cried he. "One of us must go. The possessed, or rather that malicious Satan, so willed it. The one must break his bones and neck—the other, a living body, be burnt. Your obedient servant, I take my leave to-morrow, lest the next turn comes to my insignificant self. Whoever is as prudent as I am, will not travel with them to hell. In Italy, even the mountains spit fire. God keep me from going too near. I should certainly be the first roast of Moloch, since I am much too pious, and, nevertheless, at all hours, not a saint."

I told him of the young lady.

"That was she," said he; "that was the Countess. God be near unto us! She has probably desired to snuff up the burnt mess. Go with me to-morrow; let us make our escape. Your bright young life raises my sincere compassion."

"Even the Countess Hortensia?"

"Who else? She is handsome, therefore the chief of the devils has himself bewitched her; but"—

At this time Sebald was called by the Count; he went, or rather staggered, sighing deeply. The acci-

dent had filled the whole house with noise. I sat on my chair, amidst all these wonders, estranged from myself. Long after midnight, the host showed me a small room where there was a bed.

ANTIPATHY.

After the fatigues of the past day, I slept soundly till near mid-day. As I awoke, the events of yesterday appeared like a feverish phantom, or the illusions of intoxication. I could neither convince myself of their truth, nor yet doubt them. I considered every thing now with greater composure of mind. I no longer hesitated to remain with the Count. I rather followed him with pleasure and curiosity, so entirely new and wonderful did my destiny appear. Then also, what had I to lose in Germany? What even in life? What could I risk in following the Count? At last, it only depended upon myself to break the thread of the romance as soon as its length became disagreeable to me. When I entered the public room, I found it filled with the overseers of the place, police officers, Capuchins and peasants of the neighboring country, who had been drawn thither either from motives of curiosity or by their official duties. Not one of them doubted but that the burning of the lady was the work of the devil. The Count, indeed, had the remains of the unfortunate woman buried by his own people. But it was thought proper that the whole house should be consecrated and blessed by the reverend Capuchin fathers, in order that it might be purified from the evil spirit. This was a considerable expense. There was a question, whether we should be arrested and given to justice; but it was disputed whether we should be delivered to the civil or ecclesiastical authority. The majority were in favor of our being taken to Undine and brought before the arch-bishops.

The Count, not being master of the Italian language, was glad when he saw me. He had in vain offered a large sum of money to defray the expenses occasioned by the extraordinary circumstances. He entreated me, to finish the business with the people in his name.

I immediately drew near the priests and police officers, and declared to them, that until now, I had had as little connection with the Count as themselves, and offered two things for their consideration; either the misfortune of the burning had happened naturally, or at least without the participation of the Count, in which case they would bring much trouble on themselves by the arrest of so high a nobleman; or he was truly in league with bad spirits, in which case, he could out of revenge play some bad tricks on them, their cloister and their village. Their wisest course was to take the Count's money and let him go; they would then have no responsibility or resentment to fear, and in any case would be the gainers. My reasons were obvious. The money was paid. Our horses were given us—we mounted and rode on. The prospect cleared up.

The Countess with the women and other servants, had gone some hours before; the Count, with only one servant, having remained behind. On the way, he began to speak of the frightful event of the past evening. He said his daughter had been very much overcome by it. She had suffered, for some hours, with cramps and

convulsions, after which she had a quiet sleep. She appeared tranquil on awaking, but desired to leave the unfortunate house immediately.

Probably in order to prepare me for my future situation, he added—"I am obliged to pardon and yield much to my sick child. She is of unconquerable obstinacy. From her extraordinary irritability, the least contradiction moves her to anger, and a slight vexation is sufficient to cause many days of suffering. I have announced your arrival to her: she heard it with indifference. I asked if I might introduce you to her. Her answer was, "Do you think I have so much curiosity? It will be time enough when we are in Venice." I think, however, we shall have sufficient opportunities on the way. Do not allow the humors of my daughter to vex you, my dear Faust. She is a sick, unfortunate creature, whom we must treat with tenderness, lest we destroy her. She is my only treasure, my last joy on earth. The loss of Mrs. Montlue does not appear to be painful to her, as she had lately, I know not from what cause, taken an aversion to her. Perhaps the slight, certainly not violent, inclination of that person to strong drink, was disgusting to her. Dr. Walter affirms, also, that this habit was the cause of her spontaneous combustion. Formerly, she was a very good woman, and much attached to my daughter and myself. I lament her loss very deeply. Dr. Walter related to me other instances, which must be extremely rare, of the spontaneous combustion of the human body, by which it is in a few moments reduced to ashes. He endeavored to account for the phenomenon on very natural grounds, but I cannot comprehend it. Only this much I know, this burning-door of death is one of the most frightful."

Thus spoke the Count, and this formed the subject of our conversation to Venice. For the young Countess had now the humor, notwithstanding her bodily weakness and the objections of her father and physician, to make the journey by long day's rides, and with no other delay than the nightly rest demanded. I had not, therefore, the honor of an introduction. Nay, I must even keep at a distance, since, alas! I had not the good fortune to please her.

She was carried in a sedan chair—servants ran near her on foot. The women rode, and the Count likewise in his own carriage. The Doctor and myself rode on horseback.

As the Countess one morning came out of the inn to mount her sedan, she perceived me, and said to Dr. Walter, "Who is that man, that forever and eternally follows us?"

"Mr. Faust, my lady."

"A disagreeable fellow—send him back."

"You yourself have wished for him; it was on his account that the journey was undertaken. Consider him as the medicine which you have ordered for yourself."

"He has the disgusting qualities common to all drugs."

I was near enough to hear this not very flattering speech, and know not what countenance I put on, though I well recollect that I was almost vexed, and should immediately have left the whimsical Venus, had not the Count been so kind. I could not affirm that I was a handsome man, but I knew that generally I did not displease the women. But now only to be endured as disgusting me-

dicine, was too severe on the vanity of a young man, especially for one who, had he been a Prince or Count, would not have hesitated to have joined himself to the adorers of the charming Hortensia.

In the meanwhile I continued with them. The Countess reached Venice without any particular accident, and her medicine followed obediently after. A magnificent palace was hired, in which I had an apartment, and also servants, particularly appropriated to my service. The Count lived in great style, as it is called. He had many friends amongst the Venitian nobility.

THE TRANCE.

We had been about four days in Venice, when one afternoon I was hastily sent for by the Count. He received me with an unusually cheerful countenance.

"My daughter," said he, "has inquired for you. Indeed, no day has passed without her speaking of you: she has done so already to-day; but now is the first time that she has desired your presence. Enter her room with me, but very gently; the least noise throws her into dangerous cramps."

"But," asked I, with secret horror, "what does she wish me to do?"

"Who can answer?" replied the Count. "Wait for the future. May God direct all."

We entered a large state chamber, hung round with green silk hangings. Two female servants were leaning, silent and anxious, near the window—the Doctor sat on a sofa, watching the invalid. She stood upright, with closed eyes, in the middle of the room—one of her beautiful arms was hanging down, the other, half raised, stiff and immoveable as a statue. Only the movement of her bosom betrayed breath. The solemn silence which reigned, the goddess-like figure of Hortensia, upon whom all eyes were fixed, filled me with involuntary yet pleasing horror.

As soon as I entered this silent sanctuary, the Countess, without opening her eyes, or changing her position, said, with an indescribable sweet voice, "At last, Emanuel! why dost thou keep so far off? O come hither, and bless her, that she may be cured of her sufferings."

I probably looked rather foolish at this speech, being uncertain whether or not it regarded me. The Count and Doctor motioned me to draw nearer, and gave me a sign that I should, like a priest, make the sign of the cross towards, or else, as blessing her, lay my hands on her.

I approached, and raised my hands over her wonderfully beautiful head. But from extreme respect, had not courage to touch her. I let my hands sink slowly down again. Hortensia's countenance seemed to betray discontent. I again raised my hands, and held them stretched out towards her, uncertain what I was to do. Her countenance cleared, which induced me to remain in that position. My embarrassment, however, increased as the Countess said, "Emanuel, thou hast not yet the will to relieve her. O, only give thy will—thy will. Thou art all powerful. Thy will can do all."

"Gracious Countess," said I, "doubt all, but not my will to assist you." I said this truly, with the greatest earnestness. For had she commanded me to throw myself into the sea for her, I should with joy have done

so. To me it was as if I stood before a divinity. The soft symmetry of her form, and her countenance, which seemed to belong to the unearthly, had likewise disembodied my soul. Never had I seen grace and sublimity so united. Hortensia's face was, as I had before seen it, it is true, only transiently or from a distance, pale, suffering and gloomy; now it was quite different. An uncommon delicate color was spread over it, like the reflection from the rose. In all her features swam a light, such as a human countenance, under ordinary circumstances, could never obtain, either by nature or art. The expression of the whole was a solemn smile, and yet no smile, but rather an inward delight. This extraordinary state was justly called transfiguration by her companions, but such a transfiguration, no painter in his moments of inspiration, ever saw or imagined. Let one, therefore, figure to himself the statue-like position, the marble stillness of the features, with the eyes closed as in sleep. Never before had I felt such fearful delight.

"O, Emanuel," said she, after a time, "now is thy will sincere. Now knows she, that through thee she will be cured. Thy hair flows in golden flames; from thy fingers flow silver rays of light; thou floatest in heaven's clear azure. How eagerly her whole being imbibes this brilliancy—this health-bringing flood of light."

At this somewhat poetical form of speech, the drugs, with which I had the melancholy honor of being compared to a few days before, involuntarily recurred to me, and I continued silent, taking no notice of the gold and silver rays.

"Be not angry with her in thy thoughts, Emanuel," said Hortensia. "Be not angry that her weakness and distempered wit compared thee with bitter remedies. Be more generous than the thoughtless one, by suffering misdeeds, and often by earthly weaknesses given up to frenzy."

At these words the Doctor threw a smiling look on me—I also towards the Doctor, but with a gesture of astonishment, not because the proud beauty humbled herself to an apology, but that she appeared to have guessed my thoughts.

"Oh! distract not thy attention, Emanuel!" said the transfigured quickly. "Thou speakest with the Doctor. On her alone turn thy thoughts, and on her safety. It distresses her when thy thoughts for one moment leave her. Continue in the firm desire to penetrate her half dissolved being with the beneficial power of thy light. Seest thou how powerful thy will is? The stiffened fibres relax and melt like the winter's frost in the sun's rays."

Whilst she spoke, her raised arm sank. Motion and life animated her figure. She asked for a seat. The Doctor brought her one which stood in the chamber, with richly embroidered green silk cushions.

"Not that kind," said she. After a while, she continued: "The arm chair, with a striped linen cover, which stands in Emanuel's chamber, before his writing table. Bring it here, and leave it forever!"

I had, truly, but the moment before left the arm chair standing before the table. But the Countess had never seen my room. As I reached the key of the room to one of the women, Hortensia said, "Is that the key? I did not understand those dark spots. Thou hast in the left pocket of thy vest, yet another key—put it away from thee." I did so. It was the key of my press.

So soon as the chair was brought, she seated herself in it, apparently with great comfort. She commanded me to stand near before her, with the ends of my fingers towards the pit of her heart.

"God! of what delight is the man capable!" said she. "Emanuel give her thy word, she entreats thee, not to forsake her till the ruins of her mind have been re-established—till her recovery is perfect. Shouldst thou forsake her, she must die wretchedly. On thee hangs her life."

I promised with delight and pride to be the protector and guardian angel of so precious a life.

"Also, regard it not," continued she, "if she, in the state of earthly waking, mistakes thee. Pardon her—she is an unfortunate, that knows not what she does. All faults are the sicknesses of the mortal part, which cripple the power of the spirit."

She was talkative, and so far from being vexed by my questions, she appeared to hear them with pleasure. I expressed my astonishment at her extraordinary situation. Never had I heard that sickness made a person, as it were, godlike,—that she should, with closed eyes, perceive what she had never seen before, and what was far distant from her, and even know the thoughts of another! I must believe that her state, which, with justice, might be compared to a transfiguration, was the perfection of health.

After a minute's silence, which was always the case before she answered, she said, "She is healthy like a dying person, whose material is breaking asunder. She is healthy as she will be, when her humanity ceases, and the earthly body of this lamp of eternal light falls to pieces."

"The transfiguration," said I, "makes all dark to me!"

"Dark, Emanuel? But thou wilt experience it. She knows much, and yet cannot express it; she sees much clearly, much dimly, and yet cannot name it. See,—man is combined from a variety of beings, which bind and arrange themselves together, as around a single point, and thereby he becomes man. So are all the little parts of a flower held together, whereby it becomes a flower. And as one part holds and binds the other, so the other restrains it in turn; no one is what it would be by itself, since only ALL can form man, and be otherwise nothing. Nature is like an endless ocean of brightness, in which single solid points are drawn together. These are creatures. Or like an extensive shining heaven, in which drops of light run together and form stars. All that is in the world, has run together from the dissolved chaos, which is everywhere and always imbibing and then dissolving itself again in ALL, since nothing can remain stationary. So is man, out of the manifold substances of the universe, grown around with floating flowers. But in order that man may be, more insignificant beings must place themselves around him, which shall support his divine part. The strange things or beings which are placed around us, form the body. The body is only the shell of a heavenly body. The heavenly body is called the soul. The soul is but the veil of the Eternal. Now is the earthly shell of the sick broken, therefore her light flows out, her soul meets in union with ALL, from which it was formerly separated by a healthy shell, and sees, hears and feels without it and within it. Then it is not the body that feels; the body

is only the inanimate casement of the soul. Without it, eyes, ears and tongue are like stones. Now, if the earthly shell of the sick cannot become healthy by thy aid, it will be entirely broken and fall to pieces. She will no longer belong to mankind, since she possesses nothing by which she can communicate with them."

She stopped. I listened as if she brought revelations from another world. I understood nothing, and yet divined what she thought. The Count and physician listened to her with equal astonishment. Both assured me afterwards, that Hortensia had never spoken so clearly, connectedly, and supernaturally, as at this time; that her communications had been broken and made often under great suffering; she frequently fell into the most frightful convulsions, or would lie for many hours in a torpid state; that she very rarely answered questions, but now the conversation appeared not at all to fatigue her.

I reminded her of her weakness, and inquired, if talking so much did not exhaust her strength? She declared, "Not in the least! She is well. She will always be well, when thou art with her. In seven minutes she will awaken. She will enjoy a quiet night. But tomorrow afternoon about three o'clock her sleep will return. Then fail not, Emanuel. Five minutes before three the cramps will begin; then, blessing her, stretch thy hands towards her, with an earnest desire of healing her. Five minutes before three, and by the clock in thy chamber, not by thy watch, which is three minutes different from the clock. Set thy watch exactly with the clock, that the sick may not suffer by their difference."

She also mentioned several trifling circumstances; ordered what they should give her to drink on her awaking; what for her supper; at what time she should go to bed, and gave other similar directions. She was then silent. The former death-like stillness reigned. Her face gradually became paler, as it usually was; the animation of her countenance disappeared. She now first appeared to wish to sleep, or actually to be asleep. She no longer held herself upright, but sank down carelessly, and nodded, as is usual with a person sleeping. She then began to extend her arms and stretch herself, yawned, rubbed her eyes, opened them, and was almost in the same minute awake and cheerful, as she had announced.

When she saw me, she appeared surprised—she looked around on the others. The women hastened to her, also the Count and Doctor.

"What do you want?" she asked me, in a hard tone.

"Gracious lady, I wait your commands."

"Who are you?"

"Faust, at your service."

"I am obliged to you for your good will, but desire I may be left alone!" said she, somewhat vexed; then bowing proudly towards me, she arose and turned her back on me.

I left the room with a singular mixture of feelings. How immeasurably different was the waking from the sleeping person! My gold and silver rays disappeared; also her confidential *thou*, which penetrated deep into my innermost feelings—even the name of Emanuel, with which she had enriched me, was no longer of value.

Musingly, I entered my chamber, like one who had

been reading fairy tales, and became so absorbed in them that he holds the reality for enchantment. The arm chair before my writing table was wanting. I placed another, and wrote down the wonderful tale, as I had experienced it, and as much of Hortensia's conversation as I recollected, since I feared that I might not hereafter believe it myself, if I had it not written before me. I had promised to pardon all the harshness she might show towards me whilst awake,—willingly did I forgive her. But she was so beautiful! I could not have borne it with indifference.

A SECOND TRANSFIGURATION.

The next day the Count visited me in my room, to inform me of the quiet night Hortensia had enjoyed, and also that she was stronger and more animated than she had been for a long time. "At breakfast I told her," said he, "all that passed yesterday. She shook her head and would not believe me, or otherwise she said she must have paroxysms of delirium, and began to weep. I quieted her. I told her, that, without doubt, her perfect restoration to health was near, since in you, dear Faust, there certainly dwells some divine power, of which hitherto you have probably been unconscious. I begged her to receive you into her society during her waking hours, since I promised myself much from your presence; but could not move her to consent. She asserted that your sight was insupportable to her, and that only by degrees could she perhaps accustom herself to your appearance. What can we do? She cannot be forced to any thing, without placing her life in danger."

Thus he spoke, and sought in every way, to excuse Hortensia to me. He showed me, as if in contrast to Hortensia's offensive antipathy, self-will and pride, the most moving confidence; spoke of his family circumstances, of his possessions, law-suits and other disagreeable circumstances; desired my counsel, and promised to lay all his papers before me, in order that my opinion of his affairs might be more precise. He did so, that same day. Initiated in all, even his most secret concerns, I became every day more intimate with him; his friendship appeared to increase in proportion as the antipathy which his daughter had taken to me augmented. At length I conducted all his correspondence—had also the management of his income, and the government of his household—so that, in short, I became every thing to him. Convinced of my honesty and good will, he depended on me with unlimited confidence, and only seemed discontented when he perceived, that with the exception of mere necessities, I desired nothing for myself, and constantly refused all his rich presents. Dr. Walter and all the domestics, as well male as female, soon remarked what extraordinary influence I had, as suddenly as unexpectedly, attained. They surrounded me with attentions and flattery. This unmerited and general good will made me very happy, though I would willingly have exchanged it all for mere friendship from the inimical Countess. She, however, remained unpropitiated. Her antipathy appeared almost to degenerate into hate. She cautioned her father against me, as against a cunning adventurer and impostor. With her women she called me only the vagabond, who had nestled himself into her father's confidence. The old Count

at last scarce dared to mention me in her presence. But I will not anticipate the history and course of events.

My watch was regulated. It was really three minutes different from the clock. Five minutes before three in the afternoon, neither sooner nor later, I entered, unannounced, Hortensia's room. The witnesses of the day before, were present. She sat on the sofa in a thoughtful position, but with her own peculiar grace, pale and suffering. As she perceived me, she threw a proud, contemptuous look on me, rose hastily, and cried, "Who gave you permission—without being announced?"

A violent shriek and fearful convulsions stopped her voice. She sank into the arms of her women. The chair which she had desired the day before, was brought to her. Scarcely was she seated in it, than she began, in the most frightful manner, and with incredible velocity, to strike herself, both on the body and head, with her clenched fist. I could scarcely support the horrible spectacle. Tremblingly, I took the position which she had prescribed the day before, and directed the finger ends of both my hands towards her. But she, with eyes convulsively distorted and fixed, seized them,—and thrust the fingers with violence many times against her person. She soon became more tranquil, closed her eyes, and after she had given some deep sighs, appeared to sleep. Her countenance betrayed pain. She fretted softly for some time. But soon the pain appeared to subside. She now sighed twice, but gently. Her countenance gradually became clearer, and soon again resumed the expression of internal blessedness, whilst the paleness of her face was overspread by a soft color. After some minutes, she said, "Thou, true friend! without thee what would become of me?" She spoke these words with a solemn tenderness, with which angels alone might greet each other. Her tones vibrated on all my nerves.

"Are you well, gracious lady?" said I, almost in a whisper—since I yet feared she might show me the door.

"Very, oh! very, Emanuel!" answered she, "as well as yesterday, and even more so. It seems thy will is more decided, and thy power to assist her increased. She breathes—she swims in the shining circle which surrounds thee; her being, penetrated by thine, is in thee dissolved. Could she be ever so!"

To us, prosaic listeners, this manner of speaking was very unintelligible, though to me in no way unpleasing. I regretted only that Hortensia thought not of me, but of an Emanuel, and probably deceived herself. Yet I received some comfort when I afterwards learnt from the Count, that to his knowledge none of his relations or acquaintances bore the name of Emanuel.

Her father asked her some questions, but she did not hear them—as she began, in the midst of one of them, to speak to me. He approached nearer to her. When he stood by me, she became more attentive.

"How, dear father, art thou here?" said she. She now answered his questions. I asked her why she had not observed him sooner.

She replied, "He stood in the dark—only near thee is it light. Thou also shinest, father, but weaker than Emanuel, and only by reflection from him."

I then said to her that there were yet more persons in the room; she made a long pause, then named them all, even the places where they were. Her eyes were con-

stantly closed, yet she could denote what passed behind her. Yes, she even remarked the number of persons who were passing in a gondola in the canal before the house, and it was correct.

"But how is it possible that you can know this, since you do not see them?" said I.

"Did she not declare to you yesterday that she was sick? That it is not the body which discerns the outer world, but the soul? Flesh, blood and the frame of bones, is only the shell which surrounds the noble kernel. The shell is now torn, and its vital power would repair the defects, but cannot without assistance. Therefore the spirit calls for thee. The soul, flowing out and searching in the universe, finds thee and fulfils its duty with thy power. When her earthly waking comes, she sees, she hears and feels more quickly and acutely, but only that which is external and near—that which approaches her. Now, however, she meets things whether she will or not; she touches not, but penetrates; she guesses not, but knows. In dreams thou goest to the objects, not they to thee, and thou knowest them, and wherefore they so act. Even now, it is to her like a dream; nevertheless, she knows well that she is awake, but her body wakes not; the outward senses do not assist her."

She next spoke much of her sickness, of her sleep-walking, of a long fainting fit, in which she once laid—what had passed within her, and what she had thought whilst those around wept her as dead. The Count heard her with astonishment, since, besides many circumstances of which he was ignorant, she touched upon others which had occurred during her ten hours' stupor, of which no one but himself could have known; for example, how he had in despair, left her, gone into his chamber, fallen on his knees, and prayed in hopeless agony. He had never mentioned this, and no one could have seen him, since not only at the time, had he fastened his door, but it was also night, and his chamber without light. Now that Hortensia spoke of it, he did not deny it. It was incomprehensible how she could have known it in her fainting fit, and yet more so, that she should recollect it at this time, as the incident had occurred in her early childhood. She could scarcely have been more than eight years old at the time.

It was also remarkable that she always spoke of herself in the third person, as of a stranger, when she related her own history, or spoke of herself, as she stood in the civil and social relations. Once she said, explicitly, "I am no Countess, but she is Countess!" Another time, "I am not the daughter of the Count Hormegg, but she is."

As her whole exterior appeared to float in a transfiguration, more quiet, more exalted, more beautiful than usual, so was her voice a language in conformity to it. It was, though as soft and clear, yet more solemn than in common life; every expression was chosen, and sometimes even poetical. There was frequently a singular obscurity in her words,—often an apparent total want of connection, occasioned partly by her exalted imagination, and partly because she spoke of things, or observed them in a point of view, foreign to us. She, however, spoke willingly and with pleasure, particularly when questioned by me. Sometimes she sank in a long and quiet reflection, during which one might read in her features the expression, sometimes of a discontented,

sometimes a contented research, astonishment, admiration or delight. She interrupted this deep silence, from time to time, with single exclamations, when she lisped "Holy God!"

Once she began of herself: "Now is the world changed. It is one great ONE, and that eternal one is a spiritual one. There is no difference between body and spirit, since all is spirit, and all can become body, when they associate together, so that they may feel as a single one. The all, (or the component parts,) is as if formed from the purest ether; the all, active and moving; transforming itself; since all will unite; and the one counter-balances the other. It is an eternal fermentation of life, an eternal vibration between too much and too little. Seest thou how clouds move in the clearest heaven? They float and swell, till the mass is filled; then, attracted by the earth, they penetrate it in the form of fire or rain. Seest thou the flower? A spark of life has fallen in the midst of a throng of other powers; it unites itself with all that may be of service to it, forms them, and the germ becomes a plant, until the inferior powers overgrow and dislodge the original power. And as the spark is expelled, they fall asunder, since nothing any longer binds them together. So is the formation and decay of man."

She said yet much more, wholly unintelligible to me. Her transfiguration ended like the first. She again announced the period of her earthly waking, likewise the occurrence of a similar state the next day. She dismissed me, with the same dark looks as on the first day, as soon as she opened her eyes.

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.

Thus it continued, always in the same way, for some months. I may not and cannot write down all her memorable annunciations. Her extraordinary indisposition experienced only insignificant changes, from which I could neither affirm that they denoted improvement or the contrary. For, if she suffered less from cramps and convulsions—and whilst awake there was not the slightest trace of uncomfortable feeling, except extreme irritability—her unnatural sleep and transfiguration returned more frequently, so that I was often called two or three times in the day.

I became thus completely the slave of the house. I dared not absent myself even for a few hours. Any neglect might cause serious danger. How willingly did I bear the yoke of slavery! I never faltered. My soul trembled with joy when the moment allotted to the beautiful miracle came. Each day adorned her with higher charms. Had I but for one hour seen and heard her, I had sufficient remembrances to banquet on for a long time in my solitude. Oh! the intoxication of first love!

Yes, I deny it not—it was love; but I may truly say not earthly but celestial love. My whole being was in a new manner bound to this Delphic priestess, by an awe in which even the hope died of ever being worthy of her most insignificant looks. Could the Countess have endured me without disgust, even as the most unimportant of her attendants, I should have thought that heaven could offer no higher happiness. But, as in her transfigured state, her kindness towards me seemed to increase, even so did her aversion, as soon as, when waking, she saw me. This dislike grew at last into the bit-

terest abhorrence. She declared this on every occasion, and always in the most irritating manner. She daily entreated her father, and always more harshly, to send me from the house; she conjured him with tears; she affirmed that I could contribute nothing to her recovery; and were it so, all the good I might effect during her unconscious state, was again destroyed by the vexation my presence caused her. She despised me as a common vagabond, as a man of low origin, who should not be allowed to breathe the same air with her—to say nothing of so intimate a connection with her, or the enjoyment of such great confidence from Count Hornegg.

It is well known, that women, particularly the handsome, indulged, and self-willed, have humors, and consider it not unbecoming if they sometimes or always are a little inconsistent with themselves. But never in any mortal could more contradiction be found, than in the beautiful Hortensia. What she, waking, thought, said or did, she contradicted in the moments of her trance. She entreated the Count not to regard what she might advance against me. She asserted that an increase of her illness would be the infallible consequence of my leaving the house, and would end in her death. She entreated me not to regard her humors, but generously to pardon her foolish behavior, and to live under the conviction that she would certainly improve in her conduct towards me as her disease abated.

I was, in fact, as much astonished as the others at Hortensia's extraordinary inclination to me during her transfigured state. She seemed, as it were, only through me, and in me, to live. She guessed, indeed she knew my thoughts—especially when they had any reference to her. It was unnecessary to express my little instructions; she executed them. However incredible it may be, it is not the less true, that she, with her hands, followed involuntarily all the movements of mine in every direction. She declared that it was scarcely any longer necessary to stretch out my hands towards her, as at the commencement; my presence, my breath, my mere will, sufficed to her well being. She refused, with scorn, to taste any wine or water, that I had not, as she said, consecrated by laying my hands on, and made healthful by the light streaming from the ends of my fingers. She went so far as to declare my slightest wishes to be irresistible commands.

"She has no longer any free will," said she one day; "so soon as she knows thy will, Emanuel, she is constrained so to will. Thy thoughts govern her with a supernatural power. And precisely in this obedience she feels her good, her blessedness. She cannot act contrary. So soon as she ascertains thy thoughts, they become her thoughts and laws."

"But how is this perception of my thoughts possible, dearest Countess?" said I. "I cannot deny, that you often discern the most secret depths of my soul. What a singular sickness—which seems to make you omniscient! who would not wish for himself, this state of perfection, though sickness is usually our greatest imperfection?"

"It is so, also with her," said she. "Deceive not thyself, Emanuel, she is very imperfect since she has lost the greater part of her individuality; she has lost it in thee. She is nothing now except through thee. She has her life only in thee. Shouldst thou die to-day, thy last breath

would also be her last. Thy serenity is her serenity—thy sorrow her sorrow."

"Can you not explain to me the miracle, that causes in me the greatest astonishment, and, notwithstanding all my reflections, remains inexplicable?"

She was long silent. After about ten minutes she said: "No, she cannot explain it. Come not persons before thee in dreams, whose thoughts thou seemest to think at the same moment with themselves? So is it with her; and yet to the sick one it exists clearly; she is conscious that she is awake. Truly," continued she, "her spiritual part is always the same; but that which united the spirit to the body is no longer the same. Her shell is wounded in that part with which the soul is first and most intimately connected: her life flows out and becomes weaker, and does not allow itself to be bound. Hadst thou not been found, Emanuel, the sick would already have been released. As an uprooted plant, whose powers evaporating, receives no sustenance, if its roots are again laid in fresh soil, will imbibe new life from the earth, put forth branches and become green—thus is it with the sick. Soul and life in the *ALL* flowing away, finds nourishment in thy life's fulness; forces new roots in thy being, and is restored through thee. She is an extinguished light, in a broken vessel; but the dried wick of life nourishes itself again in the oil of thy lamp. Thus the sick, now spiritually rooted in thee, exists from the same powers as thou; therefore has she pleasure and pain, feeling, will, and even thought, as thou hast. Thou art her life, Emanuel."

Neither the women nor the Doctor could refrain from smiles, at this tender declaration of the petulant Countess. On the same day, the Count said to me:

"Will you not for a jest make the strongest essay of your power over Hortensia?"

"And how?" replied I.

"Desire, as a proof of her obedience, that Hortensia shall have you called, when she is awake, and voluntarily give you, as a present, the most beautiful of the roses which are blooming in her vases."

"It is too much; it would be indiscreet. You know, Count, what an unconquerable aversion she has to the poor Faust, as much even as she appears to have regard for Emanuel."

"Even for that reason, I entreat you to make the trial, were it only to discover whether your will is powerful enough to have effect out of the state of transfiguration and in the waking usual life? No one shall tell her what you have wished. Therefore it shall be arranged, that no person except you and myself shall be present when you express the wish."

I promised to obey. Though, I confess, rather unwillingly.

THE ROSE.

When I went to her the following morning, as she lay in the slumber which usually preceded her transfiguration—and I never showed myself earlier—I found the Count there alone. He reminded me by a look, and with laughing eyes, of the agreement of the day before.

Hortensia passed into her transfigured waking state

and immediately commenced a friendly conversation. She assured us that her sickness had almost reached the turning point, when it would gradually diminish; this would be known by her having less clear perceptions in her sleep. I became more embarrassed the more the Count motioned to me to bring forward my experiment.

In order to divert or to encourage myself, I went silently through the room to the window, where Hortensia's flowers bloomed, and with my fingers, played with the branches of a rose bush. Inadvertently I stuck a thorn rather deep in the end of my middle finger.

Hortensia gave a loud cry. I hurried to her; the Count likewise. She complained of a violent prick in the point of the middle finger of her right hand. The appearance of her finger belonged to the witchcrafts, to which, since my intercourse with her, I had become accustomed. In fact, I thought I could remark a scarcely visible blue spot; the next day, however, a small sore developed itself, and likewise on my finger—only mine was sooner healed.

"It is thy fault, Emanuel," said she, after the lapse of a few minutes; "thou hast wounded thyself with the rose bush. Take care of thyself—what befalls thee, happens also to her."

She was silent. I also. My thoughts were how I should bring forward my proposition. The wounding appeared to offer the fittest occasion. The Count motioned me to take courage.

"Wherefore dost thou not speak out?" said Hortensia; "ask that she should have you called at twelve o'clock to-day, before she goes to eat, and present you with a new blown rose."

With amazement, I heard my wish from her lips. "I feared to offend you by my boldness!" said I.

"O, Emanuel, she well knows that her father himself suggested the wish!" replied she, smiling.

"It is likewise, my ardent wish!" stammered I. "But will you at twelve, when awake, remember it?"

"Can she do otherwise?" she replied, with a good humored smile.

As the conversation on that subject ended, the Count went and brought in the women and the Doctor, who were waiting without. After about half an hour, I, as usual, so soon as the transfigured was lost into a real sleep, absented myself. It might have been about ten o'clock.

Upon waking, Hortensia showed the Doctor her painful finger. She believed that she had wounded herself by the point of a needle, and was astonished not to find some outward injury.

About eleven she became restless, walked up and down her room, sought out all sorts of things, began to speak of me to the women, or rather, after her usual habit, to pour on me the fulness of her anger, and to attack her father with reproaches, that he had not yet dismissed me.

"This obtrusive man is not worth my spending so many tears and words about. I know not what forces me to think of him, and to embitter every hour with the hated thought. It is already too much that I know him to be under the same roof, and that I know how much you esteem him, dear father. I could swear the wicked man has bewitched me. Therefore,

take care, dear father, I certainly do not deceive myself. You will have cause, one day, bitterly to repent your good nature. He will deceive you and all of us."

"I entreat you, my child," said the Count, "do not be forever vexing and fatiguing yourself with speaking of him. You do not know him; you have only seen him twice, and but transiently. How can you then pronounce a condemnatory judgment upon him? Wait till I surprise him in some false act. In the meanwhile do you be tranquil. It is sufficient that he dares not appear in your presence."

Hortensia was silent. She spoke with the women on other subjects. Her disquiet increased. They asked her if she was not well. She knew not what to answer. She began to weep. They endeavored in vain to discover the cause of her grief or melancholy. She concealed her face in the cushions of the sofa, and begged her father as well as her women to leave her alone.

A quarter before twelve they heard her ring. She directed the woman who answered her summons, to say to me, that I should come there as soon as the clock struck twelve.

Notwithstanding I anxiously expected this invitation, it caused me great surprise. In part from the extraordinary fact itself and in part from fright, I was as much perplexed as embarrassed. I went many times before my glass, in order to see if I really had a face made to awaken horror. But—it struck twelve. With a beating heart I went and heard myself announced to Hortensia. I was admitted.

She sat negligently on the sofa; her beautiful head, shaded with her raven locks, rested on her soft white arm. She reluctantly arose as I entered. With a weak, uncertain voice, and a look which implored her mercy, I declared myself there to hear her commands.

Hortensia did not answer. She came slowly and thoughtfully towards me, as if she sought for words. At last she remained standing before me, threw a contemptuous side look on me, and said:

"Mr. Faust, it seems to me that it is I that should entreat, in order to induce you to leave the house and train of my father."

"Countess," said I, and the manly pride was a little roused in me, "I have forced myself neither on you nor the Count. You yourself know on what grounds your father entreated me to remain in his company. I did so unwillingly; but the heartfelt kindness of the Count, and the hope of being useful to you, prevents my obeying your expressed command, however it may distress me to displease you."

She turned her back on me, and played with a little pair of scissors near a rose bush at the window. Suddenly she cut the last blown rose off—it was beautiful, although simple—she reached it to me and said,—
"Take the best which I have now at hand: I give it to you, as a reward for having hitherto avoided me. Never come again!"

She spoke this so quickly and with such visible embarrassment, that I scarcely understood it; she then threw herself again on the sofa, and as I wished to answer, she motioned to me hastily, with her face turned, to go away. I obeyed.

Even at the moment I left her I had already forgotten all injuries. I flew to my room. Not the angry,

but only the suffering Hortensia in all her tender innocence swept before me. The rose came from her hand like a jewel, whose infinite worth all the crowns in the world could not outweigh. I pressed the flower to my lips—I lamented its perishable nature. I thought how I should most securely preserve it—to me the most precious of all my possessions. I opened it carefully and dried it between the leaves of a book, then had it enclosed between two round crystal glasses, surrounded with a gold band, so that I could wear it like an amulet to a gold chain round my neck.

THE BILL OF EXCHANGE.

In the meantime this event was the cause of much discomfort to me. Hortensia's hate of me spoke out more decidedly than ever. Her father, entirely too gentle, made my defence in vain. His conviction that I was an honest man, as well as my usefulness in the common affairs of his house, and his firm belief that I was indispensable to the saving of his daughter, were sufficient to render him for a long time deaf to all the whisperings which aimed at my downfall. In a short time he was the only one in the house that honored me with a friendly word or look. I remarked, that gradually the women, Dr. Walter himself, and at last the lowest servant of the family, kept shyly at a distance and treated me with a marked coldness. I learnt from the true hearted Sebald, who remained devoted to me, that my expulsion was aimed at, and that the Countess had sworn to turn any one out of her service, who dared to have any kind of intercourse with me. Her command was so much the more effectual, as from the physician and steward, to the lowest servant in the house, each one considered himself lucky to be a domestic in so rich a house; and whilst they only considered me as one of their equals, they envied me my unlimited credit with the Count.

Such a situation must of course become displeasing to me. I lived in Venice, in one of the most brilliant houses, more solitary than in a wilderness, without a friend or familiar acquaintance. I knew my steps and motions were watched; nevertheless I endured it with patience. The noble Count suffered no less than myself from Hortensia's caprices. He often sought comfort near me. I was the most eloquent advocate for my beautiful persecutor, who treated me during her transfiguration with as much kindness, I might almost say tenderness, as she vexed me when out of this state, with the effects of her hatred and pride. It seemed as if she were governed alternately by two inimical demons: the one an angel of light, the other of darkness. At last, even the old Count began to watch me and became more reserved; the situation was insupportable to me. I had only lately perceived how he was tormented on all sides; how particularly Dr. Walter sought to shake his confidence in me, by many repeated little malicious remarks; and what a deep impression a reproach of Hortensia's once made, when she said: "Have we all made ourselves dependant on this unknown man? They say my life is in his power; well, pay him for his trouble; more he does not merit. But he is also to be a participator in our family secrets. We are, in our most important affairs, in his charge, so that, were I

even in health, we could scarcely, without disadvantage, send him away. Who is surety for his secrecy? His apparent disinterestedness, his honorable appearance, will one day cost us much. The Count Hormegg will be the slave of his servant, and a stranger, by his cunning, become the tyrant of us all. This common fellow is not only the confidant of a Count, whose race is related to princely houses, but the all-doer and head of the family."

In order still more to revolt the pride of the Count, the subordinates appeared to have conspired together to fulfil his commands with a certain reluctance and doubt, as if they were afraid of displeasing me. Some carried this artful boldness so far as to express openly the question, whether the command he gave had also my consent. This acted upon the Count so much, little by little, that he became mistrustful of himself, and believed that he had overstepped the limits of prudence.

I remarked it, however much he endeavored to conceal his change of mind. This vexed me. I had never forced myself into a knowledge of his circumstances; he had imparted them to me by degrees, craved my council, followed it, and always gained by it. He had voluntarily charged me with the whole care of the receipts and expenditures of his income; it was by me, from the state of the greatest confusion, placed in such clearness, that he confessed he never had such an insight into his household affairs. He was now in a situation to make suitable arrangements both of his money and estates. By my advice he had terminated two old perplexed family law-suits, whose end was not to be seen, by an amicable agreement, and by this compact gained more immediate advantage than he himself hoped to have won, if he had succeeded in his suit. Many times had he, in the excess of his gratitude or friendship, wished to force considerable presents on me, but I had always refused them.

For some weeks I endured to be hated and mistaken by all. My pride at last revolted. I longed to get out of this unpleasant situation to which no one any longer troubled himself to reconcile me. Hortensia, even she, who was the author of all the mischief, was the only one, who, in her transfigurations, warned me incessantly not to regard any thing she might undertake against me in her waking hours. She would despise herself for it; she coaxed me with the most flattering speeches, as if she would in these moments requite me for all the torments which she immediately after, with redoubled eagerness, would cause me.

Count Hormegg had me called one afternoon to his cabinet. He desired me to give him the steward's book, and also a bill of exchange lately received for two thousand louis d'ors, which sum, he said, he wished to place in the bank of Venice, since his residence in Italy would be continued for the year. I took the opportunity to beg him to confide to another the whole of the business with which he had charged me, since I was determined, so soon as the health of the Countess would permit, to leave his house and Venice. Notwithstanding he remarked the irritability with which I spoke, he said nothing, except requesting me not to neglect his daughter and her cure; but as to what regarded the other affairs, he would willingly disburden me from them.

This was sufficient. I saw he wished to make me unnecessary to him. I went, out of humor, to my room, and took all the papers, as well those which he had not demanded as those which he had; but I could not find the bill of exchange; I must have mislaid it amongst some papers. I had a dim recollection that it was enclosed by me in a particular paper, and with some other things put on one side. My search was in vain. The Count, hitherto accustomed to see his wishes executed with the greatest promptitude by me, would certainly be surprised that I this time delayed. The next morning he reminded me of it again.

"Probably you have forgotten," said he, "that I asked you yesterday for the steward's book and the bill of exchange." I promised to give them to him at mid-day. I looked through the writings, leaf by leaf, in vain. Mid-day came; I had not found the bewitched bill of exchange. I excused myself with the Count that I must have mislaid a couple of sheets which hitherto had not happened to me; probably in my anxious hasty search, I had either overlooked some or taken the papers for others and placed them away. I asked for a delay till the next day, since they could not be lost, but only mislaid. The Count made, it is true, a discontented face, but yet replied, "There is time enough! Do not hurry yourself."

What time I could spare, I employed in searching. It lasted till night. The following morning I commenced anew. My anxiety increased. I must at last believe, that the bill was either lost, stolen, or perhaps, in a moment of absence, employed by myself as useless paper. Except my servant, who could neither read nor write, and who never had the key to my sitting room, no person entered those apartments. The fellow asserted that he had never allowed any one to enter whilst he was cleaning the room, still less, had he ever touched a paper. Except the Count, no stranger came to me, since from my retired life I had made no acquaintance in Venice. My embarrassment rose to the highest pitch.

THE SINGULAR TREACHERY.

The same morning, as I went to the Countess, to remain near her, during her transfiguration, and render her, in this state, the accustomed service, I thought I remarked in the countenance of the Count a cold seriousness, which spoke more than words. The thought, that he perhaps suspected my honesty and truth, increased my disquiet. I walked before the sleeping Hortensia, and at the same moment it struck me, that perhaps by means of her wonderful gift of sight, she might inform me where the papers were. It was indeed painful to me, to confess, before Dr. Walter and the women, the charge of neglect or disorder.

Whilst I was yet struggling with myself, what I should do, the Countess complained of the insupportable coldness which blew from me towards her, and which would cause her sufferings if it did not change. "Thou art pained by some disquiet. Thy thoughts, thy will, are not with her!" said she.

"Dear Countess," replied I, "it is no wonder. Perhaps it is in your power, from your peculiarity of being able to discover what is most concealed, to restore me again my peace. I have lost amongst my papers, a bill of exchange, which belongs to your father."

The Count Hormegg wrinkled his brow. Dr. Walter cried: "I beg you, do not trouble the Countess in this situation with such things."

I was silent; but Hortensia appeared thoughtful, and said, after some time, "Thou, Emanuel, hast not lost the bill; it was taken from thee! Take this key, open the closet there in the wall. In my jewel casket lies the bill."

She drew out a little golden key, reached it to me and pointed with her hand to the closet. I hurried there. One of the women, called Elenora, sprang before the closet and wished to prevent the opening of it. "Your lordship," cried she anxiously to the Count, "will not allow any man to rummage amongst the effects of the Countess!" Ere she had yet ended the words, she was with a strong arm pushed away by me; the closet opened, the casket likewise, and behold, the bewitched bill of exchange lay there on the top. I went with a face shining with joy to the old Count, who was speechless and motionless from astonishment. "Of the rest, I shall have the honor of speaking to you hereafter," said I to the Count, and went back with a light heart to Hortensia, to whom I gave back the key.

"How thou art metamorphosed, Emanuel!" cried she, with a countenance of delight, "Thou art become a sun—thou floatest in a sea of rays."

The Count called to me in violent emotion: "Command the Countess, in my name, to say how she came by these papers."

I obeyed. Elenora sank down fainting on a chair. Dr. Walter hurried to her, and was in the act of leading her from the room as Hortensia began to speak. The Count commanded, in an unusually severe tone, silence and quiet. No one dared to move.

"Out of hate, beloved Emanuel, the sick had the bill taken. She foresaw, maliciously, thy difficulty, and hoped to induce thy flight. But it would not have happened, since Sebald stood in a corner of the corridor, whilst Dr. Walter, with a double key, went in thy chamber, took the bill which thou hadst put in some letters from Hungary, and gave it on going out to Elenora. Sebald would have betrayed it all, so soon as it was known that some papers of importance had been lost. Dr. Walter, who had seen the bill of exchange with thee, made the proposition to the sick to purloin it. Elenora offered her assistance. The sick herself encouraged them both to do so, and could scarcely wait for the time when the papers could be brought to her."

During these words Dr. Walter stood quite beside himself, leaning on Elenora's chair; his countenance betrayed uneasiness, and shrugging his shoulders, he looked towards the Count, and said, "From this, one may learn that the gracious Countess may also speak erroneously. Wait for her awaking, and she will explain herself better how the papers came into her hands."

The Count made no answer, but calling to a servant, ordered him to bring old Sebald. When he came, he was asked whether he had ever seen Dr. Walter during my absence go into my room.

"Whether in the absence of Mr. Faust I know not, but it may well have been so last Sunday evening, since he at least unlocked the door. Miss Ellen must know better than I, as she remained standing on the stairs until the Doctor came back and gave her some notes, whereupon they talked softly together and then separated."

Sebald was now permitted to go; and the Doctor with the half fainting Elenora were obliged on a motion from the Count to depart. Hortensia appeared more animated than ever. "Fear thee not from the hatred of the sick" said she many times; "she will watch over thee like thy guardian angel."

The consequence of this memorable morning was, that Dr. Walter, as well as Elenora, with two other servants, were on that same day dismissed by the Count and sent from the house. To me, on the contrary, the Count came and begged my pardon, not only on account of his daughter's fault, but also for his own weakness, in listening to the malicious whisperings against me and half crediting them. He embraced me, called me his friend, the only one which he had in the world and to whom he could open himself with unlimited confidence. He conjured me not to forsake his daughter and himself.

"I know," said he, "what you suffer, and what sacrifices you make on our account. But trust with confidence to my gratitude as long as I live. Should the Countess ever be restored to perfect health, you will certainly be better pleased with us than hitherto. Look at me! is there on earth a more desolate, unfortunate man than myself? Nothing but hope supports me. And all my hopes rest on your goodness and the continuance of your patience. What have I already gone through! what must I yet endure! The extraordinary state of my daughter often almost deprives me of reason. I know not, if I live, or if destiny has not made me the instrument of a fairy tale."

The distress of the good Count moved me. I reconciled myself to him and even to my situation, which was by no means enticing. On the contrary, the ignoble disposition of the Countess much weakened the enthusiasm in which I had hitherto lived for her.

FRAGMENTS OF HORTENSIA'S CONVERSATIONS.

Through the kind and attentive care of the Count, it happened that I now never saw Hortensia when awake, for which I felt little inclination. I even did not learn how she thought or spoke of me, though I could easily imagine it. In the house strict order reigned. The Count had resumed his authority. No one ventured again to make a party with Hortensia, against either of us, since it was known that she would become the accuser of herself and confederates.

Thus I saw the extraordinary beauty only in those moments when she, raised above herself, appeared to be a being of a better world. But these moments belonged to the most solemn, often to the most moving of my life. The inexpressible charm of Hortensia's person was heightened by an expression of tender innocence and angelic enthusiasm. The strictest modesty was observed in her appearance. Only truth and goodness were on her lips; and notwithstanding her eyes were closed—in which, otherwise, her feelings were most clearly expressed—yet one read the slightest emotion by the fine play of her countenance as well as in the varied tones of her voice.

What she spoke of the past, present or future, so far as the keen prophetic vision of her spirit reached, excited our astonishment; sometimes from the peculiarity

of her views; sometimes from their incomprehensibility. She could give us no information of the *how*, though she sometimes endeavored and sought by long reflection to do so. She knew by actual sight, as she said, all the interior parts of her body, the position of the superior and inferior intestines, of the bony structure, of the ramifications of the muscles and nerves; she could see the same in me or any one to whom I only gave my hand. Though she was a highly educated young lady, yet she had no knowledge, or only the most confused and superficial, of the structure of the human frame. I mentioned the names of many things, which she saw and described exactly; she on the contrary, corrected my ideas when they were not accurate.

Her revelations upon the nature of our life interested me most, since to me, her absolutely inexplicable state, led me most frequently to question her on it. I wrote down each time, after leaving her, the substance of her answers, although I must omit much which she gave in expressions and images not sufficiently intelligible.

I will not mention here all that she spoke at different times, but will only select and place in a better connection what she revealed concerning things which excited my sympathy or curiosity.

As I once remarked, that she lost much in not being able to recollect, in her natural and waking state, what she, during the short time of her transfiguration, thought, saw and spoke, she replied:

"She loses nothing, since the earthly waking is only one part of her life, that terminates in certain, single ends; it is only a circumscribed outward life. But in the true, unlimited, interior, pure life, she is as conscious of what is passing in this, as of what has passed in her waking state.

"That internal, pure life and consciousness continues in every person unbroken, even in the deepest fainting, as in the deepest sleep, which is only a fainting of another kind and from other causes. During sleep, as in a fainting fit, the soul withdraws its activity from the instruments of the senses back to the spirit. One is also then conscious to himself, when without, he appears unconscious, because the lifeless senses are silent.

"When thou art suddenly aroused from a deep sleep, on waking, a dark remembrance will sweep before thee, as if thou hadst thought of something before awaking, or, as thou thinkest, dreamt, though thou knowest not what it is. The sleep-walker lies in the fast sleep of the outward senses; he hears and sees, not with eyes and ears, nevertheless he is not only in the utmost perfection conscious of himself and knows exactly what he thinks, speaks or undertakes, but he remembers also every thing of his outward waking, and knows even the place where he, waking, laid his pen.

"The outward, limited life, may suffer interruptions and pauses; the true, inner consciousness, has no pauses and needs none.

"The sick knows very well that she now appears to thee perfect; but in fact, the powers of her mind and soul are not more exalted or commanding than formerly, though less bound or crippled by the restraints of the outward senses. An excellent workman works with imperfect tools more imperfectly than he should do. Even the most fluent human speech is tedious and difficult, since it neither can represent all the peculiarities

of the thoughts and feelings, nor the rapid changes and course of the ideas, but only single parts of the onflowing current of thought.

"In the purer life, although the tools of the senses rest, there is a more complete and exact remembrance of the past, than in the earthly waking. Since at the earthly waking, the ALL streams through the open doors of perception too powerful—almost stunning. Therefore, Emanuel, thou knowest when we wish during our earthly waking, deeply and seriously to think, we seek solitude and quiet and withdraw ourselves as it were from without, and neither see nor hear.

"The more the mind can be removed from outward life, the nearer it approaches to its purer state; the more it is separated from the activity of the senses, the more clear and certain it thinks. We know that some of the most remarkable discoveries have been made in a state betwixt sleeping and waking, when the outward doors were half closed and the spiritual life remained undisturbed by foreign intermixture.

"Sleep is not to be regarded as an interruption of the perfect conscious life; but the earthly waking is to be regarded as such an interruption, or rather as a limitation of it. Since by earthly waking the soul's activity is directed as it were to fixed paths and limits, and on the other side, the attractions of the outward world influence it so powerfully, that the remembrance of the pure life disappears; still more so, since on the earthly waking the attention of the spirit itself is distracted, and is attracted to the guarding of the body in all its single parts. Yes, Emanuel, sleep is properly the full awaking of the spirit; the earthly waking, as it were, a slumber or a stunning of the spirit. The earthly sleep is a spiritual sunset for the outward world, but a clear sunrise in the inner world.

"Yet even amidst the distractions of the earthly waking, we perceive occasionally glimpses of another life we have passed through, though we do not always know how to express it. So one sees from high mountains in a summer night the late or early red of a sun and of a day that has departed, which is the portion of other countries on the globe. Often, with wonderful quickness, in extraordinary accidents, thoughts and resolutions occur to men necessary to their safety, without foregone considerations—without reflection. We know not from whence they spring. Connection fails between our previous ideas and this sudden and commanding one. Men usually say it is as if a good spirit or a divinity had inspired me with the thought. At other times we see and hear in our daily life something that we seem already to have seen and heard; and yet we cannot fathom how, or when, or where, and we imagine it to be a singular repetition, or some resemblance to a dream.

"It is not extraordinary, Emanuel, that our conscious being never ends; that is, that whether sleeping or waking, it ever advances; since it is so, how can it cease? But wonderful is the change—the ebb and flow—the hither and thither turning of life from the inner to the outward and from the outward to the inner.

"The spirit, clothed by the soul, as the sun is by its rays, flying through the firmament of the world, can exist as well without a body, as the sun without foreign worlds. But the worlds without the sun are dead—

loosened from their path; the body without the soul is dust.

"The body has its own life, as every plant lives; though the earthly powers of life must first be awakened through the spirit. These rule and move themselves according to their own laws, independent of the soul. Without our will and knowledge, without the will and knowledge of the body, it grows, digests its nourishment, makes the blood flow, and changes in manifold ways its inheritance. It inhales and exhales; it evaporates and draws invisible nourishment for its wants from the atmosphere. But like other plants, it is dependant upon the outward things, by which it nourishes itself. Its condition changes with day and night, like the condition of every flower; it raises or relaxes itself; its powers of life consume themselves like an invisible fire which demands fresh nourishment.

"Only by a sufficient supply of the vegetative powers of life, is the body fitted for the soul to enter into a close union with it, otherwise it is a heterogeneous substance. If its powers become too much consumed or exhausted, the spiritual life draws itself back from the outward to the interior part: that we call *sleep*—an interruption of the activity of the senses. The soul returns again into the union with the outer parts, so soon as the vegetative department has recruited its powers. It is not the soul which becomes fatigued or exhausted, but the body; the soul is not strengthened by rest, but the body. So there is a constant ebb and flood, an outstreaming and retreating of the spiritual essence in us, perhaps conformable to the changes of day and night.

"The greater part of our existence we watch outwardly; we should do so, since the body was given us on earth, on condition of our activity. The body and its inclinations give our activity a determined direction. There is something great and wonderful in this economy of God.

"With age the body loses the faculty of re-establishing its powers of life in a sufficient degree to sustain in all its parts its intimate union with the soul. The instrument formerly ductile and supple, stiffens and becomes useless to the spirit. The soul withdraws itself again into the interior. To the spirit remains all its inward activity, even till all union with the body is impeded; this arrives only through the destroying power of age, or sickness. The loosening of the soul from the body is the restoration of the freedom of the first. It frequently announces itself by predictions at the hour of death and other prophesies.

"The more healthy the body, so much the more is the soul entirely united with all parts of the body; and the more closely it is bound to it, so much the less capable is it of predicting; it is then, as if the soul in extraordinary moments of enthusiasm, unshackled as it were, sees into futurity.

"The retreat of the soul from the outer world, produces a peculiar state of the human substance. It is the dream. To fall into a slumber, produces the last attraction of the senses, and the first activity of the free interior life. By the waking, the last ray of the inner world mixes itself with the first light of the outward world. It is difficult to disentangle what particularly appertains to the one or the other; but it is always instructive to observe dreams. Since the spirit, even in

its inner activity, occupies itself with that which attracted it in the outward life, one can expound the movements of the sleep-walker. Though, when the outward senses of the sleep-walker are again unlocked, he can remember nothing of what he did during his extraordinary state, yet it can return to him again in dreams. So do they bring from the inner world much knowledge to the outer. Dream is the natural mediator, the bridge between the outward and inner life."

CHANGES.

These were perhaps the most remarkable ideas which she uttered, either spontaneously or excited by questions; it is true, not in the order in which they are here placed, but, as regards the expressions, very little different from them. Much that she said, it was impossible for me to give again, since with the connection of the conversation, it lost much of the delicacy of its meaning; much remained wholly unintelligible to me.

"It was also my fault that I neglected leading her back at the right time, upon many things that remained obscure to me. I soon remarked, that she did not in all her hours of transfiguration discern and speak with equal clearness—that she gradually liked less to converse on these subjects, and at last discontinued them entirely, and spoke almost only of household affairs or the state of her health. This she constantly affirmed was improving, though for a long time we could perceive no traces of it. She continued as formerly to indicate to us what she must eat and drink when awake, and what would be beneficial and what prejudicial to her. She showed an aversion to almost all drugs, but on the contrary, desired daily an ice cold bath, and at last sea water baths. As the spring approached, her transfigurations became shorter.

I will, by no means, describe here the history of Hortensia's illness, but will in a few words state, that in seven months after my arrival, she was so far restored, that she could not only receive the visits of strangers, but also return them, and could even go to church, theatre and balls, though only for a few hours at a time. The Count was beside himself with joy. He loaded his daughter with presents, and formed around her a various and costly circle of amusements. Connected with the first houses of Venice, or courted by them either on account of his wealth or the beauty of his daughter, it could not fail that every day in the week was metamorphosed into a festival.

He had hitherto in fact lived like a hermit, depressed by Hortensia's misfortune and kept in a constant constrained and anxious state by the miracles connected with her illness. Therefore, he had become confined to an intercourse with me. Besides, from want of firmness of mind and through my influence over Hortensia's life, and by a kind of superstitious respect for my person, he allowed himself to be willingly pleased with what I directed. He yielded to me, if I may so call it, a kind of government over himself, and obeyed my wishes with a degree of submission which was unpleasant to myself, though I never abused it.

Now that Hortensia's recovery restored to him a mind free from care and the long denied enjoyment of brilliant pleasures, his deportment towards me changed,

It is true, I continued to hold the direction over his house and family affairs, which he had formerly given up to me, either from blind confidence or for his convenience, but he wished that I should conduct his affairs under some name in his service. As I firmly refused to place myself in his pay, and remained true to the conditions under which I had at first engaged with him, he appeared to make a virtue of necessity. He introduced me to the Venitians as his friend, yet his pride not permitting his friend to be a mere citizen, he gave me out generally as being from one of the purest and best of the German noble families. I opposed at first this falsehood, but was obliged to yield to the entreaties of his weakness. Thus I entered into the Venitian circles, and was received every where. It is true, the Count continued to be my friend, though not entirely as formerly, since I was no longer his only one. We no longer, as before, lived exclusively for and with one another.

Yet more remarkable was the metamorphose in Hortensia on her convalescence. In her transfigurations, she was, as ever, all goodness; but the old hate and aversion, during the remaining part of the day, appeared gradually to disappear. Either more obedient to the admonitions of her father, or from her own feelings of gratitude, she controlled herself so as not to wound me either by word or look. It was permitted me from time to time, though only for a few moments, to pay my most respectful homage to her as a guest of the house, as a friend of the Count, and as an actual physician. I could even at last, without danger of exciting an outbreak of her anger, be in the society where she was. Indeed this effort or habit proceeded so far, that she could at last, with indifference, suffer me to dine at table, when the Count was alone or had guests. But even then I always saw her pride through her manners as she looked down upon me, and except what decency and common politeness demanded, I never received a single word from her.

For myself, my life was truly only half gay, though from my greater freedom, I felt more comfortable. The amusements into which I was drawn, diverted me, without increasing my contentment. In the midst of bustle, I often longed for solitude, which was more congenial to my nature. It was my invariable determination, so soon as the cure of the Countess was perfected, to regain my former liberty. I longed with eagerness for the arrival of that moment, since I felt too deeply that the passion with which Hortensia's beauty inspired me would become my misfortune. I had struggled against it, and Hortensia's pride and hatred for me rendered the struggle more easy. To her feelings of high noble birth, I opposed my citizen feelings—to her malicious persecutions, the consciousness of my innocence and her ingratitude. If there were moments when the charms of her person affected me—who could remain insensible to so many?—there were many more in which her offensive behavior entirely disgusted me, and caused in my heart a bitterness which bordered on aversion. Her indifference towards me was as strong a proof of the want of grateful feelings in her disposition as her former aversion. At last I avoided Hortensia more assiduously than she did me. Could she have regarded me with indifference, she must have discovered in my whole behavior how great was my scorn of her.

Thus, during Hortensia's gradual recovery, had the situations between us all, unremarked and singularly enough, wholly changed. I had no ardent wish except soon to be freed from an engagement which gave me but little joy, and no greater consolation than the moment when Hortensia's perfect health would render my presence unnecessary.

PRINCE CHARLES.

Amongst those who in Venice connected themselves most intimately with us, was a rich young man, who, descended from one of the noblest Italian families, bore the title of Prince. I shall call him Charles. He was of a pleasing figure, with fine manners, intellectual, quick and prepossessing. The nobility of his features, as well as the fiery glance of his eye, betrayed an irritable temperament. He lived at an immense expense, and was more vain than proud. He had served for some time in the French army. Tired of that, he was upon the point of visiting the most distinguished European cities and courts. The accidental acquaintance which he made with Count Hormegg, detained him longer in Venice than he at first intended; for he had seen Hortensia, and joined himself to her crowd of admirers. In pursuit of her, he soon appeared to forget every thing else.

His rank, his fortune, his numerous and brilliant retinue, and his pleasing exterior, flattered Hortensia's pride and self love. Without distinguishing him from the others by any particular favor, she yet liked to see him near her. A single confidential friendly look was sufficient to excite in him the boldest hopes.

The old Count Hormegg, no less flattered by the Prince's addresses, met them half way, showed him a preference over all, and soon changed a mere acquaintance into a close intimacy. I doubted not for a moment that the Count had secretly chosen the Prince for his son-in-law. Nothing but Hortensia's indisposition and a fear of her humors appeared to prevent both the father and lover from more open approaches.

The Prince had heard, in confidential conversations with the Count, of Hortensia's transfigurations. He burnt with a desire to see her in this extraordinary state; and the Countess, who well knew that this state was far from being disadvantageous to her, gave him, what she had hitherto denied to every stranger, permission to be present at one of them.

He came one afternoon when we knew Hortensia would sink into this remarkable sleep, as she always announced it in the preceding one. I cannot deny that I felt a little touch of jealousy as the Prince entered the room. Hitherto I had been the happy one to whom the Countess, by preference in her miraculous glorifications, had turned her exterior graces and intellectual beauty.

Charles approached lightly over the soft carpet, moving on tip-toe. He believed that she really slumbered, as her eyes were closed. Timidity and delight were expressed in his features as he gazed on the charming figure, which, in her whole appearance, discovered something extraordinary.

Hortensia at length began to speak. She conversed with me in her usual affectionate manner. I was again,

as ever, her Emanuel, who governed her thoughts, will, and whole being; a language which sounded very unpleasingly to the Prince, and which to me was never very flattering. Hortensia, however, began to appear more restless and anxious. She asserted several times that she felt pains, though she could not tell wherefore. I motioned to the Prince that he should reach me his hand. Scarcely had he done so than Hortensia, shuddering violently, cried out gloomily: "How cold! Away with that goat there! He kills me!" She was seized with convulsions, which she had not had for a long time. Charles was obliged hastily to leave the room. He was quite beside himself with terror. After some time, Hortensia recovered from her cramps. "Never bring that impure creature to me again," said she.

This accident, which even alarmed me, produced unpleasant consequences. The Prince regarded me from this moment as his rival, and conceived a great hatred towards me. The Count, who allowed himself to be entirely governed by him, appeared to become suspicious of Hortensia's feelings. The mere thought that the Countess might acquire an inclination for me, was insupportable to his pride. Both the Prince and Count united themselves more firmly together; kept me at a greater distance from the Countess, except during the time of her miraculous sleeps; agreed upon the marriage, and the Count opened the wishes of the Prince to his daughter. She, although flattered by the attentions of the Prince, demanded permission to reserve her declaration till the complete restoration of her health. Charles, in the meanwhile, was generally regarded as the betrothed of the Countess. He was her constant attendant, and she the queen of all his fetes.

I very soon discovered that I began to be in the way—that with Hortensia's recovery I had sunk into my original nothingness. My former discontent returned, and nothing made my situation supportable, but that Hortensia, not only in her transfigurations, but soon out of them, did me justice. Not only was her old aversion towards me changed into indifference, but in the same proportion as her bodily health rebloomed, this indifference changed itself into an attentive, forbearing respect; to an affable friendliness, such as one is accustomed to from the higher to the lower, or towards persons whom one sees daily, who belongs to the household, and to whom one feels indebted for the services they perform. She treated me as if I were really her physician—liked to ask my advice, my permission, when it concerned any enjoyment or pleasure; fulfilled punctually my directions, and could command herself to leave the dance so soon as the hour was passed which I had fixed for her. It occurred to me sometimes, as if the authority of my will had in part passed over to her waking, since it began to act more weakly over her soul during her transfigurations.

THE DREAMS.

Hortensia's pride, obstinacy and humor, also passed gradually away from her like bad spirits. In her disposition, almost as lovely as during her trance, she enchained not less by her outward charms, than by her affection, humility and grateful kindness.

All this made my misfortune. How could I, a daily witness of so many perfections, remain indifferent? I

wished most earnestly that she might, as formerly, despise, offend and persecute me, that I might the more easily separate from her, and could be able to despise her in return. But that was now impossible. I again adored her. Silently and without hope, I pined away in my passion. I knew, by anticipation, that my future separation from her would take me to the grave. What made my situation worse, was a dream, which I from time to time had of her, and always in the same or a similar form. Sometimes I was sitting in a strange room—sometimes on the seashore—sometimes in a cave under overhanging rocks—sometimes on the moss-covered trunk of an oak, in a great solitude, and with a deeply agitated soul—then came Hortensia, and looking upon me with the kindest compassion, said, "Wherefore so melancholy, dear Faust?" and thereupon each time I awoke, and the tone with which she spoke thrilled through me. This tone was echoed to me the whole day. I heard it in the bustle of the city, the crowd of company, in the song of the gondoliers, at the opera, everywhere. Some nights when I had this dream, I waked so soon as Hortensia had opened her mouth to make the usual question, and then imagined that I actually heard the voice without me.

Dreams formerly in the world used to be dreams; but in the strange circle into which I was placed by my destiny, even dreams had an unusual character.

I was one day regulating some accounts in the Count's room, and had laid some letters before him for his signature. He was called to receive some of the Venitian nobility, who had come to visit him. Believing he would soon return, I threw myself upon a chair at the window, and sank into a deep melancholy. Soon I heard footsteps, and the Countess, who sought her father, stood near me. I was much startled, without knowing wherefore, and respectfully arose.

"Why so sad, dear Faust?" said Hortensia, with her own peculiar loveliness, spiritualizing my whole being, and with the same voice, whose tones sounded so movingly in my dreams. She then laughed as if surprised at her own question, or as astonished at herself, rubbed thoughtfully her brow, and said, after a while, "What is this? I fancy that it has occurred before. It is extraordinary. I have once before found you exactly as at this moment, and even so questioned you. Is not this singular?"

"Not more singular than I have experienced," said I, "since not once, but many times, have I dreamt that you discovered me, and asked in the same words the same question which you have now had the goodness to do."

The Count came in and interrupted our short conversation. But this, apparently in itself unimportant incident, caused me much reflection; nevertheless my researches were in vain to divine how the play of the imagination could mingle with the reality. She had dreamt the same as myself, and the dream had been accomplished in life.

These enchantments were yet far from being at an end.

Five days after this event, the god of sleep mimicked before me that I was invited to a great assembly. It was a great fete and dance. The music made me melancholy, and I remained a solitary spectator. Hortensia suddenly came to me from the crowd of dancers, pressed

secretly and fervently my hand, and whispered, "Be gay, Faust, or else I cannot be so!" She then gave me a look of compassionate tenderness, and was again lost in the tumult.

The Count Hormegg attended a pleasure party on that day, at the country seat of a Venitian. I accompanied him. On the way he told me that the Countess would also be there. When we arrived, we found a large company—in the evening there were magnificent fireworks, and then dancing. The Prince opened the ball with Hortensia; it was like the stroke of the dagger to me as I looked at them. I lost all inclination to participate in the ball. In order to forget myself, I chose a partner, and mixed with the floating, beautiful troop. But it seemed to me that I had lead fastened to my feet, and I congratulated myself when I was able to slip out from the crowd. Leaning at a door, I gazed on the dancers, not at them, but only at Hortensia, who moved there like a goddess.

I thought of the dream of the past night; in the same moment a dance broke up, and glowing with joy, yet timidly, Hortensia approached me, pressed secretly and lightly my hand, and whispered, "Dear Faust, be gay, that I also may be so." She spoke this so compassionately, so kindly—with a look from her eyes—a look—I lost sense and speech. When I recovered myself Hortensia had again disappeared. She swept again in the row of dancers, but her eyes constantly sought only me; her looks constantly hung on me. It was as if she had the humor, by her attention, to deprive me of the residue of my reason. The couples separated at the end of the dance, and I left my place with the view of seeking another situation in the room, to convince myself whether I had been deceived, and whether the looks of the Countess would seek me there.

Already fresh couples assembled for a new dance, as I wandered over to the seats of the ladies. One of them arose at the moment that I approached her—it was the Countess. Her arm was in mine—we joined the circle. I trembled and knew not how it had occurred, since I could never have had the boldness to ask Hortensia to dance, and yet it appeared to me as if I had done so in my absence of mind. She was unembarrassed—scarcely observed my confusion—and her brilliant glances roved over the splendid crowd. One moment and the music began. I seemed to be unbound from all that was earthly; spiritualized I swept on the waves of sound. I knew not what was passing around me—knew not that we chained the attention of all the spectators. What regarded I the admiration of the world? At the end of the third dance I led the Countess to a seat, that she might rest herself. Whisperingly I stammered my thanks—she bowed, with mere friendly politeness, as to the greatest stranger, and I drew myself back amongst the spectators.

The Prince as well as the Count had seen me dancing with Hortensia, and had heard the general whisper of applause. The Prince burnt with jealousy—he did not even conceal it from Hortensia. The Count was offended at my boldness in asking his daughter to dance, and reproached her the next day for so thoughtlessly forgetting her rank. Both maintained, like all the world, that her dancing had been more full of soul, more impassioned. Neither the Count nor the Prince doubted but that I had inspired the Countess with an unworthy inclination

for myself. I soon perceived, notwithstanding their efforts to conceal it, that I was an object of hate and fear to them both. I was very seldom, and at last not at all taken into the society where Hortensia moved. I was, however, silent.

Both gentlemen indulged, nevertheless, too much anxiety on this account. The Countess certainly did not deny that she felt a sense of gratitude towards me, but any other feeling was a reproach at which she revolted. She confessed that she esteemed me, but that it was all the same to her whether I danced in Venice or Constantinople.

"You are at liberty to dismiss him," said she to her father, "so soon as my cure is perfected."

THE AMULET.

The Count and Charles awaited this moment, in pain, to get rid of me, and to bring on the marriage of Hortensia. Hortensia looked for it with impatience, in order to rejoice over her own recovery, and at the same time to quiet the suspicions of her father. I also expected it with no less desire. It was only far from Hortensia, amidst new scenes, and other occupations, that I could hope to heal my mind. I felt myself unhappy.

The Countess one day announced, not unexpectedly, as she lay in her strange sleep, the near approach of her re-establishment.

"In the warm baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will entirely lose the gift of being entranced. Take her there. Her cure is no longer distant. Every morning, immediately on waking, one bath. After the tenth, Emanuel, she separates from thee. She sees thee never again, if such is thy will. But leave her a token of remembrance. She cannot be healthy without it. For a long time, thou wearest in thy breast a dried rose, between glasses, and set in gold. So long as she wears this, enclosed in silk, immediately about the region of the heart, she will not fall again into her cramps. Neither later nor earlier than the seventh hour after receiving the thirteenth bath, yield it to her. Wear it constantly till then. She is then healthy."

She repeated this desire frequently, and with singular anxiety; she laid particular stress upon the hour when I should deliver up to her my only jewel, and of whose existence she had never heard.

"Do you really wear such a thing?" asked the Count, astonished, and highly delighted on account of the announced restoration of health to his daughter. As I answered, he asked further, if I laid any particular value upon the possession of this trifle. I assured him the highest, and that I would rather die than have it taken from me—nevertheless, for the safety of the Countess, I would sacrifice it.

"Probably a remembrance from some beloved hand?" observed the Count, laughing, and in an inquiring manner, to whom it seemed a good opportunity to learn whether my heart had already been bestowed.

"It comes," I replied, "from a person who is every thing to me."

The Count was as much moved by my generosity as contented, that I had resolved to make the sacrifice on which Hortensia's continued health depended—and forgetting his secret grudge, embraced me, a circumstance which had not happened for a long time.

"You make me your greatest debtor!" said he.

He was most urgent to relate to Hortensia, so soon as I had gone, on her awaking, what she had desired in her trance; he, moreover, did not conceal from her his conversation with me on the subject of the amulet, which had so great a value for me, since it was the remembrance of a person that I loved above all. He laid great stress on this, as his suspicion still remained, and, in case Hortensia really felt any inclination for me, to destroy it, by the discovery that I, since a long time, sighed in the chains of another beauty. Hortensia listened to it all with such innocent unembarrassment, and so sincerely congratulated herself upon her early recovery, that the Count perceived he had done injustice to the heart of his daughter by his suspicions. In the joy of his heart, he was eager to confess to me his conversation with his daughter, and immediately to mention to the Prince all that had passed. From that hour I remarked, both in the manner of the Count and Prince, something unconstrained, kind and obliging. They kept me no longer, with their former anxiety, at a distance from Hortensia, but treated me with the attention and forbearance due to a benefactor, to whom they were indebted for the happiness of their whole life. Arrangements were immediately made for our journey to the baths of Battaglia. We left Venice on a beautiful summer morning. The Prince had gone before, in order to prepare every thing for his intended bride.

Through the pleasant plains of Padua we approached the mountains, at the foot of which lay the little town, with its healing spring. On the way the Countess often liked to walk; then I must always be her conductor. Her cordiality charmed as much as her tender sense of the noble in the human character, and of the beautiful in nature. "I could be very happy," she often said, "if I could pass my days in any one of these beautiful Italian regions, amidst the simple occupations of domestic life. The amusements of the city leave the feelings vacant—they are more stunning than pleasing. How happy could I be if I might live simply, unprovoked by the miseries of the palace, where one vexes one's-self about nothing, sufficiently rich to make others happy, and in my own creations to find the source of my happiness! Yet one must not desire every thing."

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of her great obligations to me as the preserver of her life. "If I only knew how to repay it!" said she. "I have for a long time racked my head to discover something right pleasing for you. You must indeed permit my father to place you in a situation which will enable you to live quite independent of others. But that is the least. I need for myself some other satisfaction."

At other times, and frequently, she brought the conversation to my resolution of leaving them as soon as she recovered. "We shall be sorry to lose you," said she, good naturedly; "we shall lament your loss as the loss of a true friend and benefactor. We will not, however, by our entreaties for you to remain with us, render your resolution more difficult. Your heart calls you elsewhere," added she, with an arch smile, as if initiated in the secret of my breast: "If you are happy, there is nothing else for us to wish for; and I do not doubt that love will make you happy. Do not, however, therefore, forget us, but send us news from time to time of your health."

What I felt at such expressions, could be as little uttered as that I should repeat what I was usually in the habit of replying. My answers were full of acknowledgments and cold politeness; for respect forbid my betraying my heart. Nevertheless, there were moments when the strength of my feelings mastered me, and I said more than I wished. When I said something more than mere flattery, Hortensia looked at me with the clear bright look of innocence, as if she did not comprehend or understand me. I was convinced that Hortensia felt a grateful esteem for me, and wished me to be happy and content, without, on that account, giving me a secret preference over any other mortal. She had joined me in the dance at the ball, from mere good nature, and to give me pleasure. She herself confessed that she had always expected me to ask her. Ah! how my passion had created presumptuous hopes from it! Presumptuous hopes indeed; since had Hortensia, in reality, felt more than mere common good will towards me, of what service would it have been to me? I should only have become more miserable by her partiality.

Whilst the flame silently devoured me, in her breast was a pure heaven, full of repose. Whilst I could have sunk at her feet, and confessed what she was to me, she wandered near me without the slightest suspicion of my feelings, and endeavored to dissipate my seriousness by pleasantry.

THE DISENCHANTMENT.

By the arrangements of the Prince, rooms were prepared for us in the castle of the Marquise d'Este. This castle, situated on a hill near the village, offered, with the greatest comfort, the most lovely distant prospect, and rich shaded walks in the neighborhood. But we were obliged to resort to the town for the baths—therefore a house was arranged in that place for the Countess, where she passed the mornings as long as she bathed.

Her trance in Battaglia, after the first bath, was very short and indistinct. She spoke but seldom, did not once answer, and appeared to enjoy quite a natural sleep. She spoke after the seventh bath, and commanded, that after the tenth she should no longer remain in that house. It is true she once more fell asleep after the tenth bath, though she said nothing more than "Emanuel, I see thee no more!" These were the last words she spoke in her transfigurations.

Since then she had had, indeed for some days, an unnaturally sound sleep, but without the power of speech in it.

At last arrived the day of her thirteenth bath. Until now, all that she had commanded or predicted in her transfigured hours had been most punctually fulfilled. Now was the last to be done. The Count and Prince came to me early in the morning, in order to remind me of the speedy delivery of my amulet. I must show it to them. They did not leave me for a moment the whole morning, as if, that now being so near the long desired goal, they had suddenly become mistrustful, and feared I might, as regarded the sacrifice, change my mind, or that the relic might accidentally be lost. The minutes were counted so soon as the news came that the

Countess was in the bath. When she had reposed some hours after her bath, she was conducted by us to the castle. She was uncommonly gay, almost mischievous. Having been told that she was to receive a present from me in the seventh hour, which she must wear all her life, she was as delighted as a child at a gift, and teased me, jestingly, with the faithlessness I committed towards my chosen one, whose present I gave to another.

It struck twelve. The seventh hour had arrived. We were in a bright garden saloon. The Count, the Prince, and the women of the Countess were present.

"Delay no longer," cried the Count, "the moment which is to be the last of Hortensia's sufferings and the first of my happiness."

I drew the dear medallion from my breast, where I had carried it so long, and loosening the golden chain from my neck, pressed, not without a sorrowful feeling, a kiss upon the glass, and delivered it to the Countess.

Hortensia took it, and as her look fell on the dried rose, a sudden and fiery red spread over her face. She bowed gently towards me, as if she would thank me—but in her features one discovered a surprise or confusion, which she appeared to endeavor to conceal. She stammered some words, and then suddenly withdrew with her women. The Count and Prince were all gratitude towards me. They had arranged for the evening a little festival at the castle, to which some noble families from Este and Rovigo were invited.

In the meantime we expected long and in vain the re-appearance of the Countess. After an hour we learnt, that as soon as she had put on the medallion, she had fallen into a sweet and profound sleep. Two, three, four hours passed—the invited guests had assembled, but Hortensia did not awake. The Count, in great disquiet, ventured to go himself to her bed. As he found her in a deep and quiet slumber, he feared to disturb her. The fete passed over without Hortensia's presence—though, without her, half the pleasure was wanting. Hortensia still slept as they separated about midnight. And even the following morning she was still in the same sound sleep. No noise affected her. The Count was in great agony. My uneasiness was no less. A physician was called, who assured us that the Countess slept a sound and refreshing sleep—both her color and pulse announced the most perfect health. Mid-day and evening came—yet Hortensia did not awake! The repeated assurances of the physician that the Countess was manifestly in perfect health, were necessary to quiet us. The night came, and passed. The next morning rejoicing echoed through the castle as Hortensia's women announced her cheerful awaking. Every one hurried forward, and wished the restored one joy.

NEW ENCHANTMENT.

Wherefore shall I not say it? During the general joy, I alone remained sad—ah, more than sad, in my room. The duties, on account of which I had entered into an engagement with Count Hormegg, were now fulfilled. I could leave him whenever I chose. I had often enough expressed my desire and intention of doing so. Nothing more was expected from me but that I should keep my word. Yet only to be allowed to breathe

in her vicinity, appeared to me the most enviable of all lots—to receive only one of her looks, the most exquisite nourishment to the flame of life—to live far from her was to me the sentence of death.

But I thought of her near marriage with the Prince, and the fickleness of the weak Count—I thought of my own honor—of my necessities—that I was free to die—then my pride and firmness were roused, and the determination remained to withdraw from the service of the Count as soon as possible. I swore to fly—I saw that my misery was without end, but I preferred bidding adieu to joy for the remainder of life to becoming contemptible to myself.

I found Hortensia in the garden of the castle. A soft shudder ran through me as I approached her, in order to offer my congratulations. She stood, separated from her women, thoughtfully before a bed of flowers. She appeared fresher and more blooming than I had ever seen her—glowing with a new life. She first discovered my presence as I spoke to her.

“How you frightened me!” said she, laughing and embarrassed, whilst a deep blush overspread her beautiful cheeks.

“I also, my dear Countess, would offer to you my joy and good wishes.”

I could say no more—my voice began to tremble—my thoughts became confused—I could not support her looks, which penetrated into the depths of my heart. With difficulty I stammered an excuse for having disturbed her.

Her looks were silently fastened on me. After a long pause, she said, “You speak of joy, dear Faust; are you also gay?”

“Heartily, as I know you to be saved from an illness by which you have so long suffered. In a few days I must depart, and endeavor, if it be possible, in other lands to belong to myself, since I am no longer connected with any one. My promise is redeemed!”

“Is it your serious intention to leave us, dear Faust? I hope not. How can you say that you belong to no one? Have you not bound us to you by all the obligations of gratitude? What forces you to separate from us?” said the Countess.

I laid my hand upon my heart; my looks sunk to the earth; to speak was impossible.

“You remain with us, Faust. Is it not so?” said the Countess.

“I dare not,” I replied.

“And if I entreat you, Faust?” said the Countess.

“For God’s sake, gracious Countess, do not entreat—do not command me. I can only be well when I—No, I must go hence,” I replied.

“You are not happy with us—and yet what other employment, what other duty draws you from us?” asked the Countess.

“Duty towards myself,” I replied.

“Go, then, Faust,” said the Countess, “I have been mistaken in you. I believed that we also were of some value to you.”

“Gracious Countess,” I replied, “if you knew what your words excite, you would from compassion forbear.”

“I must then be silent, Faust. Go, then, but you commit a great injustice,” said the Countess.

As she said these words she turned from me. I ventured to follow her, and entreated her not to be angry.

Tears fell from her eyes. I was frightened. With folded hands I implored her not to be angry.

“Command me, I will obey,” said I. “Do you command me to remain? My inward peace, my happiness, my life, I sacrifice with joy to this command!”

“Go Faust, I force nothing,” said the Countess. “You remain unwillingly with us.”

“O! Countess!” said I, “drive not a man to desperation.”

“Faust, when do you depart?” said she.

“To-morrow—to-day,” I replied.

“No, no, Faust!” said she, softly, and approached nearer to me—“I place no value on my health, on your gift, if you—Faust! you remain, at least, only a few days.” She whispered with such a soft entreating voice, and looked so anxiously at me with her moist eyes, that I ceased to be master over my own will.

“I remain,” said I.

“But willingly?” she asked.

“With delight,” I replied.

“It is well! Now leave me a moment, Faust. You have quite disturbed me. But do not leave the garden. I only wish to recover myself.” With these words she left me, and disappeared amongst the blooming orange trees.

I remained long in the same place, like a dreamer. I had never heard such language from the Countess before; it was not that of mere politeness. My whole being trembled at the idea that I possessed some interest in her heart. These solicitations for me to remain—these tears, and, what cannot be described, that peculiar something—the extraordinary language in her manners, in her movements, in her voice—a language, without words, yet which said more than words could express—I understood nothing of it all, and, nevertheless, understood all. I doubted, and yet was convinced.

In about ten minutes, as I wandered up and down the garden walks, and joined the women, the Countess approached us quickly and gaily. Enveloped in white drapery, and surrounded by the sun’s rays, she appeared like a being out of Raphael’s dreams. In her hand she carried a bouquet of pinks, roses and violet-colored vanilla flowers.

“I have plucked a few flowers for you, dear Faust,” said she; “do not despise them. I give them to you with quite different feelings from those with which, during my sickness, I gave the rose. But I should not remind you, my dear physician, how I vexed you with my childish humors. I recollect it myself, as in duty bound, in order to make up for it. And, oh! how much have I to make up! Do give me your arm—and you, Miss Cecilia, take the other,” which was the name of one of her women.

As we wandered around with light chat and jokes, her father, the Count, joined us, and soon after the Prince. Never had Hortensia been more lovely than on this, the first day of her restored health. She spoke with tender respect to her father—with friendly familiarity to her female companions—with refined politeness and goodness to the Prince; to me, never without demonstrations of her gratitude. Not that she thanked me in words, but in the manner in which she spoke to me. So soon as she turned to me, there was in her words and tone something indescribably cordial; in her looks and manner something of a sisterly confidence, good

naturally solicitous for my satisfaction. This tone did not change either in the presence of her father or of the Prince. She continued it with an ingenuousness and sincerity, as if it ought not to be otherwise.

Some delightful days passed by in fetes and joy. Hortensia's manners towards me did not change. I, myself, ever wavering between the cold laws of respect and the flames of passion, found once more in Hortensia's conversation an inward repose and independence which I had been deprived of since my acquaintance with this prodigy. Her sincerity and truth made me more calm and contented; her confidence, as it were, more fraternal. She did not at all conceal a heart full of the purest friendship for me—still less did I conceal my feelings, though at the same time I did not venture to betray their depth. Yet who could long behold so many charms, and resist their influence?

It was the custom for the visitors of the baths at Battaglia, on fine evenings, to sit assembled before a large coffee house, enjoying the air and refreshments. An unconstrained conversation reigned there. They sat upon chairs in the open street, and in a half circle. To the right and left were heard the sounds of guitars, mandolines and singing, after the Italian mode. In the great houses, also, music sounded, and windows and doors were lighted. One evening, the Prince having left us earlier than usual, the Countess took a whim to visit this assemblage of the visitors of the place. I was already in my room, and sat holding the bouquet in both hands, dreaming over my destiny. The light burnt dimly, and my room door stood half open. Hortensia and Cecilia saw me as they passed. They watched me for some time, and then came softly in. I did not observe them till they stood close beside me, and declared that I must accompany them to the town. They now amused themselves with jests at my surprise. Hortensia recognised the bouquet. She took it from the table where I had thrown it, and, withered as it was, stuck it in her bosom. We went down to Battaglia and mingled with the company.

It happened that Cecilia, in conversation with some persons of her acquaintance, separated from us, which neither Hortensia or myself regretted. On my arm, she wandered up and down through the moving crowd, till she was fatigued. We seated ourselves on a little bench under an elm which grew on one side. The moon shone through the branches upon Hortensia's beautiful face, and upon the withered flowers in her bosom.

"Will you again rob me of what you have given me?" asked I, as I pointed to the bouquet.

She looked at me long, with a strange, thoughtful seriousness, and then replied, "It always appears to me as if I could give you nothing, and could take nothing from you. Is it not sometimes the same with you?"

This answer and question, so lightly and quietly thrown out, placed me in embarrassment and silence. From respect I scarcely dared to dwell on the kind meaning. She once more repeated the question.

"Alas! it is often so with me!" said I. "When I see the abyss between you and myself, and the distance which holds me far from you, then is it so with me. Who can give or take from the gods, that which does not always belong to them?"

She opened her eyes and looked at me with astonishment.

"Why do you speak of the gods, Faust? Even to one's-self, one can give or take nothing."

"One's-self?" replied I, with an uncertain voice. "You know that you have made me your own property?"

"I do not myself know how it is!" she answered, and her eyes sank down.

"But I, dear Countess; I know it. The enchantment which ruled over us is not lost, but has only changed its direction. Formerly in your transfigurations I governed your will, now you govern mine. In your presence only do I live. I can do nothing—I am nothing without you. If my confession, a crime before the world, but not before God, vexes you, I am not the cause, since it is at your own command that I have acted. Can I dissemble before you? If it is a crime that my soul has involuntarily become chained to your being, it is not my offence."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand to denote that I should be silent. I had at the same moment raised mine, in order to cover my eyes, which were dimmed in tears. The upraised hands sank down clasped together. We were silent; thought was lost in powerful feelings. I had betrayed my passion—but Hortensia had pardoned me.

Cecilia disturbed us. We went silently back to the castle. As we separated, the Countess said, lowly and sadly, "Through you I have obtained health, only to suffer more."

PETRARCH'S DWELLING.

When we met the next day, there was a kind of sacred timidity between us. I scarcely ventured to address her—she scarcely to answer me. In our looks, full of seriousness we often met. She appeared to wish to look through me. I sought to read in her eyes whether in her calmer moments she were offended at my boldness of yesterday. Many days passed without our again seeing each other alone. We had a secret between us, and feared to profane it by a look. Hortensia's whole manner was more solemn—her gaiety more moderate—as if she did not enter with her whole heart into the customary routine of life.

Nevertheless, I counted too much on her changed manner, after that decisive hour under the elm. Prince Charles had, as I afterwards learnt, formally solicited the hand of the Countess, which had caused an unpleasant and constrained state between herself, her father and the Prince. In order to gain time, and not to offend them, Hortensia had entreated for time for reflection, and truly for such an unlimited period, and under such hard conditions, that Charles must almost despair ever to see his wishes crowned.

"Not that I have any aversion to the Prince," as she expressed her explanation, "but I wish still to enjoy my freedom. I will, at a future day, of myself and voluntarily, give my yes or no. But if the offer is repeated before I desire it, then I am determined to reject him, even though I may truly love him."

The Count knew of old the inflexible disposition of his daughter; though from that reason he hoped the best, since Hortensia had not directly refused the attentions of the Prince. Charles, on the contrary, was

discouraged. He saw in this declaration, only the finally rejected lover, without any definite hopes. Yet he had sufficient self love to believe, that by his constancy, he should at last move Hortensia's heart. Her confidence towards me was at times displeasing to him; not that he appeared to fear it. He even found it so much the more without danger, because it was open and unembarrassed. Hortensia also treated him in the same manner. He had accustomed himself to see me treated as the friend of the house and confidential adviser both of the father and daughter; and as the Count had confided to him the secret of my plebeian descent, he could still less fear me as a rival. He condescended to make me his confidant, and one day related to me the history of his wooing Hortensia's hand and her answer. He conjured me to grant him my friendly services to discover, however distant, if Hortensia had any inclination towards him. I was obliged to promise it. Every day he inquired if I had made any discovery? I could always excuse myself that I had had no opportunity of seeing Hortensia alone.

Probably, in order to facilitate this opportunity, he arranged a little party of pleasure to Arquato, three miles from Battaglia, where the visitors of the baths were accustomed to make a pilgrimage to the tomb and dwelling house of Petrarch. Hortensia esteemed, above all the Italian poets, this tender and spiritualized songster of pure love. She had long been enjoying the idea of this pilgrimage. But when the moment of departure arrived, Charles, under some slight pretence, not only remained behind himself, but contrived also to prevent the Count from accompanying Hortensia, promising, however, to follow us without fail. Beatrice and Cecilia, the companions of the Countess, rode with her alone. I followed the carriage on horseback.

I conducted the ladies to the church yard of the village, where a simple monument covered the ashes of the immortal poet, and translated the Latin inscription for them. Hortensia stood absorbed in deep and serious thought before the grave. She sighed, as she remarked, "Thus die all!" and I thought I felt her draw my arm slightly towards her. "Die all," said I; "then would not the life of man be a cruelty of the Creator, and love the heaviest curse of life?"

Sorrowfully we left the church yard. A friendly old man led us from thence to a vine hill, not far distant, upon which stands Petrarch's dwelling, and near by a little garden. From this spot the prospect of the plain is truly beautiful. In the house they showed us the poet's household furniture, which was preserved with religious faithfulness—the table at which he read and wrote, the chair on which he rested, and even his kitchen utensils.

The sight of such relics always have a peculiar influence on the mind. It annihilates the interval of centuries and brings the distant past prominently before the imagination. To me, it was as if the poet had only gone out, and that he would presently open the little brown door of his chamber and greet us. Hortensia found an elegant edition of Petrarch's sonnets on a table in a corner. Wearied, she seated herself there, rested her beautiful head upon her hand, and read attentively, whilst the fingers of her supporting hand concealed her eyes. Beatrice and Cecilia went to prepare refreshments for the Countess. I remained silently at

the window. Petrarch's love and hopelessness were my destiny. Another Laura sat there, divine, not through the charms of the muse, but of herself.

Hortensia took a handkerchief to dry her eyes. I was troubled at seeing her weep. I approached her timidly, but did not venture to address her. She suddenly rose, and smiling, said to me with a tearful look, "The poor Petrarch! the poor human heart! But all passes—all. It is centuries since he has ceased to lament. Though they say, that in his latter years he conquered his passion. Is it good to conquer one's-self? May it not be called destroying one's-self?"

"If necessity commands it;" I replied.

"Has necessity power over the human heart?" asked the Countess.

"But," I replied, "Laura was the wife of Hugo de Sade. Her heart dared not to belong to her lover. His fate was solitary to love, solitary to die. He had the gift of song, and the muses consoled him. He was unhappy—as I."

"As you?" replied Hortensia, with a scarcely audible voice—"Unhappy, Faust?"

"I have not," I continued, "the divine gift of song, therefore my heart will break, since it hath nothing to console it. Countess, dear Countess—dare I say more than I have said? But I will continue worthy of your esteem, and that can only be by a manly courage—grant me one request, only one modest request."

Hortensia threw down her eyes, but did not answer.

"One request, dear Countess, for my quiet," I again said.

"What shall I do?" whispered she, without raising her eyes.

"Am I certain that you will not refuse my prayer?" I asked.

She regarded me with a long, serious look, and with an indescribable dignity, said, "Faust, I know not what you would ask; but how great soever it may be—yes, Faust, I am indebted to you for my recovery—my life! I grant your request. Speak."

I seized her hand, I sank at her feet, I pressed her hand to my burning lips—I almost lost consciousness and speech. Hortensia stood with downcast eyes, as if from apathy.

I at length gained power to speak. "I must away from here. Let me fly from you. I dare tarry no longer. Let me, in some solitude, far from you, tranquillize and end my unhappy life. I must away! I disturb the peace of your house. Charles has demanded your hand!"

"I will never have him!" said the Countess, hurriedly and with a firm tone.

"Let me fly. Even your goodness increases the multitude of my miseries." Hortensia struggled violently with herself.

"You commit a fearful injustice. But I can no longer prevent it!" cried she, as she burst into a passionate flood of tears. She staggered and sought the chair—seeing which I sprang up, and she sank sobbing on my breast. After some moments she recovered, and feeling herself encircled by my arms, she endeavored to loosen my hold. But I, forgetting the old commands of respect, pressed her more closely, as I sighed, "A few moments, and then we part!"

"Her resistance ceased; she then raised her eyes on

me, and with a countenance, on which, as formerly, the color of transfiguration glimmered, said, "Faust, what are you doing?"

"Will you not forget me in my absence?" asked I, in return.

"Can I?" sighed she, and threw down her eyes.

"Farewell, Hortensia!" stammered I, and my cheek rested on her's.

"Emanuel! Emanuel!" whispered she. Our lips met. I felt tenderly and gently her reciprocal kiss, whilst one of her arms rested around my neck.

Minutes, quarters of hours passed. At length, together and in silence, we left the dwelling of Petrarch, and proceeded in the path down the hill, where we found two servants, who conducted us to an arbor under some wild laurel trees, where a little repast was prepared for us. At that moment the carriage of the Prince rolled by. Charles and the Count descended from it.

Hortensia was very serious and laconic in her answers. She appeared lost in continued meditation. I saw that she was obliged to force herself to speak to the Prince. Towards me she preserved, unchanged, the cordiality and confidence of her deportment. Petrarch's dwelling was again visited, as the Count wished to see it. As we entered the room, which had been consecrated by the mutual confession of our hearts, Hortensia seated herself again on the chair near the table, in the same place, and with the book as at first, and so remained till we departed. Then she arose, laid her hand upon her breast, cast a penetrating look on me and hurried quickly from the apartment.

The Prince had remarked this emotion and this look. A deep red rose over his countenance; he went out with folded arms and his head hung down. All joy retreated from our party. Every one appeared desirous to reach the castle soon again. I did not doubt but that Charles's jealousy had guessed all, and feared his revenge less for myself than for the peace of the Countess. Therefore, as soon as I returned home, I determined to arrange every thing for my speedy departure the next morning. I communicated my irrevocable resolution to the Count, gave up to him all the papers, and entreated him to say nothing to the Countess until I was gone.

MELANCHOLY SEPARATION.

I had long since obtained the consent of the Count, that in this event the honest old Sebald should accompany me, who had many times demanded his dismissal, in order to revisit his German home. Sebald twirled and danced round the room for joy, when he heard from me that the moment of departure had arrived. A horse and cloak bag for each, was our whole equipment for the journey.

I had determined to withdraw very quietly at the dawn of the following day. No one knew any thing of my departure, except the Count and old Sebald, and I desired that no one should know it. I determined to leave behind for Hortensia a few lines of thanks and love, and an eternal farewell. The old Count appeared surprised, though not discontented. He embraced me most tenderly, thanked me for the services I had performed, and promised within an hour to come to my room, in order to give me some useful papers, which would procure

me for the future a life free from care, and which, as he expressed it, was only a payment on account of a debt for life. I would not refuse a moderate sum for travelling expenses, in order to reach Germany—in fact I was almost without money—but my pride refused to take more.

I packed up, as soon as I returned to my room. Sebald hurried out to prepare the horses and arrange every thing for departing at the moment. In the meanwhile I wrote to Hortensia. I cannot describe what I suffered—how I struggled with myself—how often I sprang up from writing to relieve my pains with tears. My life until now had been one full of care and unhappiness—and the dim future to me presented nothing more soothing to the soul. Death, thought I, is sweeter and easier than thus to outlive hope.

I destroyed many times what I had written, and had not finished, when I was disturbed in a manner that I least expected.

Trembling and almost breathless Sebald rushed into my room, hastily took up the packed portmanteau and cried:

"Mr. Faust, some mischief has happened; they will drag you to prison; they will murder you! Let us fly ere it is too late."

"In vain I asked the cause of his fright. I only learnt that the Count was in a rage, the Prince raving, and every one in the castle roused against me. I replied coldly, that I had nothing to fear, and still less to fly like a criminal.

"Sir," cried Sebald, "one cannot escape without misfortune from this unhappy family, over which a bad star rules. This I have long since said. Fly!"

At this moment two of the Count's game-keepers came in and requested me to come immediately to the Count. Sebald blinked and winked, and urged me to endeavor to escape. I could not avoid smiling at his terror, and followed the servants. I, however, commanded Sebald to saddle the horses, since I no longer doubted that something extraordinary had occurred, and thought that the Prince, probably from jealousy, had projected some quarrel with me.

I had scarcely reached the Count Hormegg, when Charles came storming into the room, and declared that I had dishonored the house, and had a secret intrigue with the Countess. Beatrice, the companion of the Countess, gained over to the Prince, either by his presents or perhaps by his tenderness, had, as she left Petrarch's dwelling with Cecilia, become impatient at Hortensia and myself, and returned and seen us in the embrace of each other. The Abigail was discreet enough not to disturb us, but was prompt enough, so soon as we returned to the castle, to betray the important event to the Prince. The Count, who could believe any thing but this—since it appeared to him the most unnatural thing in the world, that a common citizen, a painter, should have won the love of a Countess of Hormegg—treated the affair, at first, as a mere illusion of jealousy. The Prince, for his justification, was obliged to betray his informer; and Beatrice, though much opposed to it, was compelled to acknowledge what she had seen.

The anger of the old Count knew no bounds; yet the event appeared to him so monstrous, that he determined to interrogate the Countess herself upon it.

Hortensia appeared. The sight of the pale faces, disfigured by rage and fright, excited her terror.

"What has happened?" cried she, almost beside herself.

With fearful earnestness, the Count replied, "That thou must say." He then, with a forced tranquillity and kindness, took her hand and said:

"Hortensia, thou art accused of having stained the honor of our name, by—well then, it must be said,—by an intrigue with the painter, Faust. Hortensia, deny it—say no! Give honor and tranquillity again to thy father. Thou canst do it. Refute all malicious tongues—refute the assertion that thou wast seen to-day in Faust's arms; it was a delusion, a misunderstanding, deception. Here stands the Prince, thy future husband. Reach him thy hand. Declare to him, that all that has been said against thee and Faust, are wicked lies. Faust's presence shall no longer disturb our peace: this night he leaves us forever."

The Count spoke still longer. He did so, in order to give an advantageous turn to the fact—since the alternate redness and paleness of Hortensia allowed him no longer to doubt of its truth—which might satisfy the Prince, and make every thing smooth again. He was prepared for nothing less than what Hortensia, as soon as he was silent, openly declared. Excited to the most impetuous feelings, as much by the treachery of Beatrice, who was still present, as by the reproaches cast upon her, and the news of my sudden departure, with her own peculiar dignity and resolution, she turned first towards Beatrice, and said:

"Wretch! I stand not opposed to you. My servant must not dare to be my accuser. I have not to justify myself before you. Leave the room, and the castle, and never appear before me again."

Beatrice fell weeping at her feet. It was in vain—she must obey, and departed.

"Dear Faust," said she to me—and her cheeks glowed with an unnatural color—"you stand here as one accused or condemned." She then related what had happened, and went on to say: "They expect me to justify myself. I have no justification to make before any one but God, the judge of hearts. I have only here to acknowledge the truth, since my father exacts it, and to declare my unalterable design, since destiny commands it, and I am born to be unhappy. Faust, I should be unworthy of your regard, could I not raise myself above any misfortune."

She then turned to the Prince and said, "I esteem you, but I do not love you. My hand will never be your's; nourish no farther hopes. After what has just passed, I must beg you to avoid us forever. Do not expect that my father can force me against my will. Life is indifferent to me. His first act of power, would have no other consequences than that he must bury the corpse of his daughter. To you, I have nothing more to say. But to you, my father, I must acknowledge that I love—love this Faust. But it is not my fault. He is hateful to you—he is not of our rank. He must separate from us. I annul my earthly union with him. But my heart remains with him. You, my father, can make no change, since any endeavor to do so will be the end of my life. I say to you beforehand, I am prepared for my death, since that only will terminate my miseries."

She stopped. The Count wished to speak—the Prince likewise. She motioned them to be silent. She approached me, drew a ring from her finger, gave it to me, and said, "My friend, I part from you, perhaps forever. Take this ring in remembrance of me. This gold and these diamonds shall become dust, sooner than my love and truth shall cease. Do not forget me."

As she said this, she laid her arms on my shoulders, pressed a kiss on my lips—her countenance changed—the blood forsook her cheeks—and pale and cold she sank with closed eyes, to the floor.

The Count gave a piercing, fearful shriek. The Prince called for assistance. I carried the beautiful body to a couch. Women hurried in—physicians were called. I sunk, without consciousness on my knees, before the couch, and held the cold hand of the senseless one to my cheek. The Count tore me away. He was like a madman.

"Thou hast murdered her," thundered he to me. "Fly, wretch, and never let me see thee again!"

He thrust me out of the door. Upon his sign, the huntsmen seized me and dragged me down the stairs before the castle. Sebald stood before the stable. As soon as he perceived me, he hurried forward and drew me towards the saddled horses in the stable. There I lost all power and sense. I lay, as Sebald afterwards said, a full quarter of an hour, senseless on the earth. I had scarcely recovered, when he lifted me upon one of the horses, and we hastened from the castle. I rode as if in my sleep, and was often in danger of falling. By degrees, I gained full consciousness and power. The past was now clear before me. I became desperate, and determined to return to the castle and know Hortensia's fate. Sebald entreated me, by all the saints, to give up so frantic a design. It was in vain. I had just turned my horse, when I saw a rider coming towards us at full gallop, and heard some one cry, "Cursed assassin." It was Charles's voice. At the same time some shot struck me. As I grasped my pistols, my horse fell dead. I sprang up. Charles rode towards me with a drawn sword, and as he was about to cut me down, I shot him through the body. His attendant caught him as he fell. Sebald pursued them in their flight and sent some balls after them. He then returned, took the portmanteau from the dead horse; I mounted with him, and we hurried on at a quick pace.

This murder had occurred in the vicinity of a little wood, which we soon reached. The sun had already set. We rode through the whole night, without knowing where. As we stopped at daybreak, at a village inn, in order to give our horse some rest, we found him so excoriated by the saddle, that we gave up all hope of using him further. We sold him at a very low price, and continued our flight on foot by a secure by-road, carrying our baggage by turns.

NEW ADVENTURE.

The first rays of the rising sun, as we journeyed on, fell on the diamonds of Hortensia's ring. I kissed it and wept over the recollections it brought to mind. Sebald had already told me in the night, that he had heard from one of the servants, whilst I was lying insensible near the horses in the yard, that Hortensia, who had

been considered dead, had returned to life. This news had strengthened and consoled me. I was perfectly indifferent about my own fate. Hortensia's greatness of soul had inspired me. I was proud of my misery. My conscience, free from reproach, raised me above all fear. I had but one sorrow—to be eternally separated from one whom I must ever love.

When we reached Ravenna, we took our first day's rest. It was a long day's rest—for I, shaken by the late events and exhausted by my unusual fatigue and exertion, was very ill. For two weeks I lay in a fever. Sebald endured the most painful anxiety, since he feared, and justly, the murder of the Prince would necessarily bring us into the hands of justice. He had given to us both feigned names, and bought other clothes. My good constitution, more than the science of my physician, at length preserved me, though great weakness remained in all my limbs. But as we had determined to go by ship from Rimini to Trieste, I hoped to recover my health on the way.

One evening Sebald came to me in the greatest fright and said, "Sir, we can remain here no longer. A stranger stands without, and wishes to speak with you. We are betrayed. He asked at first my name, and I could not deny it. He then asked for you."

"Let him come in," said I.

A well-dressed man entered, who, after the first exchange of politeness, inquired after my health. As I assured him, that I was quite well again, he said, "So much the better. I may then give you some good advice. You know, what passed between Prince Charles and yourself. He is out of danger, but has sworn to take your life. You had, therefore, better leave immediately. You intend to go to Germany by Trieste. Do not do so. There is no ship for Trieste at Rimini. There is only a Neapolitan vessel that goes back to Naples. When once at sea, you are safe; otherwise, in a few hours, death or a prison. Here is a letter for the Neapolitan captain, he is my truest friend, and will receive you with pleasure. Now, go immediately to Rimini, and from thence to Naples."

I was not a little embarrassed at seeing this stranger so well informed. To my questions, how he acquired this knowledge, he smiled and only replied, "I know nothing more, and can tell you nothing more. I reside here in Ravenna; am a clerk of the court. Save yourself." He then suddenly left us.

Sebald affirmed stoutly and firmly, that the man must be possessed by a devil, or he could not have known our secrets. As the stranger spoke with several of the people of the hotel, we learnt afterwards that the unknown so called court's secretary, was a good, honest man, wealthy and married. It was incomprehensible how our most carefully concealed plan of going to Germany by Trieste, could be so exactly known, as no one but ourselves was privy to it. The enigma was, however, soon solved, when Sebald confessed to me, that he had during my illness, written a letter to his former comrade Casper at Battaglia, begging to know whether the Prince was really dead or not. He expected the answer in vain. Without doubt, the letter had fallen into the hands of Charles or his people, or the contents were betrayed to him.

Sebald was now in the greatest anxiety. He engaged a carriage for Rimini without delay, and we set out that

same night. These untoward circumstances made me not quite at ease. I knew not whether I was flying from or going to meet the danger. The justices' clerk might be an agent of the Prince. In the meanwhile, we not only reached Rimini, but found there the Neapolitan captain. I gave him the letter of the clerk—though I do not deny that I had before opened and read it. I soon agreed with him as to our voyage to Naples. The wind became fair—the anchors were raised. Besides ourselves, there were some other travellers on board; amongst others, a young man, whose sight at first was not very agreeable to me, as I remembered to have seen him once, though very transiently at the baths of Battaglia. I, however, became easy, as I judged from his conversation, that he had not observed me, and that I was completely a stranger to him. He had only left Battaglia three days since, and was returning to Naples, where he carried on a considerable business. He mentioned the acquaintances which he had made at the baths, and spoke of the German Countess, who was a wonder of grace and beauty. How his remark made my heart beat! He appeared to know nothing of the wounding or death of the Prince. The Countess, whose name was unknown to him, had gone four days before him, but where, he had not troubled himself to inquire.

However imperfect this news was, it served not a little to tranquillize me. Hortensia lived—Hortensia was in health. "May she be happy!" was my sigh.

The voyage was tedious to all but myself. I sought solitude. Upon the deck, I watched through many nights and dreamed of Hortensia. The young merchant, who called himself Tufaldini, remarked my melancholy, and took much pains to enliven me. He heard I was a painter; he passionately loved the art, and constantly turned the conversation upon that subject, since nothing but that appeared to interest or make me talkative. His sympathy and friendship went so far, that he invited me to stay at his house in Naples, which I was the less inclined to refuse, as I was an entire stranger in that city, and my own and Sebald's joint stock of gold, particularly after the deduction of travelling expenses, had considerably dwindled away.

NEW WONDER.

The kindness and attention of the generous Tufaldini, in fact put me to the blush. From a travelling companion, he had made himself my friend, though I had done little or nothing to gain or merit his love. He introduced me as his friend to his aged and respectable mother and charming wife. They prepared the best chambers for Sebald and myself, and treated me, from the first day of our arrival, like an old family friend. But Tufaldini did not rest here. He introduced me to all his acquaintances, and orders soon came for pictures. He was as eager to make me known, as if it were for his own advantage. He consented at last to receive payment for my board and lodging, though he was at first much mortified by my offering it. But when he saw my determination to leave his house, if he would not accept any remuneration, he took the money, though more to gratify me than indemnify himself.

I was, above all expectation, fortunate in my works.

My pictures were liked, and I was paid what I demanded. One finished order brought on another. Even Sebald found himself so comfortable in Naples, that he forgot his home sickness. He thanked God for having escaped from the service of the Count with a sound head, and would, as he expressed it, rather serve me for bread and water, than the Count for a whole bowl of gold.

My plan was to gain sufficient by my labors to enable me to travel to Germany, and there settle myself. I was industrious and economical. So passed one year. The love which I enjoyed in Tufaldini's house; my quiet life in the dissipated city; the charm of the soft climate, and then, that I was without a vocation, without friends in Germany, induced me to forget my first design. I remained where I was. Joy bloomed for me as little in Germany as in the Italian soil; only the thought, that perhaps Hortensia dwelt on the estate of her father; that I might then have the consolation to see her once more, though at a distance; this thought alone, sometimes drew my desires towards the north. But then I recollected the parting hour and the words she spoke: *I annul my earthly union with him!* as, before her father, she solemnly, and with such heroic greatness, renounced me: I again roused my courage, and determined to suffer all and cheerfully. I was an oak, which the storm had shattered, without branches, without leaves, solitary, unregarded and dying in itself.

It is said, that Time's beneficent hand heals all wounds. I myself had believed the saying, but found it untrue. My melancholy continued the same—I avoided the gay. Tears often gave me relief, and my only joy was to dream of her—when I again saw her in her greatness and loveliness. Her ring was my holiest relic. Had it fallen into the depths of the sea, nothing should have prevented my plunging in after it.

The second year passed, but not my sorrow. A faint gleam of hope sometimes refreshed me, even in my darkest hour, that perhaps an accident might again bring me in the vicinity of my lost chosen one, or that at least I should have some news of her.

It is true, I did not see the possibility of it. How could the distant one know, after years, where the solitary one dwelt? It was all the same. What has hope to do with impossibilities? But at the end of the second year, I gave up this hope. Hortensia was dead for me. I saw her no longer in my dreams, except as a spirit shining in the rays of a glorified being.

Tufaldini and his wife had often asked me, in our confidential conversations, the cause of my melancholy. I could never prevail on myself to violate my secret. They no longer inquired, but they were more careful of my health. I felt that the powers of my life were sinking—and thoughts of the grave to me were sweet.

All was suddenly changed. One morning, Sebald brought some letters from the post. Amongst them were some new orders for pictures, and a little casket. I opened it. Who can imagine my joyful fright? I saw Hortensia's image—living, beautiful—but dressed in mourning—the face softer, thinner, and paler than I had actually seen it. On a small piece of paper, in Hortensia's hand, were written three words: "My Emanuel, hope."

I reeled through the room like an intoxicated person.

I sank down speechless on a chair, and raised my hands prayerfully to Heaven. I shouted—I sobbed. I kissed the picture and the little paper which her hand must have touched. I knelt, and with my face bowed to the floor, weeping did I thank Providence.

Thus Sebald found me. He thought I was deranged. He did not err. I feel that man is always stronger to bear misfortune than happiness; while against the one he always approaches more or less prepared, the other comes upon him without preparation or foresight.

Again my hopes bloomed out joyfully, and in them my health and life. Tufaldini and all my acquaintances were delighted at it. I expected from day to day fresh news from my dearly beloved. There was no doubt she knew my residence, though I could not comprehend how she had acquired the intelligence. But from what part of the world did her picture come? All my researches and inquiries on that subject were in vain.

THE SOLUTION.

At the end of eight months, I received another letter from her. It contained the following lines:

"I may see thee, Emanuel, only once more. Be in Leghorn the first morning of May, where thou shalt receive further information from a Swiss mercantile house, if thou inquierest for the widow Marian Schwarz, who will show thee my dwelling. Tell no one in Naples where thou goest; least of all speak of me. I belong no longer to any one in this world, except perhaps, for a few moments to thee."

This letter filled me with new delight, but at the same time with an anxious foreboding, on account of the sad secret which seemed to pierce through it. Nevertheless, again to see the most perfect of her sex, though only for a moment, was sufficient for my soul. I left Naples in April, to the great sorrow of the Tufaldini family. Sebald and every one believed that I was going back to Germany.

I arrived at Gaeta with Sebald. We had here an unexpected pleasure. In passing by the garden door of a villa, before the city, I observed among many other young ladies, Miss Cecilia. I stopped, sprang down, and made myself known. She led me into the circle of her relations. She had been married for three months. I learnt from her, that she had left Hortensia about a year since. She knew nothing of the residence of the Countess, only, that she had gone into a nunnery. "It is already a year," said Cecilia, "since Count Hormegg died. From the sudden contraction of his accustomed expenditure, I soon remarked, that he had left his affairs in a sadly confused state. The Countess diminished her train of domestics to a very few persons. I had the favor of remaining with her. As she soon after, by an unfortunate law-suit, lost all hopes of preserving any thing from the paternal estates, we were all discharged. She retained only one old attendant, and declared she would end her days in a cloister. Oh, how many tears did this separation cost us! Hortensia was an angel, and never more beautiful, never more charming, never more exalted than under the heaviest blow of destiny. She resigned all her accustomed splendor, and divided, like a dying person, all the riches of her

wardrobe, amongst her dismissed servants—rewarded all with a princely generosity, which must certainly have placed her in danger of want, and only begged us to include her in our prayers. I left her in Milan, and returned home here to my family. She has declared her intention of travelling to Germany and there seeking the solitude of a cloister.”

This relation of Cecilia quickly solved the enigma in Hortensia's last letter. I also learnt from her that Charles, who was severely but not mortally wounded, had immediately on his recovery, entered into the service of the order of Malta, and soon after died.

I left Gaeta in a pensive, yet happy mood. Hortensia's misfortune and the loss of her father, excited my compassion, but at the same time gave birth to a bolder hope than I had at any time ventured to conceive. I flattered myself that I might be able to change her determination for a cloister life, and with her heart, perhaps win her hand. I was dizzy with the thought of being able to share the fruits of my labors with Hortensia. This was my only dream the whole way to Leghorn, which I entered one beautiful morning, eight days before the allotted time.

I did not delay a moment in seeking out the Swiss commercial house, to which I was directed. I ran there in my travelling dress, and asked the address of the widow Schwarz, in order that I might learn whether the Countess had yet arrived in Leghorn. A menial servant conducted me to the widow, who lived in an obscure street, and in a very simple, private house. How great was my vexation to learn, that Mrs. Schwarz was gone out, and that I must call in two hours. Every moment of delay was so much taken from my life. I returned again at the appointed hour. An old servant woman opened the door, led me up stairs and announced me to her lady. I was invited to enter a very simply furnished but neat room. Opposite the room door, on a couch, sat a young lady, who did not appear to notice my entrance, or to return my salutation, but covering her face with both hands, endeavoured to conceal her sobs and tears.

At this sight, a feverish shudder ran through me. In the figure of the young lady, in the tone of her sobs, I recognized the form and voice of Hortensia. Without deliberating or assuring myself of the fact, like one intoxicated, I let hat and cane fall, and threw myself at the feet of the weeping one. Oh, God! who can say what I felt? Hortensia's arms hung round my neck—her lips met mine. The whole past was forgotten—the whole future seemed strewn with flowers. Never was love more beautifully remunerated, or constancy more blissfully rewarded. We both feared, simultaneously, that this moment was merely a dream of felicity. Indeed, on the first day of our meeting, so little was asked or answered, that we separated without knowing more of each other, than that we had met.

On the following day, one may easily believe, that I was ready in good time, to take advantage of the bewitching Hortensia's invitation to breakfast with her. Her servants consisted of a cook, a house maid, a waiting maid, coachman and footman. All the table service was of the finest porcelain and silver, although no longer with the arms and initials of the old Count. This appearance of a certain opulence, which was quite contrary to my first idea, and went far above the

powers of my own fortune, was very humbling to the dreamy plans I had indulged in during my journey from Gaeta to Leghorn. I expected, yes, I even wished to find Hortensia in a more limited situation, in order to have courage to offer my all. Now, I again stood before her, the poor painter.

I did not conceal, in our confidential conversations, what I had heard at Gaeta from Cecilia, and what feelings, what determinations, what hopes had been awakened. I described to her all my destroyed dreams, and hoped that she, perhaps, would give up her cruel design of burying her youth and beauty in the walls of a cloister; that she would choose me for her servant and true friend; that I would lay at her feet all that I had saved, and all that my future industry might gain. I described to her, with the colors of loving hope, the blessedness of a quiet private life, in some retired situation—the simple house, the little garden near it, the work room of the artist, inspired by her presence. I hesitated—I trembled—it was impossible to proceed. She threw her bright eyes upon me, and a heavenly color flew over and animated her countenance.

“Thus have my fancies revelled,” added I, after some time, “and shall they not be realized?”

Hortensia arose, went to a closet, drew out a little ebony casket, richly studded with silver, and handed it to me, together with the key.

“In order to deliver you this, I requested your presence in Leghorn. It belongs not in part, but in completion of your dream. After the death of my father, my first thought was to fulfil the duties of my gratitude to you. I have never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. A fortunate accident brought into my hands the letter of your servant, written to one of his friends in my service, from Ravenna, giving your travelling plans. Mr. Tufaldini of Naples was persuaded by me, in a secret conference, to take care of you himself, forever. He received a small capital to defray all expenses, and even, if necessary, for your support. I would also, willingly have rewarded him for his trouble, but it was with the greatest reluctance the good man would accept from me the most trifling present. Thus I had the pleasure of receiving every four weeks, news of your health. Tufaldini's letters were my only comfort after our parting. On the death of my father, I separated myself, as regards fortune, from my family. Our estates must remain in the male line, all the rest I converted into gold. I no longer thought of returning to my native country—my last refuge should be a cloister. Under the pretence of impoverishment, I avoided all the old vicinities of my father, parted with my former domestics, took a private station and name, in order to live more concealed. It was not until I had accomplished all this, that I summoned you, in order to finish the work and redeem the vow which I had made to Heaven. The moment is at hand. You have related to me your beautiful dreams. Perhaps on yourself, more than on any other, now depends their realization.”

She opened the casket and drew out a packet of papers carefully secured and directed in my name; she broke the seal and laid before me a deed prepared by a notary, in which, partly as payment of a debt, partly as accrued interest which belonged to me, and partly as being heir to an inheritance left by the widow Marian

Schwarz, an immense sum, in bank notes of different countries, was made over to me.

"This, dear Faust," continued the Countess, "is your property—your well earned, well deserved property. I have no longer any share in it. A modest income is sufficient for me at present. When I renounce the world and belong to a cloister, you will also be heir to what I possess. If I am of any value to you, prove it by an eternal silence as regards my person, my station, and my true name. Yet more, I desire you to say not a syllable which can indicate refusal or thanks for this your own property. Give me your hand to it."

I listened to her speech with surprise and pain, laid down the papers with indifference, and replied:

"Do you believe that these bank notes have any value for me? I may neither refuse nor yet be thankful for them. Be not fearful of either. When you go into a cloister, all that remains, the world itself, is superfluous to me. I need nothing. What you give me is dust. Ah! Hortensia, you once said that it was my soul which animated you; were it still so, you would not pause to follow my example. I would burn these notes. What shall I do with them?—destroy you and your fortune also! Oh! that you were poor and mine! Hortensia, mine!"

She leant tremblingly towards me, clasped one of my hands in both of her's, and said passionately and with tears in her eyes:

"Am I not so, Emanuel?"

"But the cloister? Hortensia!"

"My last refuge—if thou forsakest me!"

Then made we our vows before God. At the altar, by the priestly hand, were they consecrated. We left Leghorn, and sought the charming solitude, in which we now dwell with our children.

CURRENTE CALAMOSITIES,

NO. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

Another change, my dear Editor! I am in New York, awaiting the opening of the spring, and, with pen in hand, ready to write whatever the contact of things around me shall impel me to scribble, *currente calamo*, for the April Messenger. I have described to you, before, many of my notions of the comforts, and conveniences, and enjoyments of this changeable world of ours, but these descriptions have chiefly consisted of rural and woodland sketches. But there are two sides to every picture. And, though I well know, as somebody, I forget who, very happily says, that

"When some mad poet stops to muse
About the moonlight and the dews,
The fairies and the fawns,
He's apt to think, he's apt to swear
That comfort dwells not any where
Except in groves and lawns:
That dreams are twice as sweet as dances,
That cities never breed romances," &c. &c.

yet, a man, after all the poets may say, will find much food for thought, nay, much material of solid and rational enjoyment in the crowded thoroughfares of a city. Yes, I, I confess it, Mr. Editor! It is all well

enough to have a *penchant* for what is in season. I have had my dreams, and told them, too, of all the dear delights of summer, and all the "pleasures of the pathless woods;" and like the author just quoted I may truly say,

"Yes! those dear dreams are all divine,
And those dear dreams have all been mine.
I like the dawning of the day,
I like the smell of new-mown hay,
I like the babbling of the brooks,
I like the croaking of the rooks,
I like the lowing of the heifers,
I like the whispers of the zephyrs,
I like the peaches and the posies,
I like the violets and roses;
To wander from my drowsy desk
To revel in the picturesque;
To hear, beneath the hoary trees,
The far-off murmur of the seas,
Or trace the river's mazy channels," &c. &c.

All this ground, I say, I have already gone over, in your pages. My engagements will keep me in the city, now, however, till the coming in of strawberry time, when I have an invitation again to ruralize, and shall do so: and the interim shall be occupied, so far as these papers are concerned, in giving you some city sketches, in place of those rural ones that have heretofore employed my pen. And why not? For

"I have been
A sojourner in many a scene,
And picked up wisdom in my way,
And dearly for it have had to pay,
Smiling and weeping all the while
As other people weep and smile.
And I have learned that Love is not
Confined to any hour or spot.
He decks the smile, and fires the frown,
Alike in country and in town:
And glances not a bit more bright
By moon-beam, than by candle-light;
I think much witchcraft oft reposes
On wreaths of artificial roses,
And ringlets,—I have ne'er disdained them,
Because the barber has profaned them!
I think that many a modern dance
May breed a topic for romance;
And many a concert have its springs
For touching hearts as well as strings," &c. &c.

My present *penchant*, then, is metropolitan; and I date from the Astor House. *Ecce signum!*

This granite pile is a village in itself;—standing, populous, in the midst of this great city, *imperium in imperio*. At this season of the year, its walls are crowded with people from all parts of this country, and with representatives, here and there, from every other. To-day, as I dined, I saw men from almost every state in the Union, among whom were several members of congress; more than one Frenchman, German, Dutchman, Spaniard, Italian, Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, and Russian. There was a Smyrniote, a Greek, and a Swede, and after dinner a deputation of Oneida Indians examined the apartment, with great *sang froid* and immobility of mien! Besides those who sit at this immense table, there are the occupants of the ladies' dining hall, and many private families, who are never seen by the rest of the household, any more than if their residence were in Bond street or Waverley Place. Truly, a little world in its way, is our Astoria!

Among the long suites of rooms that border the spa-

cious galleries of this great caravanserai, is one range, the tenanting of which shall furnish me with a few sketches for this month's speculation. First in order, I will visit the temporary abode of a poet, who has come hither, all the way from his own "Glen Mary," in the heart of the Empire State, to superintend the bringing out of his new periodical, "The Corsair." This gallant little bark, by the bye, was launched upon her destined element of public patronage, last week, and was cheered, as she glided from the stocks, by the shouts of some thousands of subscribers. She has had a fair start, and has enjoyed favoring breezes, ever since she put forth on her voyage over the wide waste of waters, that, hereafter, are to be her home. The plan of this work is peculiar. Finding that, (by the operation of the booksellers' present, piratical system of publishing English light (the lightest) literature, in preference to the works of our own writers, combined with the reciprocity recently established in Great Britain towards this country, in withholding the power of taking out copyright there, from foreign writers,) there was no chance left for the native author, but to publish periodically, what he has to offer to the world, Mr. Willis and his friend and coadjutor, Dr. Porter, have fitted out this tight little craft to privateer also upon the wide sea of literature, and to take her chance with the book-selling pirates, in marauding upon the foreign commodity. The tendency of this will be to show the bibliopoliasts that they are not to enjoy, undisputed, the dominion of the ocean, and bear home all its treasures, to make the most of,—but are to be met on their own ground, to which, fortunately, they have secured no monopoly. The enterprise, so far, looks well and promises much; may it succeed! But I was talking of Willis.

The son of a respectable and much esteemed citizen of Boston, a practical printer, and editor of a religious weekly paper, Mr. Willis was early sent to Yale College, where he acquired a good belle-lettres education, and graduated with credit. His intellectual bent was ever towards poetry and romance, and long before he left college, he had distinguished himself as being capable of producing most touching poetry, and the most graceful prose. His first efforts were contributions to the pages of his father's paper, the Boston Recorder, the organ of the Calvinistic or Presbyterian church of New England,—and bore the signature of "Roy." These were principally upon scripture topics, and won for their author a precocious reputation, in that department. Indeed, I doubt if any thing he has done since, is superior to some of those early efforts,—such as "The Widow of Nain," "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," &c. At about the same time Mr. Willis was writing some lighter effusions for the columns of the Boston Statesman, now the Morning Post, then under the editorial direction of Nathaniel Greene, brother of the present editor. These were sometimes humorous, sometimes serious, often of a very elevated character, and, combined with the productions of "Roy," soon established his reputation as one of the best of this country's poets. Soon after he left college, he set up the American Monthly Magazine, in Boston, in which he wrote some most graceful articles, exceeding in finish, as I cannot but think, any thing that he has more recently done. Among these, the paper, entitled "The Philosophy of Music,"

so sparkling with beautiful and lustrous imagery, so original in conception, so perfect in execution, cannot have been forgotten by any one who has ever read it. The "Editor's Table," (bating the vein of *petit maitre-ism*, which ran through its pages somewhat too prominently,) was always full of interest, and has since formed no small portion of the staple of a periodical, in this city, with which its author has since been connected. The Magazine lived but two years, and then Mr. W. came to New York, lent his name to the Mirror, and soon after, went abroad, as the European tourist for that establishment. His "First Impressions," "Pencilings by the Way," and "Inklings of Adventure," were the products of this enterprise, to which is to be added the obtainment of a lovely and accomplished wife. Returning home, after some years of foreign travel, he published his contributions to the Mirror, with considerable additions, under the above given titles, and, soon after, a volume of his poetry, called "Melanie, and other poems." The first winter after his return he passed at the seat of government, where he gathered many of the materials for his beautifully illustrated "Scenery of the United States," now in the course of publication, in numbers, by a London bookseller. His stores of information were increased, also, by subsequent extensive travel over the most interesting and picturesque portions of our country, and contributed to render the splendid work in question one of the most choice productions of the day. He then retired to a farm he had purchased in Owego, in this State, to which he gave the name of "Glen Mary." Here, cultivating trees and tilling the ground, he did not throw aside the pen, that use had made so familiar to his hand;—but employed it, occasionally, in a series of neat and graceful articles, addressed, through the Mirror, to his friend "The Doctor," upon all topics that, indifferently and casually, might occur to him, as he rambled over his rural realm. These letters were soon found to be popular; and they had proved a strong bond of union, moreover, between the author and the friend to whom they were addressed. The difficulties as to copyright and publication, to which I have already adverted, had taken place in England, and the sources of profit from the publication in that country, of an American author's book, which Mr. Willis had before enjoyed, were cut off by a successful motion to that effect, made in the British Parliament by Sir Lytton Bulwer, on the ground of reciprocity,—and the result of all was the project of "The Corsair." But I must hasten to another room in the attic of Astor's.

Here lives,—amongst political pamphlets, reports of congressional debates, of executive departments, and of investigating committees,—surrounded by such books as Junius, Say's Political Economy, Gouge on Banking, Carey on the Credit System, Vattel, Storey on the Constitution, The Federalist, &c. &c.,—here lives, I say, for the nonce, the celebrated historiographer of the famous "Cruise of the Potomac,"—the originator and projector, though not allowed to be a participator, of "The Exploring Expedition." Mr. Reynolds is a citizen of Ohio, and has ever shown a devotion to the cause of science, which has been displayed, signally, in the two highly important cases above alluded to. It is no part of my plan, in penning these papers, to indulge in political disquisitions: but, in connection with

the brief notice already taken of my distinguished fellow boarder, I must be allowed to say, that it was an impolitic movement on the part of the government to deny to this gentleman the place in the expedition, which has recently sailed, so properly his due: for never had any administration a more formidable opponent than the present popular political orator of National Hall, has proved himself to be to that now in power. His political lectures are listened to by throngs, whom he addresses, not in the language and manner of a demagogue,—not by allusions to his own real or imaginary wrongs;—far, very far from it. He invites debate and discussion from the side he opposes,—and urges home his arguments upon the multitudes who crowd to hear him, with soberness and discretion, and not in the tone of a mere party haranguer of the populace. In manner he is very graceful, impassioned, and impressive; in the choice of language, discreet, well-prepared, and classical; and in argument close, subtle, fair, clear, and convincing. But, leaving Mr. Reynolds at his desk, whom have we here, next door?

Here is a man after your correspondent's own heart, my Editor! Let me introduce you to him. There he stands, the works of one William Shakspeare open before him, on one side, and those of "Rare Ben Jonson," on the other. He is conning a lecture upon the genius of the olden bards of Britain, to be delivered to-night at the hall of Stuyvesant Institute. Ask him to read you a passage, at random, with appropriate original comments thereon: he will do it for you,—for he has no silly affectation of believing you in error, or inclined, unduly, to compliment him, when you tell him, as you will, when you have heard him read, that he is beyond all compare, the best reader, and the most graceful speaker you ever listened to. Hear and see him deliver Shakspeare's "Antony over the dead body of Cæsar," or the scenes between Falstaff and Prince Hal, or Paul's speech before Agrippa, or Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, or Hamlet's soliloquy on Death, or his advice to the actors, or Burns's Highland Mary, or Bonaparte's trip to Russia,—and say if I have too highly praised his eloquence.

Professor Simmons is the eldest son of Judge Simmons of Boston; he was educated at Harvard University, and, having graduated with honor, was appointed professor of elocution in that institution. He has lately left Cambridge, and is now delivering a very popular and much admired series of lectures upon the works and genius of Shakspeare, in this city. He is remarkable for the most perfect appropriateness of language, in conveying the most acute and accurate elucidations of the immortal bard,—displaying a verbal and philosophical intimacy and familiar acquaintance with the more recondite meanings of the text, and a tact at imparting that understanding to the minds of others, which are truly wonderful. Softer than the dew falls upon the flowers, fall the tender passages in Romeo and Juliet from his lips,—sweeter than honey from hives of Hybla, flow the liquid accents of the softer passions from his tongue,—while nothing can be more joyous and mirth-inspiring than the rich, riant, racy manner, in which he gives the comic conceptions of Avon's all-knowing, all-describing bard! The impetuous fire of Hotspur, the deep melancholy of Hamlet, the patient sorrows of Hermione, the mad ambi-

tion of Richard, the griefs of Imogen, and Desdemona, the savage jealousy of Othello, the infirm purpose of Macbeth, the innocent love of Miranda, and the voluptuous passion of Cleopatra,—all derive, from the tone and manner with which the reader delivers the passages that describe them, their most perfect elucidation and illustration. As Willis, the other day, remarked of the readings and commentaries of Simmons, "there are seven heavens in the genius of Shakspeare, and few people reach more than half of them: it was reserved for this man, to raise all, who hear him read and lecture, even to the seventh!"

But I have chatted too long, I fear, and must leave and *relieve* you, for another month. Adieu!

New York, April 1, 1839.

J. F. O.

THE WANDERER TO HIS NATIVE HOME.

FROM A LADY'S PORT FOLIO.

I come, but not in life's gladness—

I come, tho' in grief's hurried track—

Will ye take, in his reft heart's sadness,

The weary and wandering back?

I sigh for my childhood's glad bowers,

Whence, so long I've been destined to roam;

Oh! speed on, ye bright winged hours,

And waft to my dear native home.

Is the blue sky above it still bright,

And the green earth beneath still fair?

Do wild flowers still ope to the light,

In wonted luxuriance, there?

Will the voice of the same glad bird,

That charmed me in youth's sunny hour,

Again in its own haunts be heard,

As of yore, with a soul-soothing power?

I will seek the same moss-cover'd stone,

Where I hied in the sweet spring time,

And list to the 'customed moan

Of the brooklet's perpetual chime.

Perchance, the young cowslip still laves

Its brow in that pure, purling stream;

And the crests of the bright young waves

Are tipt with the dawn's early beam:

And the bee and the humming-bird sip

The sweets from the fox-glove's bell;

And the wings of the light zephyr dip

O'er mountain and streamlet and dell.

And dearer, far dearer than all

Of music that earth can afford,

As I enter the old wonted hall,

Will voices of lov'd ones be heard?

And cast o'er my wearied breast

The spell of affection once more;

And bid the poor wanderer rest,

When the night of his exile is o'er?

Oh, say! for in few fleeting hours,

To the haunts of my childhood I come,

Will you take to your own glad bowers,

The weary and wandering home?

Camden, S. C.

ETOILE.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS:

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford: Hudson & Skinner, 1839.

The name of Mrs. Sigourney has long been known to the public, by her poetical writings. Perhaps no other American writer—certainly no writer of verse—has received so large a share of the popular approbation. This is as it should be. Her poems are always good; and if they are not *always* remarkable for redundant fancy, which some would fain consider a necessary constituent of verse, they are ever peculiar for pure thought, graceful diction, and well-timed moral truth; and when the lady pleases to let her fancy plume its airy wing, it returns with precious spoils from its flight.

But it is not as a poetical writer, that we come now to speak of our author. In her "LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES," she presented herself, long since, to the public, in a new character—but of late, more especially so in the work before us, "LETTERS TO MOTHERS."

We took up this book with a half-formed prejudice—or, perhaps we had better say, with a thorough indifference—toward it. Its title sounded 'unpropitious.' We presumed it might be *useful*, and would most unquestionably prove *dry*! but a short time sufficed to correct our opinion. We found that it was indeed a work *useful*, in the highest sense of the term—and, to our surprise, intensely interesting. Though to afford entertainment, merely, was doubtless far from the writer's intention, yet the reader will not fail to derive it from every page. As he begins the perusal, he will recognise the poet in the matron—and as he proceeds he will be delighted with wholesome truth, adorned with the richest imagery which a cultivated fancy can bestow, and expressed in a style at once chaste and elegant.

The book is composed of some twenty chapters, or letters, upon almost every important subject which should enter into the direction of juvenile education, written in a familiar style, and addressed, as the title indicates, *to mothers*. The writer would commence with the infant, while yet in its cradle, and by judicious, mental and physical culture, she would prepare it for acting an honorable part on the great stage of life. But she is not content with this. Mindful of its immortal nature, she would teach the youthful spirit to take hold on Heaven!

We shall not attempt to give a critical analysis of the whole work; nor shall we linger to cavil about any imagined inaccuracy of thought or expression. We like the book; and though we be deemed less erudite for not evincing a disposition to find fault with an excellent thing, we shall proceed at once to give the reader an acquaintance with the book by various extracts from its pages. Let us commence at the beginning—even with the preface:

"ADDRESSED TO MOTHERS.

"You are sitting with your child in your arms. So am I. And I have never been as happy before. Have you? How this new affection seems to spread a soft, fresh green over the soul. Does not the whole heart blossom thick with plants of hope, sparkling with perpetual dew-drops? What a loss, had we passed through the world, without tasting this purest, most exquisite fount of love. * * * * *

"Are you a novice? I am one also. Let us learn together. The culture of young minds, in their more advanced stages, has indeed been entrusted to me, and I have loved the office. But never before, have I been so blest, as to nurture the infant, when, as a germ quickened by spring, it opens the folding-doors of its little heart, and puts forth the thought, the preference, the affection, like filmy radicles, or timid tendrils, seeking where to twine.

"Ah! how much have we to learn, that we may bring this beautiful and mysterious creature, to the light of knowledge, the perfect bliss of immortality. Hath any being on earth a charge more fearfully important than that of the mother? God help us to be faithful, in proportion to the immensity of our trust!

"The soul, the soul of the babe, whose life is nourished by our own! Every trace that we grave upon it, will stand forth at the judgment, when 'the books are opened.' Every waste place, which we leave through neglect, will frown upon us, as an abyss, when the mountains fall, and the skies shrivel like a scroll! wherever we go, let us wear as a signet-ring, 'the child! the child!' Amid all the music of life, let this ever be the key-tone, the soul of our child!"

The first letter is upon the "*privileges of the mother*," and is replete with sentiments of the soundest philosophy. We would like to transfer the entire chapter to our pages, but must be content with an extract or two:

"Woman is surely more deeply indebted to the government that protects her, than man, who bears within his own person, the elements of self defence. But how shall her gratitude be best made an operative principle? Secluded, as she wisely is, from any share in the administration of government, how shall her patriotism find legitimate exercise? The admixture of the female mind in the ferment of political ambition, would be neither safe if it were permitted, nor to be desired if it were safe. Nations who have encouraged it, have usually found their cabinet-councils perplexed by intrigue, or turbulent with contention. History has recorded instances, where the gentler sex have usurped the sceptre of the monarch, or invaded the province of the warrior. But we regard them either with amazement, as a planet rushing from its orbit—or with pity, as the lost Pleiad, vanishing from its happy and brilliant sisterhood."

Who will deny the truth of this? and yet it accords but poorly with some of the ill-starred reform-philosophy of the day. For our own part, we are happy, that one lady, at least, will claim for her sex its true dignity and its true delicacy. We would not be understood to assert that *any* would controvert the *letter* of this claim. But there certainly is a *spirit of sentiment* afloat, to which the spirit of the text does violence. But let our author be heard again:

"It seems now to be conceded, that the vital interests of our country may be aided by the zeal of mothers. Exposed as it is to the influx of untutored foreigners, often unfit for its institutions, or averse to their spirit, it seems to have been made a repository for the waste and refuse of other nations. To neutralize this mass, to rule its fermentations, to prevent it from becoming a lava-stream in the garden of liberty, and to purify it for those channels where the life-blood of the nation circulates, is a work of power and peril. The force of public opinion, or the terror of law, must hold in check these elements of danger, until education can restore them to order and beauty. Insubordination is becoming a prominent feature in some of our principal cities. Obedience in families, respect to magistrates, and love of country, should therefore be inculcated with increased energy, by those who have earliest access to the mind. A barrier to the torrent of corruption, and a guard over the strong holds of knowledge and of virtue, may be placed by the mother, as she watches over her cradled

son. Let her come forth with vigor and vigilance, at the call of her country, not like Boadicea in her chariot, but like the mother of Washington, feeling that the first lesson to every incipient ruler should be, '*how to obey.*' The degree of her diligence in preparing her children to be good subjects of a just government, will be the true measure of her patriotism. While she labors to pour a pure and heavenly spirit into the hearts that open around her, she knows not but she may be appointed to rear some future statesman for her nation's helm, or priest for the temple of Jehovah."

There is beauty and touching pathos in the following extract, from the second "letter"—"influence of children upon parents:"

"I have seen a young and beautiful mother, herself like a brilliant and graceful flower. Nothing could divide her from her infant. It was to her as a two-soul. She had loved society, for there she had been as an idol. But what was the fleeting delight of adulation, to the deep love that took possession of her whole being? She had loved her father's house. There, she was ever like a song-bird, the first to welcome the day, and the last to bless it. Now, she wreathed the same blossoms of the heart around another home, and lulled her little nursing with the same inborn melodies.

"It was sick. She hung over it. She watched it. She comforted it. She sat whole nights with it in her arms. It was to her like the beloved of the King of Israel, 'feeding among the lilies.' Under the pressure of this care, there was in her eye a deep and holy beauty, which never gleamed there when she was radiant in the dance, or, in the halls of fashion, the cynosure. She had been taught to love God, and his worship, from her youth up: but when health again glowed in the face of her babe, there came from her lip such a prayer of flowing praise, as it had never before breathed.

"And when in her beautiful infant there were the first developments of character, and of those preferences and aversions which leave room to doubt whether they are from simplicity or perverseness, and whether they should be repressed or pitied, and how the harp might be so tuned as not to injure its tender and intricate harmony, there burst from her soul a supplication more earnest, more self-abandoning, more prevailing, than she had ever before poured into the ear of the Majesty of Heaven.

"So the feeble hand of the babe that she nourished, led her through more profound depths of humility, to higher aspirations of faith. And I felt that the affection, to whose hallowed influence she had so yielded, was guiding her to a higher seat among the 'just made perfect.'"

Equally touching and beautiful is the following,—the conclusion of the third "letter"—"Infancy:"

"The religion of a new-born babe, is the prayer of its mother. Keep this sacred flame burning for it, in the shrine of the soul, until it is able to light its own feeble lamp, and fill its new censer with praise.

"As the infant advances in strength, its religion should be love. Teach it love, by your own accents, your countenance, your whole deportment. Labor to fashion its habits and temper after this hallowed model. Let the first lessons of earth, breathe the spirit of Heaven.

"When the high gifts of speech and thought are given it, point it to Him who caused the sun to shine, and the plant to grow, and the chirping bird to be joyful in its nest. Teach it, that it is loved of this Great Being, that it may love Him in return. Mingle the majesty of His goodness with the elements of its thought. You will be surprised to see how soon the lisping lip may learn communion with the Father of Mercies.

"Teach me to pray—instruct me in religion!" said a young prince, to his tutor. 'You are not yet old

enough.' 'Ah, yes! I have been in the burying-ground. I have measured the graves. There are some there, which are shorter than I.'

"Mother, if there is, in your church-yard, one grave shorter than your child, hasten to instruct him in religion!"

Too much attention cannot be given to the character of the "first lessons" of maternal instruction. By neglecting to teach the "first, best lesson of obedience," how many a fond mother has entailed upon her offspring an inheritance of crime and woe, which in return has "brought down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Watch for the time when your little one first exhibits decided preferences and aversions. The next letter in the alphabet, is obedience. It is its first step towards religion. The fear of God, must be taught by the parent, standing for a time, in the place of God.

"Establish your will as the law. Do it early, for docility is impaired by delay. It is the truest love, to save the little stranger in this labyrinth of life, all those conflicts of feeling, which must continue, as long as it remains doubtful who is to be its guide. As the root and germ of piety, as a preparation for submission to the Eternal Father, as the subduing process, which is to lead it in calmness through the storms and surges of time, teach obedience.

"It is a simple precept in philosophy, that obedience should be the most entire and unconditional, where reason is the weakest. Its requisitions should be enforced, in proportion to the want of intelligence in the subject. The parent is emphatically a light to those who sit in darkness. The transition from the dreamy existence of infancy, to the earliest activity of childhood, is a period when parental authority, is eminently needful, to repress evil, and to preserve happiness. But it must have been established *before*, in order to be in readiness *then*. Without this rudder, the little voyager is liable to be thrown among the eddies of its own passions, and wrecked like the bark canoe.

"You will not suppose me, my dear friends, the advocate of austerity. As the substitution of your wisdom, in the place of the wayward impulses of your child, is the truest kindness, so it is a feature of that kindness, to commence it when it may be done with the greatest ease. Gentleness, combined with firmness, will teach it to your infant. Wait a few months, and perhaps, it may not be so. Obedience, to the mind in its waxen state, is like the silken thread, by which the plant is drawn toward its prop; enforced too late, it is like the lasso, with which the wild horse is enchained, requiring dexterity to throw, and severity to manage.

"Deaf and dumb children, or those whose intellect is weak, it is peculiarly cruel, not to subjugate. With them, the will of the parent must longer, and more entirely operate. As reason develops, and the habits become regulated, and the affections take their right place, parental authority naturally relaxes its vigilance. It loosens, and falls off, like the thorny sheath of the chesnut, when the kernel ripens. But the husk of the chesnut is opened by the frost, and the sway of the parent yields to the sharper lessons of the world; and of this teaching, the young probationer is not always able to say that

'When most severe, and mustering all its wrath,
'Tis but the graver countenance of love.'

"With many of our most illustrious characters, the obedience of earlier years was strongly enforced. We know it was so, in the case of Washington. Other examples might be easily adduced. Those who have most wisely ruled others, have usually tested, by their own experience, the nature of subordination, at its proper season. Fabius Maximus, whose invincible wisdom tamed the fierce spirits of Rome, was so distinguished by submission to his superiors, as to be derided by the insubordinate, and called in his boyhood, 'the little sheep.'"

From the fifth "letter,"—"Maternal Love,"—we subjoin an extended extract:

"To love children, is the dictate of our nature. Apart from the promptings of kindred blood, it is a spontaneous tribute to their helplessness, their innocence, or their beauty. The total absence of this love, induces a suspicion that the heart is not right. 'Beware,' said Lavater, 'of him who hates the laugh of a child.' 'I love God, and every little child,' was the simple, yet sublime sentiment of Richter.

"The man of the world, pauses in his absorbing career, and claps his hands, to gain an infant's smile.

"The victim of vice, gazes wishfully on the pure, open forehead of childhood, and retraces those blissful years that were free from guile. The man of piety loves that docility and singleness of heart, which drew from his Saviour's lips, the blessed words, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

"Elliot, the apostle of the Indians, amid his laborious ministry, and rude companionship, showed, in all places, the most marked attention to young children. In extreme age, when his head was white as the Alpine snows, he felt his heart warm at their approach. Many a pastor, whom he had assisted to consecrate, bore witness to the pathos of his appeal, the solemnity of his intonation, when he inquired, 'Brother, lovest thou our Lord Jesus Christ? Then feed these lambs!'

"The love of children, in man, is a virtue; in woman, an element of nature. It is a feature of her constitution, a proof of His wisdom, who, having entrusted to her the burden of the early nurture of a whole race, gives that sustaining power which produces harmony, between her dispositions and her allotted tasks.

"To love children, is a graceful lineament, in the character of young ladies. Anxious as they usually are to acquire the art of pleasing, they are not always aware what an attraction it imparts to their manners. It heightens the influence of beauty, and often produces a strong effect, where beauty is wanting.

"'Love children,' said Madame de Maintenon, in her advice to the young dauphiness; 'whether for a prince or a peasant, it is the most amiable accomplishment.' It was this very trait in her own character, that won the heart of Louis the Great. When she was governess of his children, and past the bloom of life, he surprised her one morning, in the royal nursery, sustaining with one arm, the oldest son, then feeble from the effects of a fever, rocking with the other hand a cradle in which lay the infant princess, while on her lap reposed the sleeping infant. His tenderness as a father, and his susceptibility as a man, accorded that deep admiration which would have been denied to the splendor of dress, the parade of rank, or the blaze of beauty.

"But how feeble are all the varieties of love, which childhood elicits, compared to that which exists in a mother's breast. Examine, I pray you, its unique nature, by contrast and comparison. We are wont to place our affections where our virtues are appreciated, or to fix our reliance where some benefit may be conferred. But maternal love, is founded on utter helplessness. A wailing cry, a foot too feeble to bear the burden of the body, an eye unable to distinguish the friend who feeds it, a mind more obtuse than the newborn lamb, which discerns its mother amid the flock, or the duckling that hastens from its shell to the stream, are among the elements of which it is compounded.

"It is able also to subsist without aliment. Other love requires the interchange of words, or smiles, some beauty, or capability, or moral fitness, either existing, or supposed to exist. It is wont, as it advances in ardor, to exact a vow of preference, above all the world beside, and if need be, to guard this, its Magna Charta, with the sting of reproach, or the pang of jealousy. It is scarcely proof against long absence, without frequent tokens of remembrance, and its most passionate stage of existence, may be checked by caprice."

We next turn to the seventh letter—"Health."

This chapter, through the politeness of the author, some months ago graced the pages of our magazine. But we deem it of too much worth to be passed silently by, and we believe our readers will not object to our calling their attention to it again. At the time of our former publication of it, the "*New Yorker*" (one of our most spirited and judicious journals,) remarked, that "it deserved to be printed on satin, and suspended over every mantle-piece and toilet-table in the country."

Our limits will not allow us to quote the entire letter. We shall confine our extracts, therefore, to that portion which treats of the evils resulting from the too prevalent practise of *corset-wearing*—or, as it is commonly termed, "*tight lacing*." We are aware—as who is not—that it has come to be deemed indelicate to speak of this subject. The lady, whose work we are now discussing, has deemed it far otherwise. It is not deemed indelicate to speak of murder and crime, when they appear in their accustomed character; it is not deemed indelicate to hold back the hand of one who seeks destruction by the ordinary means; then why should it be judged offensive to speak boldly of this most common, this most fatal folly? *Indelicate*, forsooth! we would that those who feel themselves aggrieved by such discussions could be made to feel that their practise is something worse than indelicate—that it is positively suicidal!

Away, then, with this morbid sensibility! Let truth be heard, in the spirit of honest candor, and let its simple dictate be obeyed. Or, if fashion must still hold her undisturbed sway, let us brand with some more deserving and more opprobrious epithet, the most fearful instrument by which she works her cruel destruction. There is much in the magic of a name. An ingenious class of our industrious citizens have given to the useful result of their invention, the appropriate name of "*Life Preservers*." We like it. It is highly proper that in the name of any "invention," (and our author evidently classes the *corset* with "new inventions,") some reference should be made to the purpose to which it is to be applied. And if the fairest portion of community will still go on in the work of self-immolation, let us be true to truth, and call the horrid implement of this sacrifice by the juster term of "*Life Destroyers*!"

"Mothers ought to be ever awake to the evils of compression, in the region of the heart and lungs. A slight ligature there, in the earlier stages of life, is fraught with danger. To disturb or impede those laborers, who turn the wheels of life, both night and day, how absurd and ungrateful! Samson was bound in fetters, and ground in the prison-house for a while; but at length he crushed the pillars of the temple, and the lords of the Philistines perished with him. Nature, though she may be long in resenting a wrong, never forgets it. Against those who violate her laws, she often rises as a giant in his might; and when they least expect it, inflicts a fearful punishment.

"Fashion seems, long enough, to have attacked health in its strong holds. She cannot even prove that she has rendered the form more graceful, as some equivalent for her ravages. In ancient Greece, to whom our painters and sculptors still look for the purest models, was not the form left untortured? the volume of the lungs allowed free play? the heart permitted without manacles to do the great work which the Creator assigned it?

"The injuries inflicted by compression of the vital parts, are too numerous to be here recounted. Im-

paired digestion, obstructed circulation, pulmonary disease, and nervous wretchedness, are in their train. A physician, distinguished by practical knowledge of the Protean forms of insanity, asserted, that he gained many patients from that cause. Another medical gentleman of eminence, led by philanthropy to investigate the subject of tight-lacing, has assured the public, that multitudes annually die, by the severe discipline of busk and corset. His theory is sustained by collateral proof, and is illustrated by dissections.

"It is not sufficient, that we mothers protect our younger daughters, while more immediately under our authority, from such hurtful practises. We should follow them, until a principle is formed, by which they can protect themselves, against the tyranny of fashion. It is true, that no young lady acknowledges herself to be laced too tight. Habits that shun the light, and shelter themselves in subterfuge, are ever the most difficult to eradicate. A part of the energy which is essential to their reformation, must be expended in hunting them from their hiding places. Though the sufferer from tight-lacing will not own herself to be uncomfortable, the laborious respiration, the suffused countenance, the constrained movement, perhaps the curved spine, bring different testimony.

"But in these days of diffused knowledge, of heightened education, is it possible than any female can put in jeopardy the enjoyment of health, even the duration of existence, for a circumstance of dress? Will she throw an illusion over those who strive to save her, and like the Spartan culprit, conceal the destroyer that feeds upon her vitals? *We know that it is so.* Who that has tested the omnipotence of fashion, will doubt it? This is by no means the only sacrifice of health that she imposes. But it is a prominent one. Let us, who are mothers, look to it. Let us be fully aware of the dangers of stricture on the lungs and heart, during their season of development.

"Why should not we bring up our daughters, without any article of dress which could disorder the seat of vitality. Our sons hold themselves erect, without busk, or corset, or frame-work of whale-bone. Why should not our daughters, also? Did not God make them equally upright? Yes. But *they* have 'sought out many inventions.'

"Let us educate a race who shall have room to breathe. Let us promise, even in their cradle, that their hearts shall not be pinioned as in a vice, nor their spines bent like a bow, nor their ribs forced into the liver. Doubtless the husbands and fathers of the next generation will give us thanks."

Aye—doubtless the husbands and fathers of the present generation will give you thanks. But we must pass on, and entertain the reader with an exquisite *morceau* from the ninth letter—"Early Culture."

"The husbandman wakes early, though the mother sleeps. He scarcely waits for the breath of spring to unbind the soil, ere he marks out his furrow. If he neglected to prepare the ground, he might as well sow his seed by the way-side, or upon the rock. If he deferred the vernal toil till the suns of summer were high, what right would he have to expect the autumn-harvest or the winter-store? The florist mingles his compost, he proportions warmth and moisture, he is patient and watchful, observant of the atmosphere and of the seasons, else he knows that his richest bulbs would be cast away. Should the teacher of the infant heart, be less diligent than the corn-planter, or the culturor of a tulip?"

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"Not only by the volume of Inspiration, but by their daily intercourse with the animal creation, and from the ever open page of Nature, guide them to duty and to God. Take in your arms, their favorite kitten, and pointing out its graceful proportions, teach a lesson of kindness. While the dog sleeps at the feet of his mas-

ter, tell of the virtues of his race, of their fidelity and enduring gratitude, and bespeak respect for the good qualities of the inferior creation. Teach their little feet to turn aside from the worm, and spare to trample the nest of the toiling ant. Point out the bird, 'laying the beams of its chambers among the green leaves, or the thick grass, and make them shudder at the cruelty which could rifle its treasures. Inspire them with love for all innocent creatures—with admiration for every beautiful thing; for it is sweet to see the principles of love and beauty, leading the new-born soul to its Maker.

"As you explain to the young child, the properties of the flower that he holds in his hand, speak with a smile of Him, whose 'touch perfumes it, and whose pencil paints.' Make the voice of the first brook, as it murmurs beneath the snow, and the gesture of the waving corn, and the icicle with its pen sharpened by frost, and the sleeted pane with its fantastic tracery, and the nod of the awful forest, and the fixed star on its burning throne, adjuncts in teaching your child the wonderful works of the Almighty.

"The mother who is thus assiduous in the work of early education, will find in poetry an assistant not to be despised. Its melody is like a harp to the infant ear, like a trumpet stirring up the new-born intellect. It breaks the dream with which existence began, as the clear chirping of the bird wakes the morning sleeper. It seems to be the natural dialect of those powers which are earliest developed. Feeling and fancy put forth their young shoots ere they are expected, and poetry bends a spray for their feeble tendrils, rears a prop for their boldest aspirings."

We can but glance at the tenth letter—"Domestic Education." The subject is one of great importance, and is well sustained throughout the chapter. Would our limits allow, we should not turn it off with a simple extract:

"I am not without hope of persuading mothers to take charge of the entire education of their children, during the earlier years of life. After devoting daily a stated period, morning and evening, to their moral and religious training, I cannot but trust that the pleasure of the communion will lead to a more extended system of domestic culture. Indeed, it is not possible to convey instruction to the *heart*, without acting as a pioneer for the *intellect*. The docility, the application, the retentive energy, which the mother awakens in her child, while she teaches it the principles of justice, and the love of truth, and the reverence of the Creator, lead her continually, though it may be unconsciously, into the province of scholastic education."

"Whoever educates his children well," says Xenophon, in his letter to Crito, 'gives them much, even though he should leave them little.' If parents felt, that by spending three hours daily, they might secure for each of their offspring, an ample fortune, not to be alienated, but made sure to them through life, would they grudge the sacrifice? Let the mother try, if by an equal expenditure of time, she may not purchase for them a patrimony, which rust cannot corrode, or the robber rifle, or the elements that sweep away perishable wealth, have power to destroy. If she feels it impossible to dispense with their attending school, let her at least teach them herself to *read*, ere she sends them there. I once heard an aged and intelligent gentleman, speak with delight of the circumstance, that he learned to read from maternal instruction. He gave it as one reason why knowledge was pleasant to his soul, that its rudiments entered there with the association of gentle tones, patient explanations, and tender caresses."

"The correct reading of our copious language, is not a branch of such simplicity, that it may be well taught by careless, or slightly educated instructors. The perfect enunciation which is so important to public speakers, is best acquired when the organs of articulation are most

flexible, and ere vicious intonations are confirmed by habit. One of the most accomplished orators that I ever heard, used to take pleasure in referring his style of elocution to his mother, who taught him early to read, and devoted much attention to his distinct utterance, and right understanding of the subjects that he rendered vocal."

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"A mother, who succeeds in teaching her child to read, and partakes the delight of perceiving new ideas enrich and expand its intellect, will be very apt to wish to conduct its education still further. And if it is in her power to do so, why does she send it to school at all, during its most susceptible years? Who can be so deeply interested in its improvement, as herself. Why then does she entrust it to the management of strangers? Why expose it to the influence of evil example, ere its principles are sufficiently strong to withstand temptation? Why yield it to the excitement of promiscuous association, when it has a parent's house, where its innocence may be shielded, and its intellect aided to expand?"

"I have no time," replies the mother. How much time will it require? Two or three hours in a day is a greater proportion than any teacher of a school would devote exclusively to them. Even if they could receive such an amount of instruction, the division of their own attention among their companions, would diminish its value to them."

We pass rapidly over the succeeding chapters; many of which—as especially that upon "Schools," and "Opinion of Wealth"—cannot be too carefully studied, and pause at the seventeenth "Letter." It is a right plain, old-fashioned essay, and treats of a virtue which, in this reign of degeneracy, has become quite obsolete:

"It is one proof of a good education, and of refinement of feeling, to respect antiquity. Sometimes, it seems the dictate of unsophisticated nature. We venerate a column, which has withstood the ravages of time. We contemplate with reverence the ivy-crowned castle, through which the winds of centuries make melancholy music. We gather with care, the fragments of the early history of nations, which, however mouldering or disjointed, have escaped the shipwreck of time. There are some who spare no expense in collecting coins and relics, which rust has penetrated, or change of customs rendered valueless, save as they have within them the voice of other years. Why then should we regard with indifference, the living remnants of a former age, those ambassadors whom the old world sends to commune with the new, through whose experience we might both be enriched and made better?"

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"Reverence for age, being a divine command, should form an inseparable part of the earliest christian education. It must be inculcated with the rudiments of religion, when the mind is in its forming state. It seems inexplicable that parents should neglect to impress on their children the solemn injunction, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord!' The command derives force, from the situation in which it is placed, guarded by the majesty of Him from whom it emanates, and linked with the duty which man owes to his Maker and his Judge.

"It is rather a surprising fact, that some heathen nations should have been more exemplary in their treatment of the aged, than those who enjoy moral and religious culture: that the dim teachings of nature should be more operative among ignorant men, than the 'clear shining of the sun of righteousness,' upon those who believe the gospel.

"The Spartans, so proudly adverse to every form of delicacy and refinement, paid marked deference to age, especially when combined with wisdom. A fine tribute to their observance of this virtue, was rendered them by

the old man, who, having been refused a seat in a crowded assembly at Athens, saw the rougher Lacedæmonians rise, in an equally dense throng, and reverently make room for him: 'The Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practise* it.'

"The wandering sons of the American forests, showed the deepest respect to years. Beneath each lowly roof, at every council-fire, the young listened reverently to the voice of the aged. In their most important exigences, the boldest warriors, the haughtiest chieftains, consulted the hoary-headed men, and waited for their words. Their deportment illustrated the assertion of the friend of Job—'I am young, and ye are old; therefore I was afraid to show you my opinion.'"

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"If we admit that there is a general declension in duty to the aged, and if it must be traced to error in domestic culture, heads of families are responsible for the evil.

"Mothers! is not much of the fault at our own doors? If so, where is the remedy! Must it not be sought in the power of early instruction, and in the influence of example? Is there as fair a prospect of success in admonishing those who have been long in error, as in forming correct habits for the yet uncontaminated?"

"Begin, then, with your little ones. Require them to rise and offer a seat, when an old person enters the room—never to interrupt them when speaking, but to solicit their advice, and reverence their opinions. You will say that these are simple rules. Yes. But the oak springs from a diminutive germ. Show them the reason for even these simple rules in the book of God. Consider the slightest disrespect to aged relatives, or any person advanced in years, as a fault of magnitude. If you have yourself a parent, or a surviving friend of that parent, make your own respectful deportment a mirror by which they can fashion their own. Confirm these habits, until they obtain a permanent root in principle, and determine that your own offspring shall not swell the number of those who disregard the divine precept to 'honor the hoary head.'

"I was acquainted with the father and mother of a large family, who, on the entrance of their own aged parents, rose, and received them with every mark of respect, and also treated their cotemporaries as the most distinguished guests. Their children, beholding continually this deference shown to the aged, made it a part of their own conduct. Before they were capable of comprehending the reasons on which it was founded, they copied it from the ever-open page of parental example. The beautiful habit grew with their growth. It was rewarded by the approbation of all who witnessed it. Especially was it cheering to the hearts of those who received it, and who found the chill and solitude of the vale of years alleviated by the tender love that walked by their side.

"I saw the same children when their own parents became old. This hallowed principle, early incorporated with their character, bore a rich harvest for those who had sown the seed. The honor, which from infancy they had shown to the hoary head, mingling with the fervor of filial affection, produced a delightful combination; one, which, even to the casual observer, had an echo of that voice from Heaven, 'train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

We turn to the last "letter." Its subject is "Death;" fitly chosen to conclude the sentiments of such a volume:

"Christians err, in not speaking to each other more frequently and familiarly of death. Teachers of youth and mothers, should not hesitate to make it the theme of their discourse. And when they do so, they should divest their brow of gloom, and their tone, of sadness. While they mingle it with solemnity, they should soften it from terror, lest they bow down the tender mind, like

those heavy rains, which wash away the bloom of the unfolding flower!

"I once attended a funeral, in a remote village of Moravians. It was in the depth of summer. Every little garden put forth beauty, and every tree was heavy with fresh, cool verdure.

"It was a Sabbath afternoon, when a dead infant was brought into the church. The children of the small congregation wished to sit near it, and fixed their eyes upon its placid brow, as on a fair piece of sculpture. The sermon of the clergyman was to them. It was a paternal address, humbling itself to their simplicity, yet lofty, through the deep, sonorous tones of their native German. Earnestly and tenderly they listened, as he told them how the baby went from its mother's arms, to those of the compassionate Redeemer. When the worship closed, and the procession was formed, the children, two and two, followed the mourners, leading each other by the hand,—the little girls clothed in white.

"The place of slumber for the dead, was near the church, where they had heard of Jesus. It was a green, beautiful knoll, on which the sun, drawing towards the west, lingered, with a smile of blessing. The turf had the richness of velvet; not a weed, or a straw defaced it. Every swelling mound was planted with flowers, and a kind of aromatic thyme, thickly clustering, and almost shutting over the small, horizontal tomb stones, which recorded only the name and date of the deceased. In such a spot, so sweet, so lowly, so secluded, the clay might willingly wait its reunion with the spirit.

"Before the corpse, walked the young men of the village, bearing instruments of music. They paused at the gate of the place of burial. Then a strain from voice and flute rose, subdued and tremulous, like the strings of the wind-harp. It seemed as if a timid, yet prevailing suppliant, sought admission to the ancient city of the dead.

"The gate unclosed. As they slowly wound around the gentle ascent, to the open grave, the pastor with solemn intonation repeated passages from the book of God. Thrilling, beyond expression, amid the silence of the living, and the slumber of the dead, were the blessed words of our Saviour, 'I am the resurrection and the life!'

"He ceased, and all gathered round the brink of the pit. The little ones drew near, and looked downward into its depths, sadly, but without fear. Then, came a burst of music, swelling higher and higher, till it seemed no longer of earth. Methought, it was the welcome in Heaven, to the innocent spirit, the joy of angels over a new immortal, that had never sinned. Wrapped as it were in that glorious melody, the little body was let down to its narrow cell. And all grief, even the parent's grief, was swallowed up in that high triumph-strain. Devotion was there, giving back what it loved, to the God of love, not with tears, but with music. Faith was there, standing among flowers, and restoring a bud to the giver, that it might bloom in a garden which could never fade!"

Beautiful! beautiful beyond praise! we shall give one more extract, and close the volume. Indeed the extract is itself the conclusion:

"Once, when spring had begun to quicken the swelling buds, a fair form that was wont to linger among them, came not forth from her closely-curtained chamber. She was beautiful and young; but Death had come for her. His purple tinge was upon her brow. The lungs moved feebly, and with a gasping sound. It would seem that speech had forsaken her. The mother bent over her pillow. She was her only one. Earnestly she besought her for one word—'only one more word, my beloved!' It was in vain.

"Yet again, the long fringes of her blue eyes opened, and what a bursting forth of glorious joy! They were raised upward: they expanded, as though the soul

would spring from them in ecstasy. Then, there was a whispering of the pale lips. The mother knelt down, and covered her face. She knew that the darling whom she had brought into the world, was to be offered up.

"But there was one, deep, sweet harp-like articulation, 'praise!' And all was over! Then, from that kneeling mother came the same tremulous word—'praise!' Yet there was an ashy paleness on her brow, and they laid her, fainting, by the side of the breathless and beautiful. There she revived, and finished the sentence that the young seraph had begun, 'praise ye the Lord!' The emotions of that death-scene, were too sublimated for tears.

"More surely might we hope thus to part with our dear ones, and thus to die in Jesus, did we, in our brief probation, live near him and for him! Friends, who have, with me, meditated on many duties, and on the event that terminates them,—dear friends, whom I shall never see in the flesh, may we meet in the vestments of immortality! With those, whom we have given birth, and nurtured, and borne upon our prayers, in the midnight watch, and at the morning dawn,—may we stand, *not one lost*, a glorious company, where is neither shade of infirmity, or sigh of penitence, or fear of change, but where 'affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears!'"

We have thus endeavored, by our extracts, to give the reader some idea of the merits of the volume before us. We have made them in almost a desultory manner, and, so far as the merits of the book are concerned, might as well have made them from any other portions of it. We believe they are sufficient, and of such a nature as will awaken the reader's desire to secure the volume. And let no one infer from its title that it is ill adapted for his perusal. Though the "letters" are with propriety addressed to mothers, there are many of them of so general a character, and their subjects of such universal interest, as to merit the attentive perusal of all. No one would feel himself poorly rewarded for his attention to them—and from the study of some of them the statesman might go away instructed.

In conclusion—we predict for the work a rapid and extensive sale. We hope that edition may follow edition, till in every family throughout our land the "Letters to Mothers" may not only be found a respected work, but revered by every one as a "family text book."

SHOBAL VAIL CLEVENGER, THE SCULPTOR.

The queen city of the west may indeed be proud of her arts, and her artists. Powers, Beard, Frankenstein, Powell, Clevenger, will give her a reputation, we believe, which will be honored wherever the arts are cultivated. Many of their productions already grace the halls of her citizens, where the travelling stranger, in partaking of their hospitality, often gazes in wonder on their works, which he pronounces to exhibit a genius kindred to that which guided the pencil and the chisel of the masters of the olden time.

Situated so beautifully by the "beautiful river," Cincinnati, as if conscious of her advantages, already displays an architectural elegance, which

is not surpassed by any city in the Union. She now numbers fifty thousand inhabitants; yet there are many who well remember when the glancing river rolled on unshadowed by any thing that denoted civilization. In patronising her artists, her citizens will not only reward merit, but cultivate their taste, and thus, adding the graces of ornament to the beauties of situation, will crown the queen with an enduring magnificence.

I propose, hastily, and I fear very imperfectly, to give your readers a slight sketch or two of some of our artists. As CLEVINGER is a "born Buck-eye," I begin with him. Middletown, a small village in the interior of Ohio, is the place of his birth. He was born in 1812. His father is by trade a weaver, and Shobal is the third child of a family of ten. His parents are still living to rejoice in the rising reputation of their son. A year after the birth of Shobal, his parents moved to Ridgeville, and afterwards to Indian Creek. At the age of fifteen, Shobal left his parents, and went with his brother to Centerville, to learn, under his direction, the art of stone cutting, in which employment his brother was engaged on the canal. It was indeed fortunate for the future sculptor, that he thus early learned the use of the chisel, and it accounts for the accuracy and tact with which he handles it.

On the canal, the future artist, at his humble occupation caught the ague and fever, and was compelled to return home. As soon as he recovered, he went to Louisville, from which, after being engaged for a short time, he came to Cincinnati and stipulated to remain with Mr. Guiou, a stone cutter, for the purpose of learning the trade. While he was with Mr. Guiou, an order among others came to the establishment, for a tombstone, which was to have a seraph's head chiselled upon it. Mr. Guiou undertook the task himself, and formed the figure, which Clevenger criticised. His master said satirically, "you shall do the next." This remark galled Clevenger and he determined to try. The next day was Sunday, and instead of enjoying its recreation, he repaired to the shop and busied himself all day in producing a seraph's head. On Monday when his fellow workmen saw it, they pronounced it better than Mr. Guiou's. This, as may be supposed, gave great pleasure to the youthful aspirant, and inflamed his ambition. He used to visit the grave-yard on the moonlight nights, and take casts from the tombstones, particularly from those sculptured by an English artist, which are thought to be very good. Mr. Guiou now gave Clevenger all the ornamental jobs to do, which sometimes provoked the ill humor of his fellows, as was to be expected, but the amiability of the artist and his acknowledged skill, soon reconciled them to the justice of the preference.

Soon after Clevenger's time expired with Mr.

Guiou, he married Miss Elizabeth Wright, of Cincinnati, and repaired to Xenia, an inland town of Ohio, where he commenced business. Meeting with poor encouragement there, he returned to Cincinnati and worked as a journeyman for his former master, but shortly after entered into partnership with Mr. Basset, and they established themselves in a little shop on the corner of Seventh and Race streets.

It was this shop that Mr. E. S. Thomas, the editor of the Evening Post chanced to enter one day, attracted as he glanced in by the figure of a cherub which Clevenger was carving. Mr. Thomas, who has a fondness for such things, and who has had an opportunity of seeing the best statuary of Europe, was instantly impressed with the genius of Clevenger and warmly told him that he had great talents in the art. The next day Mr. Thomas noticed Clevenger in his paper and expressed firmly his conviction that his genius was of the first order, and that if encouraged he would be eminent.

Powers, the sculptor, who is now in Florence, pursuing his art, and who will shed fame on the queen city, was then in Washington, where he had modelled the heads of some of our leading statesmen, with an accuracy and talent that was winning universal commendation. Clevenger, still at his stone cutting, understood that Powers was about to return to Cincinnati, and bring with him his clay model of Chief Justice Marshall, from which he meant to take a bust in stone. On hearing this, the youthful aspirant said, to use his own expression, that he "would cut the first bust from stone in Cincinnati, if he could'nt cut the best!" He accordingly forthwith procured the material—the rough block of stone, and asked Mr. Thomas to sit to him. Mr. Thomas did so, and from the rude block, without moulding any model previously in clay, with the living form before him, and with chisel in hand, in his little shop, the young artist, went fearlessly to work, and, without having seen any thing of sculpture, but the memorials of the dead in a western grave-yard, casts from which he had taken by moonlight, unaided, by the inspirations solely of genius, he struck out a likeness that wants but the Promethean heat to make it in all respects the counterpart of the veteran editor.

This bust was executed about three years ago. The press of the city spoke in just terms of praise of the performer. Patronage followed. Many of the wealthiest citizens had their busts taken, and the accuracy of each successive one, seemed to strike more and more. The artist's shop—now dignified with the name of studio—attracted the attention of all classes of the citizens. There the visitor might behold him eagerly at work, apparently unconscious of the attention he attracted; his fine clear eye lighting with a flash upon the face of the

sitter, and then upon the stone, from which, with consummate skill he would strike the incumbrance which seemed to obscure from other eyes, (not his own,) the form which he saw existing in the marble.

Clevenger is now in Boston, where he has moulded a bust of Mr. Webster, said universally to be the best likeness ever taken of the great lawyer. Among his best efforts are said to be his busts of Mr. Biddle, Clay, Van Buren and Poindexter. The visitor stands in his studio, and gazes at the casts, even of those he has not seen, with the conviction that they must be likenesses—there is ever something so lifelike about them.

This spring Clevenger goes to Italy, for the purpose of studying the master pieces of his art, mid the scene where they were fashioned. We can sympathise with the deep devotion with which he will gaze on the glories of his craft, and call up the memories of the mighty masters of old upon the very spot where they bent, chisel in hand, over the marble, and almost realized, without the aid of the gods, the fable of Pygmalion. While he is over the waters in that classic land, we shall send glad greetings to our bold Buckeye and bid him not despair. Let him assist to make his land classic too—what man has done, man may do.

T.

THE REVIEWER OF "NEW VIEWS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM" REVIEWED.

My reviewer thinks I am very ignorant indeed, as, according to him, I cannot divide one decimal number by another; and I have no doubt (and why should I doubt) that he believes it all; at least he would have no objection to his readers' believing it. But the mere scholastic mechanically educated man is not always the best qualified to judge of questions arising out of an untrammelled scientific pursuit. This probably will not be admitted by my reviewer; but it will be admitted by all who are not intellectually restricted to systems already existing, as my reviewer appears evidently to be.

He says: "In the sequel he shall abundantly prove what he has asserted of *our author's* mathematical abilities, and as a present specimen of them let us take the following problem, viz: A travels 400 miles at the rate of 4 miles per hour, and B 300 miles at the rate of 10 miles per hour; required the comparative lengths of time they are travelling."

Now, I ask the reviewer, what in the name of common sense has the reviewed to do with such a question? I cannot view it otherwise than as a vain and intrusive exhibit. I presume, however, he intended it to have some relation to the planetary movements, perhaps of Mercury and Venus.

The true question to be settled is, whether these two planets move with the same velocity or with different velocities. It indicates more intellectual imbecility in my reviewer than I am willing to impute to him, to suppose that he thinks such a question can be settled either way by his A and B problem. I know that Kepler's rule gives different velocities—but what has nature to do with either squares or cubes? Kepler's orbits were drawn round a supposed stationary sun, and his followers adopted his suggestions. But my reviewer admits that the sun is a progressive body, and that he carries his planets with him; and admitting this, he admits a state of the system which furnishes at once the most ample proof that the motion of the planets in their paths must be precisely equal, or some would run ahead, and

others would be left behind, and so lose their places in the system.

The followers of Kepler proceeded upon the assumed fact that the sun is a stationary body, not occupying, however, the centre of the planetary orbits, and all moving with different velocities, so as to crowd into their *physical system* Kepler's rule, and to show with what philosophy they could, how their orbits were brought into elliptical figures by that undefined force which they called *gravitation*. Now, if they had calculated the elements of such orbits as a progressive sun would necessarily produce, they would have soon discovered that all their labors, geometrical and mathematical, were entirely useless, as the progression of the sun alone gave ellipticity to the planetary paths, as the progression of the earth gives ellipticity to the path of the moon, and would have saved them from much of their mathematical turmoil.

Let us suppose for a moment that the earth is a stationary body, and the moon moving round her at the distance of 240,000 miles; then, if we admit the truth of what the European mathematicians call their *central forces*, and which my reviewer certainly understands, though he has said nothing about such forces in his review, she would keep at that distance all round her orbit; but put the earth in motion, and such an orbit would be changed into an ellipse. They both move in the same direction, and the earth forces the moon out of her way from the opposition to the conjunction, and this brings them nearer together through the elasticity of their electro-magnetic spheres.

Suppose the sun to move 10,000 miles per hour in his path, then from the wide range of Mercury's path he must have a greater motion than the sun, and I will say 15,000 miles, he partaking of the sun's motion 10,000 miles, which will be common to both, and the extra 5,000 miles per hour will constitute Mercury's revolutionary velocity. If Mercury had only the velocity of the sun, then Mercury's path would run parallel with that of the sun; but this extra-revolutionary velocity of Mercury carries him ahead of the sun, and he describes what I may call an *elongated curve*. It is well known that Mercury makes two periods and half of another, while Venus makes one; and if we give to Venus the same revolutionary velocity we give to Mercury, their periodical results harmonize; but if we give them different velocities these results cannot be made to harmonize as they really exist in the natural field of astronomy. Then the sun has a motion which is common to Mercury and Venus, and these two planets have a revolutionary motion entirely distinct from the motion in common, and which is derived from distinct sources of impulse. Now the motion of the sun being common to all the planets, the revolutionary motion of the planets must also be equal and common to the whole of these bodies.

Suppose the revolutionary motion of Mercury to be 5,000 miles per hour, and the revolutionary motion of Venus to be 3,000 miles only, then every hour Venus would fall behind Mercury 2,000 miles, and of course, would soon lose her place in the system and throw the mathematician with his figures and calculations into confusion. The mathematician, however, calculates right; but it is because he really calculates upon the equal revolutionary motion of his planets, though he seems not to know it. If he will take the times of all the planets, and give them distances suited to their times, he will quickly find that Kepler's rule is a very useless appendage to the science. For Venus to keep her place in the system, her motion must be equal to that of Mercury. The motion which is common to the three bodies, and that motion which is revolutionary and belongs to the two planets, requires to be distinguished the one from the other, and the impulses which produce them distinctly developed. But this cannot be done without appropriate diagrams, showing the condition of their electro-magnetic spheres, by which they are kept in their places and regulated in their motions. My reviewer will now see that his A and B problem can be of no use to me; nor will it be of any use to him in combating my views.

As to the distances of the planets from the sun, if the mathematicians can by any means ascertain the exact distance of the moon from the earth, and the exact diameter of the sun, then the true distances of all the planets from the sun, the velocity of the sun in his path, which is common to all the planets, and the revolutionary velocity of the planets, we, knowing the diameter of the earth, the distances and revolutionary velocity of the planets and their satellites, can be settled upon the strictest principles of dynamics. Will my reviewer pardon me if I say, that no one single dynamic principle has ever been brought to bear upon any

of the phenomena realized in our physical systems of astronomy? It is true our physical astronomers have talked and written a good deal about dynamics, but all their views (physically) exclude that science from any of their systems.

My reviewer says, "That our system has a motion of translation, I hold to be highly probable. But in whatever way this question shall ultimately be determined, it will require no change to be made in a single diagram or demonstration of modern astronomy, as a few considerations will show. Were our author to take a pair of dividers, and placing one of its legs upon a point, were he to sweep the other leg around, would he deny that he describes a circle *about that point*? And yet to be consistent, he must do so; for the leg, as it moves around the point, is carried rapidly on by the *rotation* of the earth on its axis, as well as by the motion of the earth about the sun, and does in fact describe in space a curve of a very complex character, and wholly different from a circle."

Here my reviewer is quite inconsistent with himself. He says I must, to be consistent, admit that the leg which is swept round describes a circle; then, for himself, he says, it "does not describe a circle, but a curve of a very complex character, and wholly different from a circle." Now the curve which any planet describes through space or the heavens, has no complexity about it; it is an elongated curve, very little different from the curve described by the sun himself. I very readily admit that my reviewer's notions about the circles and curves which the planets may or may not describe, are the results of complexities which education has produced; and he will no doubt "permit me to smile" at his confusion, and say "modestly" to him, that such confused notions about his "complex curves" show the necessity of a new set of diagrams, showing the true nature of these curves as they are described by the sun and his planets. He says: "The diagrams of astronomy were never intended to represent the *absolute paths* of the planets in space, but their *relative paths*." What then becomes of their *elliptical figures*? Is my reviewer ready to abandon the supposed *gravitation* of the system, and all the refined analyses founded upon orbits returning into themselves round a stationary sun or centre? Will he cast away the fashionable and long used rule of Kepler, respecting the distances and velocities of the planets? His curves of "complex character" will effectually do this. Such "complex" curves with *loops*, and each planet passing or rather intersecting its own path each curve it describes, would throw much more of his mathematics out of his physical system than he seems to have thought of. My reviewer supposes there is one important point which I have conceded, to wit: "That the moon rotates about its axis, and also the sun. If there be other evidence of these motions than that derived from observations upon the spots of those bodies, *our astronomer* will state it. If this evidence be sufficiently strong to produce conviction upon his mind in respect to the sun and moon, he cannot refuse to admit that Mars has a rotatory motion also, which is completed once in 24.66 hours—for the evidence in this case is just the same. Now if the earth would have rotated but once during a revolution, had not a moon been given her, why does not Mars, which has no moon, so rotate? Why does not Venus?" He puts another question: "If the moon was necessary to cause the earth to revolve on its axis, what caused the moon to revolve on its axis?" He then puts another question—Supposing that I admit that the moons of Jupiter do not revolve on their axis, he asks: "What is the difference between the relation subsisting between the earth and its moon, and that subsisting between Jupiter and its moons, or any one of them; which renders the cause that is efficient in producing the rotation of the satellite of the former, inoperative in producing the rotation of the satellites of the latter?"

When I said that Jupiter's moons have not rotatory motion, I intended nothing more than that they did not rate as their primary did. It is true, I wrote unreflectingly, supposing every reader would understand what kind of rotation I intended to deny to them. But my reviewer, perhaps, anticipating that I would introduce into his physical system of astronomy dynamical forces only, and fearing the consequences, seems to be catching at every straw which has been inadvertently dropped in his way by either the printer or myself.

Now I contend, that there is no other force in creation but *pressure*; and however variously applied, all the phenomena, all the effects, however variant in appearance, *pressure* is the producing cause. The whole range of physical and dynamical science admits of but the one force, *pressure*—and this is the only

force which produces all the phenomena we observe in the planetary system or in the arts, whether we use muscular, water, or steam agents. In the planetary systems, however numerous, the electro-magnetic material is the powerful agent. Then so to arrange this material as will necessarily produce the phenomena observed, is the great object of my pursuit; and, really, if I desired any aid in my researches, with a view to diminish the force of educational prejudgings, I know of no one at present I would repose more confidence in than my reviewer. Those who have previously opposed me, and who have had some knowledge of the physical system of the schools, have very readily discovered, that to maintain the system with all its mathematical parade, they must deny the progressive motion of the sun, and treat the orbits of the planets as circles returning into themselves, with the exception of ellipticity—as Newton, Lagrange and Laplace did. "Complex curves" they have tried, and found that they would not answer; and my reviewer will find it necessary to review his own system, having a progressing sun, and such curves as he indicates the planets must describe. Such a system, though he, perhaps, does not yet see it, destroys more effectually the gravitation, the attraction and projection of Newton, Lagrange and Laplace, than the curves I give them. For in fact, I preserve the gravitation of the system, the only difference being the instrumentality through which its effects are counteracted. I consider it my duty now to thank him for thus far giving me aid in effecting "a new era in the science." He admits the progressive motion of the sun, and that the planets do not describe orbits returning into themselves. That he has done this without a knowledge of the consequences, I think, is very certain.

With respect to Mars and Venus, some observers have thought that Venus revolved on her axis once in 24 days—some in 24 hours; but Herschel could not discover that she had any rotatory motion at all. Some have said she has a moon; others that she has not. Thus they disagree. Mars may have a moon or something equivalent, if he rotates on his axis. To give rotatory motion, the pressure must strike or press upon the rotative body unequally and obliquely, as the moon presses upon this earth. If the rotative body is not so pressed, there will be no rotation. That force which presses centrally or equally will not produce rotation, though it may produce progression. Then why has the moon rotation once during her period only? Why, plainly, because she is carried round by her electro-magnetic sphere, just as the hub of a coach wheel is carried round by its band or outer circumference. And so it is with all Jupiter's moons—and with Mars and Venus also, if they have no moons, or something that will press upon them unequally and obliquely. But to show how these different effects are produced requires a full suit of diagrams.

With respect to the distance of the earth from the sun, all that has been effected trigonometrically, is but an approximation—so say the mathematicians. To infer the distance from the magnitude of the sun, and the magnitude of the sun from the distance, is only adducing one uncertainty to prove another. Suppose the sun to have a real diameter of 780,000 miles, and at the distance of 95 or 96,000,000 of miles to be reduced, with such constructed eyes as we have, to thirty inches; what would be his apparent diameter at half that distance? 390,000 miles I suppose. This seems to be in accordance with my reviewer's reckoning, he having demonstrated as he thinks, that if the sun was removed to twice her distance from us, he would appear just one half less than he does at his supposed distance, 95,000,000 of miles. He must make a very rapid diminution of diameter the first 95,000,000 of miles, if he only accomplishes a diminution of fifteen inches the next 95,000,000. The inhabitants of Mercury, if they are provided with such eyes as we have, must see the sun with an apparent diameter of 400,000 miles. But my reviewer has mathematics for all these strange things. The first 95,000,000 of miles, the sun is reduced from 780,000 miles to thirty inches; but the next 95,000,000 he loses only one half of his thirty inches! All this, however, may be mathematically true; but it does not appear to be quite so, *philosophically*. Would it not be as well for my reviewer to bring his mathematics to bear upon the eyes of the *Mercurians* and *Saturnians*, they occupying very different distances from the sun, taking our own eyes as the basis of his calculations, instead of a sun having a diameter of 780,000 miles? If he will try, I have no doubt he can make out a set of figures, and so arrange them as to produce results which will be quite as satisfactory to himself at least, as are the results of his

arrangement of figures reducing the magnitude of the sun. I can very readily conceive, that the Saturnian may have an eye which enables him to see the sun much larger than we do; and the Mercurian much less. But he seems to be limited in his range of thought, and cannot go beyond the lessons he has learned.

In relation to the moon and Mercury, he says: "Thus, if the moon were removed to such a distance as was necessary to make her time equal to that of Mercury; if there be any truth in the *Newtonian system*, the orbit of Mercury should be much greater than that of the moon, because the force exerted by the sun is to the force exerted by the earth, at equal distances, as 354,936 to 1. And if the path of Mercury be greater than that of the moon, and these paths are described in the same time, it follows of necessity that the velocity of Mercury must be greater than that of the moon."

Here I must admit that my reviewer has displayed some ingenuity, by stating the question in a way to produce a result that certainly no one will question. The question to be settled is very different from the one he has stated; but I give him credit for his ingenuity, though I may question the motive which prompted it. In our physical systems, Mercury is placed 37,000,000 of miles from the sun, and is given 110,000 miles per hour in his path; he performing one period in eighty-seven days. The moon is placed 240,000 miles from the earth, and is given 70,000 miles per hour in her path, she performing her period in twenty-nine days. Now I say, if the distance and velocity of the moon are rightly given, then the distance and velocity of Mercury cannot be. Mercury cannot be 37,000,000 of miles from the sun; and this my reviewer well knows if there is any truth in mathematics, or he would not have varied the question so as to produce a result suitable to his own wishes, not his judgment. Besides, he ought not, either directly or indirectly, to say, "if there is any truth in the *Newtonian system*," because it seemed to imply a doubt. If Mercury moves 110,000 miles an hour, and the moon only 70,000, of course the orbit of Mercury will take a wider range than the orbit of the moon, *without any force from the sun* being exerted upon him or his orbit. By this force does my reviewer mean attraction, gravitation, or projection? I presume not; as he seems to be a little shy of such imaginary forces; and he certainly knows, or he ought to know, that such forces are not within the widest range of dynamics. He ought not abandon the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces—projection in a direct line, and the attraction of the sun drawing off the planets from that line, and compelling them all to describe an *ellipse* round him. As dynamics furnishes no other moving power than *pressure*, how are the planets deflected from the projectile straight line? Is it by the sun drawing them off from that line? Then it is this power which the sun exerts upon Mercury, I suppose, and so expands his orbit. Now, what has dynamics to do with the sun's attraction? Or, what can attraction do with my reviewer's "complex curves?" The force which drives the earth 68,000 miles an hour, (and our mathematicians say this is a *mathematical truth*) must strike the planet equally and centrally, and if her rotatory motion depended upon this force, she would necessarily rotate once every hour, as such a force could not be applied so as to unqualize the two motions. As it is, the earth rotates once in twenty-four hours only. Then, as my reviewer agrees that the "sun may have a translation in space," that translation must equally influence the whole planetary system, as they can have no motion which might, directly or indirectly, interrupt the equal translation or progress of the whole. Then, as I have before intimated, this motion is equal and common to the sun and planets; but the *revolutionary motion of the planets*, and which is common to them all, is the motion my reviewer and myself have to settle; and, therefore, to settle it scientifically, the forces to be applied must be sought for either in the *Newtonian system*, or in the *system of dynamics*.

I will then admit that the sun moves 68,000 miles an hour in his path, and that the earth partakes of that motion. But the revolutionary motion of the earth being distinct and independent of the motion which is common to the sun and earth, from whence then are the forces derived which gives to the earth this revolutionary movement? This revolutionary motion of the earth will be communicated to the moon, and will be common to them both, but the moon also has a revolutionary motion, which is distinct and independent of the motion which is common to the earth and moon—and from what source is this motion of the moon derived? The impulse which gives motion to the sun, gives a common motion to all the planets; but their revolutionary motion requires

an impulse differently circumstanced. Then, as there are two distinct sources of impulse, these sources must be sought for in the condition of the system itself. The revolutionary motion of all the planets is derived from the electro-magnetic sphere of the sun; and the revolutionary motion of the satellites is derived from the electro-magnetic spheres of their primaries. Here again diagrams are required. The condition of these *electric spheres* cannot be explained so as to be well understood without them. My reviewer has seen one magnet press off another, and keep it at its appropriate distance—the action and re-action of the magnetic spheres being equalized. He will not, I presume, contend that the bars of iron act and re-act without other agencies. These magnetic spheres are the agents acting and re-acting, and not the bars of iron. The planets do not act and re-act—it is their magnetic spheres which produce all the *perturbations* which the practical astronomer discovers among them. He will (my reviewer,) recollect Newton's inquiry. Newton considered this electric or magnetic *fluid*, as it has been called, as in a state of simple diffusion. I take it from this diffused condition, and give to it specific appropriations. My reviewer will admit its power. I now advise him to defend the *Newtonian system as it is*, and not attempt to mend it by introducing into it his "complex curves." He might as well introduce the *loops and curves* of the Alexandrian physical astronomer, as they would answer the purpose just as well.

Now the truth is, my reviewer does as great violence to the scheme of Copernicus, Kepler and Newton as I do. If he gives any other description of orbit to the planets than they did, he breaks up the whole fabric, mathematical as well as geometrical, for which they have been so much applauded. He cannot defend their system of mathematics, if he changes the *bases* upon which that system was erected. He, as a teacher and reviewer, ought not to be "ignorant" of this fact. I, however, have seen learned men blunder sometimes from the want of knowledge, and at other times from the perversion of it. Which of the two is most applicable to my reviewer I shall not now undertake to determine.

There is one remark of my reviewer which ought to have been noticed in another place; it can be done here. Speaking of the times of Mercury and the moon, he says: "*In this exertion of a greater force by the sun, consists the error of comparing a body moving round the sun with a body moving round the earth.*" Then, if the sun exerts no power over Mercury, the comparison must be considered as having been made upon correct principles. To show that the sun exerts no such power over Mercury, I have only to adduce the forces which were employed by Newton, to sustain me as to the correctness of the comparison I have made. Is it the sun that projects Mercury in a direct line? Is it the sun that gives gravity or weight to Mercury? Here then we have Newton's *projection and gravitation*; and which of the two powers does the sun exert? Why neither the one nor the other. Gravity or weight is the property of Mercury, and exists independently of the sun; gravity or weight is also the property of the moon, and exists independent of the earth. Then the sun does not give the *projection* to Mercury; nor does he give the *gravity* which Mercury has. Neither does the earth give either *projection* or *gravity* to the moon.

My reviewer requests me to turn my attention to dynamics or mechanics. Why, these are the very sciences upon which I base all my views. I could with much more propriety request him to do so. Mercury presses upon the sun, and the moon upon the earth; and here we have a mechanical force—a dynamical force. Does my reviewer employ such a force for the production of any one phenomenon in the planetary system?—did Sir Isaac Newton? The forces employed by him are either not understood by my reviewer, or he finds them too defective to be attended to. Mercury acts upon the sun, and not the sun upon Mercury; and the moon acts upon the earth, not the earth upon the moon. The tides give us the true nature of the moon's action upon the earth, and which is mechanical altogether. My reviewer had better say less about dynamical forces—they do not belong to the system he defends.

He thinks I "place no reliance in the laws of mechanics, as at present developed and taught." It is true, I place no reliance in that description of mechanics which has been introduced into our physical systems of astronomy. There is but one force to be found in the entire range of mechanics, and that is *pressure*. Will my reviewer be able to point out a single phenomenon which has been ascribed to this force in the *Newtonian system*?

I will now ask my reviewer, if the exact distance of the earth from the sun has ever been ascertained? I know what the mathematicians say, and I know what Sir John Herschel says of their "ill-conditioned triangles." Well, my reviewer must know that the exact distance is not known; then why would he so far attempt to deceive his readers as to say that the practical astronomer made any use of either the distance or velocity of the planets? *Practical astronomy* has been in a state of uniform improvement for thousands of years, and has at length arrived to, perhaps, the highest degree of perfection, as it relates to our own solar system. But this science has progressed regularly—as well under the burthen of the loops and curves of the Egyptian physical system; and at times and places with the most absurd schemes of both distances and motions, until the time of Newton; who was a practical astronomer, and who combined his physical views with his practical views, or rather *practical facts*, and which he so intermixed with his physical views as to triumph over all opposition at the time—and strange as it may appear, though practically true, yet, physically, it is but a tissue of errors from beginning to end. My reviewer may be a very good practical astronomer for aught I know; but he had better let the physical department alone. Brewster says, "We have already discovered the absolute motion of the solar system, and it now remains to discover the *means* by which the Almighty has bound the whole together." Is my reviewer afraid that adequate means may be discovered? And the very means, too, pointed out by Newton himself? He ought to recollect that Galileo had learned judges—and Fulton had sneerers in abundance. I put him in mind of these occurrences for his own good, not for mine. His opposition does me no injury—it only proves his own attachment to educational error. I wish him to review my paper on the tides, and review it according to his views of dynamics—his views of mechanics.

To show how the planets and satellites are wielded by electromagnetic machinery, may lead the way to discoveries of more importance than even the discoveries which followed the use of steam. That force which keeps the sun and planets in their places, and drives them on in paths, if once understood, mechanism may receive a new impulse from new agencies, heretofore but little thought of.

My reviewer knows that the two departments of the science have been by modern astronomers kept separate, and are treated separately in all our books of astronomy. He also knows that many efforts have been made to place the physical department on a more satisfactory basis. He shows from his own review, that he would willingly do this himself; but the difficulty to be encountered in so applying the *ether* of Newton, as to produce the effects, has so far prevented it. This difficulty has arisen chiefly from our want of knowledge of the true nature of magnetism. But if he will look around him, he will find that this knowledge is beginning to display itself in several ways. This alone, independently of other considerations, shows the onward progress of the sciences.

He seems to lay great stress on what has been called Kepler's rule, "That the squares of the periodical times are as the cubes of the distances." Well—admitting this, and what then? It is of no use to the practical astronomer, and for the plainest of reasons, the *exact distance* of the earth from the sun is not known. The practical astronomer requires *exact data* in his department. He knows the times and positions of all the planets, and their satellites. He knows that they are all more or less disturbed in their paths, and the physical astronomer teaches him to consider these disturbances the results of their *mutual attractions*. Now I ask my reviewer what other aid does the practical astronomer derive from the physical department? The discovery of the planetary perturbations belongs to the practical astronomer; and it is the effects, and not the cause, that he calculates; and it is of no consequence to him whether Newton called the *cause* attraction, gravitation, or any thing else. But, physically, it is of vast importance for the philosopher and the mechanic to ascertain, if it can be ascertained, how the *electro-magnetic* material is arranged so as to produce *mechanically* the effects the planets exhibit to the mathematical eye of the practical observer—the practical calculator. I say the times of the planets are proportioned to their distances from the sun, simply. Well, this rule stands on the same footing that Kepler's does. Neither is of any importance to the practical astronomer, as distance and velocity never enter into his calculations.

Speaking of the sun, my reviewer says: "Since the apparent

diameter decreases as the distance increases, to find what the apparent diameter of the sun would be at double its present distance, we have this proportion, viz:

"As twice the present distance is to the present distance, so is the apparent diameter at the present distance to the apparent diameter, as it would be at double the present distance."

Now if the real diameter of the sun was only sixty-four minutes, then at 95,000,000 of miles, it being reduced to thirty-two minutes, I agree at the distance of 190,000,000, it would be reduced to twelve minutes. But, unfortunately for my mathematical reviewer, there is said to be a real diameter of 780,000 miles to begin with; and which he has very prudently kept out of view. He sends me back to my "*horn book*;" but really I think he requires one as much as I do. He will now have no objection, I presume, to my stating the question, as *I understand it*. If a real diameter of 780,000 miles is reduced to an apparent diameter of thirty-two minutes at the distance of 95,000,000 of miles, what will the apparent diameter of thirty-two minutes be reduced to at 190,000,000? Or at the same distance 95,000,000? His "*figures*" prove very conclusively, that the real diameter of the sun ought to be no more than sixty-four minutes, instead of 780,000,000 miles. This is all they do prove. And it may be true too, for aught I know, or he knows. We see a dark body surrounded by an immensity of light, and the inhabitants of all the planets may see it just as we do; as well the Mercurian as the Herschelian.

In conclusion, I must express my surprise, that my reviewer should have so far departed from correct quotation, as to make me say, "they are destitute of common sense"—meaning those who differ with me. Reviewers ought not to misrepresent the reviewed.

ON A MINIATURE PORTRAIT.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

I know a young lady,—pray who can she be?
If you look in the mirror perhaps you may see—
A painter once tried her resemblance to trace,
But his picture seem'd nought but a form and a face:
The form was complete, and the features were fair—
But the something, I know not, was all wanting, there.

I sought for the painter, and questioned him why
He had left out the dance of her bright, sparkling eye;
I asked him how could he neglect to embrace
The expression, along with the lines of the face;
The picture might well with the masters compare,
But the something, I know not, was all wanting, there.

I told him, moreover, the beautiful form
Stood out from the ivory, glowing and warm;
But in vain did I look for the ease and the state,
That betrayed her a goddess, at once, by her gait;
The picture was perfect, again I declare—
But the something, I know not, was all wanting, there.

The painter, impatient, made haste and rejoined—
Can man shadow forth the invisible mind?
Can aught, but Omnipotence, hope to portray
The varying grace of the spirit at play?
Then seek not that beauty, nor question me why
I traced not the spirit that sports in her eye.

Oh, then, I exclaimed, 'tis a sin to transfer
To the ivory lifeless, a being like her!
For, such must mock ever the pencil's control,
Whose forms are all life; and whose faces, all soul;
And surely the mortal deserves to be sainted,
Who the something can paint, that can never be painted!

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

THE MAY-FLOWER.

There is a darling little flow'r
 That blossoms in the northern woods,
 It smiles not in the florist's bow'r
 But loves its sylvan solitudes ;

And there with tints as pure and bright
 As those to Eden's spring-flow'rs given,
 Hid from the heartless gazer's sight,
 It blooms for solitude and Heaven.

Yet 'tis not when the moss's cup
 Is sparkling with the crystal dew,—
 Not when a thousand flowers send up
 Their perfumes to a Heaven of blue ;

'Tis not when June, delicious June,
 With warm breath woos the glowing rose,—
 Not in the year's high, gairish noon,
 This little flower in beauty blows :

But while the lingering winter yet
 Throws fitfully its feathery snow—
 The russet turf is cold and wet,
 And keen the early spring winds blow,—

'Tis then the little May-Flower blooms,
 And in its lonely, leafless bower,
 Opens such treasures of perfumes
 As 't were earth's only incense-flower.

Who owns ?—who loves a kindred lot ?—
 Blest in her native sphere to move,
 And home, her own, sweet, hallowed spot,
 Cheer with her purest heart of love ?

Oh, her's is bliss !—the purest—best ;—
 By woman crav'd—to woman given ;—
 Here is her heart's sole, sacred rest,
 Beneath the smile of home and Heaven.

Maine.

ELIZA.

LIGHTS OF LIFE.

BY E. W. H.

Life's canopy sparkles with hues that are given
 To glow with a meteor smile ;
 Like tints that spring out, when the windows of Heaven
 Are ope'd on this air-girted isle :
 Tho' transient their sojourn, yet large is their sum ;
 Tho' fleeting, yet brightly they glow ;
 They are brief, but to gladden our souls when they
 come,
 Not to waken our tears when they go.

Yon glorious traveller, whose path is the sky,
 No glory like their's can unroll ;
 He comes—and his coming gives joy to the eye,
 But a day-spring is their's, to the soul.
 In pencils of light they illumine our path,
 As if shower'd from cherubic wings ;
 For a token of Heaven their radiance hath,
 Which Fancy adores while she sings.

They tinge, as with sunbeams, the shadows of care ;
 Bid the weary forget to repine ;
 Wake the flowers of hope on the soil of despair,
 And each vision of gladness, refine.
 Like goodness, they catch an additional grace,
 For every charm they impart ;
 And, oh ! shall we ever deny them a place,
 Because they are brief, in the heart ?

Are beauty's warm blushes less fair to the eye,
 That their life is the life of a breath ?
 Do roses lose fragrance, or flowers, their dye,
 When fancy foretokens their death ?
 And shall man, the false ingrate, forever invest
 Each bliss with a premature shroud ;
 Make life's sunlight more fleet, because fleeting at best,
 And soon to be dimm'd by a cloud ?

Earth were but a desert, if clouds were no more ;
 Seal up the deep fountains of Heaven,
 And seed-time and harvest and fruit would be o'er,
 Though sunshine eternal were given.
 But the sands of the tropic, or ice of the pole,
 Would out-rival humanity's clod,
 If clouds never shadow'd the sky of the soul,
 With their dews from the river of God.

Then hush'd be the murmur that pines at the thought,
 How the brightest are soonest to fade ;
 In various colors life's tissue is wrought,
 And light ever softens the shade.
 If 'tis wisdom to turn from each good as it falls,
 Because blessings come wing'd for a flight—
 Let us shut out the glory of day from our halls,
 For e'en day must be follow'd by night.

Camden, S. C.

THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"It arose before them the most beautiful island in the world."
Irving's Columbus.

"And to the voyager's eye, this island, clothed in the richest
 verdure, and bathed by the warm airs of the tropics, seemed to
 realize the poet's fabled Elysium."
Anon.

It was a sweet and pleasant isle—
 As fair as isle could be ;
 And the wave that kissed its sandy shore
 Was the wave of the Indian sea.

It seemed an emerald set by Heaven
 On the Ocean's dazzling brow—
 And where it glowed long ages past,
 It glows as greenly now.

I've wandered oft in its vallies bright,
 Through the gloom of its leafy bowers,
 And breathed the breath of its spicy gales
 And the scent of its countless flowers.

I've seen its bird with the crimson wing
 Float under the clear blue sky ;
 I've heard the notes of its mocking bird
 On the evening waters die.

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
When the world was hushed in sleep—
I dreamed of the shipwrecked gems that lie
On the floor of the soundless deep.

And I gathered the shells that buried were
In the heart of its silver sands,
And tossed them back on the running wave,
To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister-spirits that dwell in the sea,
Of the spirits that dwell in the air;
And they never visit our Northern clime,
Where the coast is bleak and bare:

But around the shores of the Indian isles
They revel and sing alone—
Though I saw them not, I heard by night
Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian isle! I may never view
Thy birds and roses more,
Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze
As it seeks thy jewelled shore,—

Yet thou art treasured in my heart
As in thine own deep sea;
And, in all my dreams of the spirits' home,
Dear isle, I picture thee!

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1838.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College.

CHAPTER IV.

From West Tennessee, by the eastern route to Virginia.

From Sparta I crossed the Cumberland mountains by the main road from Nashville to Knoxville. These mountains part from the more eastern ridges of the Alleghanies, between Virginia and Kentucky, where they divide the waters of the Tennessee from those of the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. They run by a straight course through the state of Tennessee, on the southern border of which they are broken by a chasm, affording the great Tennessee just room to press its contracted waters through, with a swift but unbroken current. The mountains extend into Alabama, till they gradually sink into the lowlands near the gulf.

The Alleghany mountains generally, are cut into sharp ridges and spurs, with narrow vales between them, or else broad vallies of limestone separating the chief parallel ridges. The Cumberland mountain, is of a different character: it is a single ridge with two broad plateaus or tables of land on the western side. In the preceding chapter, I described the Barrens of Tennessee, as a broad level space of sandy country, about four hundred feet above the rich limestone district of Middle Tennessee. This is the first plateau of the Cumberlands. You no sooner reach this upper level from below, than you see what is called the mountain, rise before you in a long straight line, broken at intervals by

ravines which discharge the mountain streams. This line of mountain is in fact the great bank of the second plateau, elevated about one thousand feet above the former. In ascending to its top from Sparta, I observed that the horizontal limestone lay six hundred feet or thereabouts in depth above the lower plateau; then eighty or one hundred feet of sandstone—then as much limestone again; but finally all was sandstone to the top. This being attained, the road passes over a plain as broad as the Barrens below,—that is, about fifteen or twenty miles. The surface is cut at intervals by ravines, but no sharp ridges occur. The road crosses the plateau diagonally, and the whole distance across, from Sparta to the eastern base, is about forty miles. The soil on the top is very poor, too poor to nourish stout forests, such as clothe the mountains of Virginia. Yet some families endeavor to extract a living from these dry sands. Chalybeate springs and a pure atmosphere, attract some visitors from the lower country in the hot season. I found a house, at the distance of nine miles from Sparta, that was filled with boarders, who drank the water of a fine chalybeate, spouting from the rocks in a ravine shaded with evergreens. It is only in a few ravines that I saw the Rhododendron, the Kalmia, the Hemlock, (*Pinus Canadensis*), and other evergreens, so common in our mountains.

After travelling a few miles further over this plateau, I began to see the eastern ridge of the mountain stretch along the horizon. It rises about five hundred feet above the plateau, running in a single straight line parallel with the western bank of the plateau, and broken at intervals of some miles with gaps. The road leads to one of these gaps, and passes through with scarcely an ascent, at a large farm called the Crab-Orchard. The soil improves in the neighborhood of the ridge; the sandstone ceases, and limestone appears again, seeming to constitute the body of the ridge. But this is not the recent shell-limestone of West Tennessee; it is the old blue limestone, in shapeless masses, so common in the valley of Virginia; and it shows that here, as well as elsewhere, the mountains are older than the plains.

Immediately on passing through the gap, the road begins to descend into the great valley of East Tennessee. The descent is much less than the total ascent on the opposite side, because this great valley is a much higher country than the low lands of the west.

To my sorrow I missed the sight of a remarkable curiosity, in descending the mountain; because I did not hear of its existence, until I had left it far behind. Near Nance's tavern, on the mountain side, a brook falls in a single cascade, to the depth of at least three hundred feet, into a narrow gloomy ravine. The bottom is said to be a wild romantic place, overshadowed with precipices and trees, where the visitor's sense of loneliness is increased to awe, and almost to terror, by the perpetual dash of the torrent, that seems to fall from the skies into this dusky glen. The scene inspires that sort of horror, which freezes the veins in reading stories of robbers, caves and deeds of blood, in solitary places. Such a deed was actually committed here, two or three years ago. A traveller known to have on his person a large sum of money, stopped at the tavern, and out of curiosity, clambered down the rocks by himself, into this wild chasm. Not returning to the

house, he was sought for, and his body found with the marks of murder on it, but no money. He lies buried, where he so mysteriously lost his life; and now the visitor, who descends to see this romantic water-fall, must stand by the grave of the unfortunate stranger, who "sleeps alone."

From the mountain to Knoxville, the road passes through a country of little interest to a traveller. There are vales of limestone land, more or less fertile, and watered by springs: the hills are dry and gravelly, and covered with oaks, sometimes goodly timber; but too often, especially about the Clinch river, miserable scrubs of the black jack pattern. The Clinch is a pleasant sort of river, one hundred yards wide, with some fertile low grounds. At Kingston, I looked for a fine water scene, at the junction of the Clinch with the great Tennessee; but I was disappointed: the junction, more than a mile below the village, is hidden from view by the dry gravelly hills of black jacks—the very image of tame poverty.

Through the one street of the village, the road strikes off into the dry gravelly hills of black jacks, avoiding both rivers, and threading the intermediate country. The season was hot and dry; I was weary of the sandy plateaus of the mountain, and fatigued with travelling from Nashville on horseback; I longed for interesting scenery; I looked from the tops of the dry hills for a sight of the great Tennessee—but I saw nought except other dry gravelly hills of black jacks; from other hill tops, I looked again—and I saw—ditto, ditto. I was in a state of mind to be easily disgusted; and disgusted I was. Disgust leaves as durable impressions as pleasure. I have, and through all my days I shall retain, in my imagination, vividly pictured, the perfect image of *dry gravelly hills covered with black jacks*.

Farther up the country towards Knoxville, the hills were less tame and barren, the lands between them more spacious and fertile. A few miles below Knoxville, I was at length gratified with a sight of the Holstein, the chief branch of the Tennessee, but much smaller than the main river below the Clinch. The Holstein has a clear lively current, winding among hills, and bluffs, and low grounds.

On approaching Knoxville, I was struck with the conspicuous appearance of the college, seated on the flattened summit of a round hill below the town. The chief edifice, resembles a church. This occupies the centre of the area; around three sides of which are ranges of low dormitories. The institution is attended by eighty or ninety students. Classical studies are said to be pursued here with more success than the sciences.

I was dissatisfied in my expectations of Knoxville—I mean its external appearance. I had expected to find in the chief town of East Tennessee, something more than three hundred houses scattered over the hilly ground about two neighboring creeks. Near the upper and larger of these creeks, there is a street which for a hundred yards is almost compactly built. Unfortunately for this, the most populous quarter of the town, the creek is a mill-stream; dams have collected a large mass of stagnant water, and consequently the neighborhood is annually infested with fevers. The yearly visitation had already begun, when I arrived there about the 3d of August. From recent notices in the

papers, the sickness appears to have been unusually severe, owing probably to the extraordinary drought. I found in this instance a confirmation of the remark formerly made, that opposite sides of stagnant waters are not equally affected by the pestilential vapors. The eastern, which is the leeward side of this creek, is more sickly than the western; because the western winds prevail, and blow the miasma, towards the east.

My stay in Knoxville was too short to furnish me with notes on the character and manners of the inhabitants. Information leads me to believe that they are moral, sociable and hospitable, with all the essentials of true politeness, but with less refinement of mind and manners, than may be found in some older towns.

My venerable friend, Judge White, of the United States Senate, advised me to pursue a route to Abingdon in Virginia, less direct, but more pleasant, than the one usually travelled, through the Sequatchy valley. A stranger, he observed, would find more interesting objects on the southern route by Dandridge, Greenville and Jonesborough; and would moreover find the less frequented way, more shaded from the scorching rays of the sun, in such hot dry weather as then prevailed. Disagreeable intelligence from home induced me, desirous as I was to take the most pleasant route, nevertheless to pursue the most direct: so I went to Rogersville by way of Rutledge, in the long narrow vale of Sequatchy. The road enters this vale a few miles above Knoxville, and pursues the middle of it in a straight course for the space of some forty miles. The vale is about two miles, often less, in width. The Chesnut ridge separates it from the valley of the Clinch on the north-western side, and a range of hills less bold and regular from the valley of the Holstein on the opposite side. It maintains strictly the character of an Appalachian valley, in its direction, its almost uniform width, its limestone soil, and its being crossed by streams of water, which here cut the south-eastern hills and flow into the Holstein. It is nearly all under cultivation; the road lies between an almost uninterrupted succession of fields, with scarcely a tree to shelter the traveller from the fierce blaze of the sun, in dog-days. For a while the pleasant features of the scene, and the repose which seemed to reign among the inhabitants of this secluded valley, amused me; but the tedious uniformity of the whole, united with the fatigue of travelling, and the ceaseless glow of the sunshine, made it so wearisome at last, that I almost wished for a mile or two of the dry gravelly hills covered with black jacks. On the second day of my journeying through this quiet length of valley, I saw before me an evident sign of change, in the loftier swell and closer approximation of the mountains ahead; the valley seemed to divide—a narrow portion of it ran up between the high mountains, another turned to the right: this latter was my route, and conducted me again to the valley of the Holstein. The scenery was now both various and pleasant. The road wound up again among the hills, and led me, by ups and downs, and turns of all sorts, among fields, rocks and hills, to Rogersville, two miles from the river.

Near the village I observed among the gray limestones, some rocks of extraordinary color. On breaking

off some fragments, I found them to be a calcareous breccia composed of small crystalline fragments, brown and white. On alighting at the village tavern, I observed that the windows were full of polished specimens of this breccia, exceedingly various and beautiful. Some were white, a little discolored with brownish grains; some black, but dusted with grains of lighter hue; most of them, however, were variously made up of brown and white pieces, round or angular, of different sizes and shades of color; often brilliant, and often displaying an intermixture of shells, and other animal remains, with the native stone. Some of them resembled, a good deal, the variegated marble of which the pillars in the capitol at Washington are made. Inexhaustible quarries of this marble might be opened about Rogersville. Some of it may find a market, by water carriage, down the Tennessee; but it is too remote from the seats of luxury, to be much used for ages to come, beautiful though it be. As yet but one stone cutter finds employment by it; he makes tombstones, and some articles of furniture.

Rogersville is a small village of sixty or seventy dwellings. Its marbles are its only distinction from ordinary villages. From this to Kingsport at the confluence of the north and south branches of the Holstein, the country presents nothing remarkable, except that the mountains in view assumed a bolder and more picturesque appearance. The road traverses an arable country of good limestone land, but hilly, as such lands commonly are. Kingsport is but a poor village; the scenery about it is, however, the finest on the whole of this route through East Tennessee. The ridge that separates the vallies of the Clinch and the Holstein has been in view all the way from Kingston; but it has now risen to grandeur, and puts on quite a dominating aspect. Between the branches of the Holstein another ridge presents itself, and would seem, after running down from Virginia, to terminate here; but on turning your face southward, you observe a high ridge, arising from the rivers at their point of junction, and stretching away quite loftily towards the southwest; showing itself on examination, to be only the last mentioned ridge, continued, after a breach had been made for the south Holstein. From Ross's bridge over the north branch, a very sweet scene presents itself. You see the rivers meet a few hundred yards below, their banks shaded with fine trees; and an island just below the junction, with its thicket of willows and other trees, half hides and half displays the united waters, as they steal away under the shady foliage of the banks. This pretty scene was to me the more refreshing, because I saw it on a calm summer evening, after riding wearily under the beams of a scorching sun.

Near the bridge is the residence of its wealthy proprietor, the Reverend Frederick A. Ross, whom I name here as worthy of commendation for two enterprises, which, if imitated by the East Tennesseans, will greatly improve the condition of their remote valley. He has erected on the North Holstein a cotton mill with one thousand spindles. What is probably of more importance, he has planted thirty acres of the Chinese mulberry, to which the soil and climate of East Tennessee are well adapted; and so flourishing are the young trees, that by next year they will feed worms enough to make at least a thousand pounds of silk.

Being now on the borders of Virginia, which I entered by way of Blountville, I will stop to make some observations on the country of East Tennessee.

On my return from the west, I would fain have passed through Cherokee on the southern border of East Tennessee, and the borders of the adjacent states. This last remnant of the once great territory of the Cherokees, embraces the south-western extreme of the Appalachian mountains. All reports agree in representing it as a beautiful country of hills and vallies: the hills sometimes gravelly and rather poor, but clothed with vegetation: the vallies rich and watered by perennial springs. The climate is the most temperate in the United States, and the whole region highly salubrious. Here the peach, the melon, and the grape, acquire their most delicious flavor: maize, yams and all the products of mild climates flourish abundantly. The mulberry could not find a more congenial soil and climate. The high hills and mountains will produce the grains and fruits of the north; the low warm vallies will mature some of the most valuable products of a tropical climate.

No wonder that the Cherokee loved his father-land, when it was so lovely in itself, and was moreover the seat of his tribe and the dwelling place of his fathers, from times beyond the reach of tradition. All that can attach mankind to the earth, attached him to the woody hills, the rich vales and the clear fountains of this beautiful region. No wonder that this, the most civilized of the Indian tribes, clung with fond affection to the delightful home which God had given to them: but the white man coveted, and would have it, because he could take it by force. A fraudulent treaty had been made, and was now, at the time of my journey in the process of execution by military coercion. The Georgians had already cast lots for their portion of the spoil, and threatened bloodshed if it were not immediately surrendered. Troops of soldiers were hunting the Indians, and driving them like cattle to the encampment. Like cattle the Indians submitted, and were peacefully gathered, preparatory to their removal. I was deterred by the confused state of the country, from taking this southern route on my way home.

The valley of East Tennessee, comprehending the space between the Cumberland mountain and the great Unaka or Iron Mountain on the south-east, is from forty to sixty miles wide, and two hundred long. It terminates in the hills of Cherokee, on the southern border between Tennessee and Georgia. It is but a continuation of the great valley of Virginia, spreading to a greater breadth by reason of the many waters which converge and form the Tennessee; thus joining in one, several vallies before separated by continuous mountains. The country is hilly, the atmosphere pure and healthful. There is much good soil, but not much of first rate fertility.

The people are generally moral, sober, and plain in their manners; education is more attended to than in most parts of the south. Several institutions besides the one at Knoxville, have the name of colleges: they are rather academies, where many youth of the country obtain some knowledge of the classics and of several branches of science. The comparative poverty of the inhabitants is apparent to a traveller. Few

handsome houses or other indications of wealth and luxury, present themselves. Though nature bestows the gifts of the earth with sufficient liberality, the productions of art are difficult to obtain, owing to the remoteness of this valley from all the great marts of trade. The navigation of the Tennessee and its upper branches is long and difficult; the roads toward the Atlantic are long and rough. Live stock is therefore the principal export. With this single resource, and a heavy freighting on imports, the farmer may acquire the necessities and some of the comforts which are obtained by exchange; but the elegancies and luxuries are generally beyond his reach. Cotton mills, by aiding domestic industry; and the culture of silk, by furnishing a valuable staple of easy carriage; would improve the circumstances of the people. A rail road to Charleston, and another to the James river canal, with an improved navigation of the rivers, would complete the means, by which East Tennessee might ere long become as prosperous and delightful a valley, as any of the thousand vallies of the Appalachian mountains. At present this is not the country for any one who aims at the rapid accumulation of wealth. The inhabitants seem to be aware of this. Hence there is little of the activity and bustle, the eager enterprise and noisy driving of business, visible in many parts of the United States. Considering the density of the population, it is the most quiet country that I ever saw. This indicates both poverty and contentment. If the people are not rich, still they are evidently not miserable.

A farmer who lives in rural plenty below Knoxville, related to a party of us who lodged at his house, an anecdote that may illustrate the philosophic contentment, which many in this country feel in their quiet abodes. A man who lived in a secluded nook in the mountains, came to his house; and when he saw the farmer's large stock of cattle, and other constituents of rural wealth, he turned to the proprietor and said:—but I should remark that the mountainer habitually uttered his words with a loud droning accent, making pauses to gather breath, and closing every sentence with a long drawn—hah! by way of emphasis. Turning to the farmer who was a magistrate, he drew forth this speech. "Why—squire—what in the world do you want with all these cows—hah? And such a parcel of horses—hah? And I see you have two wagons—hah! you can't use so many things—hah! And there you have a barn yard—full of stacks—hah! Too much trouble—squire—hah! Why I hav'n't a quarter as many things as you have—and I have too much—hah! I have three cows—and two horses—and a wagon—hah! I mean to sell one horse—and the wagon—hah! I can make enough to eat and wear, without them—hah! All that's over what one needs—is useless trouble—hah! That's my notion—hah! A'n't I right—squire—hah?" This speech of the droning mountaineer, expresses the philosophy of many in this quiet country—and in other countries too.

I entered Virginia on the evening of a sultry day. I was fatigued with my long travel on the open roads of Tennessee—exhausted with a perpetual sweat of three hot weeks—sore with the effort to keep an umbrella over my head. I had seen clouds pour out showers at a distance, but not one had shed refreshment on my debilitated frame. This afternoon a heavy shower

had fallen before me, and what was extraordinary the road entered a forest; in the evening a delightful coolness was diffused through the atmosphere. As I entered the forest at dusk, that musical tribe of insects, the *catydids*, began to chirp merrily on the trees. The woods grew darker; the air freshened to a delightful temperature; the notes of my shrill musicians grew shriller and multiplied, till every tree and bush and leaf, seemed to quiver with the sound. Thus was I ushered into the limits of my native state by dark woods, that rang with the sharp strains of a million of joyful *catydids*.

The next morning on paying my bill, I had palpable evidence that I had crossed the line. Tennessee *shin-plasters* were rejected; Tennessee bank notes were gently declined—but a Virginia bank note, brought me silver dollars in change! During a ride of four hundred and fifty miles from Nashville, I had seen nothing in circulation but Tennessee bank notes, (mixed occasionally with an Alabama note,) down to the denomination of six and a quarter cents; and shin-plasters of all sorts and of all sizes, from a dollar downwards, and manufactured by all sorts of persons, from the wealthy merchant, to the market butcher and the petty shop-keeper. This latter generation sprang into being immediately on the stoppage of specie payments by the banks.

As I proceeded through the well-peopled county of Washington, I recognized, more and more, the distinctive features of the great valley of Virginia; low hills and vales of limestone land, well watered and moderately fertile, with lines of high mountains on either side, and about twenty-five miles asunder. About the heads of the Holstein, the valley becomes more broken into hills and ravines. The poor village of Mount Airy is loftily situated, where the waters of the Holstein and the New River divide. The scenery about here is fine. All this country is very high, with the climate of the lowlands in Pennsylvania.

From Mount Airy, the country descends a little, and the valley about Evansham, in Wythe county, again assumes more the common appearance of the great limestone valley. About New River, the limestone is covered or intermingled with quartz or flint rocks and pebbles, of all hues, from white to black, but the black flint rock especially prevails in ascending from New River to Christiansburg in Montgomery county. Here the soil is less fertile, than it is where the limestone is the sole rock. The high country of Montgomery on the New River, has less of the characteristics of the great valley, than any other part between the Susquehanna and the Tennessee. The features of the country are modified by the change of the great dividing ridge of the eastern and western waters. The line of the Alleghany, ceases here to cast off the waters on both sides, and the line of the Blue Ridge, assumes the swell and magnitude of the great divider of the waters. The New River flows northwardly over the great table land, formed where the mountains meet, and where the Alleghany yields the ascendancy to its eastern rival.

At Rogersville I saw specimens of granite and other primitive rocks, brought from an exceedingly high mountain in the Iron or Unaka range, that parts from the Blue Ridge near the head of New River, and divides North Carolina from Tennessee. This eminence is

called the Roane mountain, and rises a little south of the Virginia line, at the head of Roane's creek, a branch of the Holstein. A gentleman who had repeatedly ascended it, told me, that in the upper regions of the mountain, the pine, the hemlock and other resinous trees alone flourish; but even they gradually dwindle as the traveller ascends, and finally cease, leaving the flat top bare of all vegetation but grass and strawberries, which ripen here in August. He once went up near the end of April, and found that the vernal sun had not yet thawed the earth more than two inches below the surface. The top is composed of primitive rocks. Pure felspar, is found on this mountain.

There are two points in the great Appalachian mountain, which deserve notice, not only for their superior elevation, but for their effect on the geographical features of the country. Each of them is a central point, from which rivers flow out in all directions. One of these is in Virginia, about the Haystack knob, where the counties of Pocahontas, Randolph and Pendleton meet. A spectator on the top of this knob might see, as he turned his face about, the head springs of the southern branches of the Potomac, the northern branches of the James river, and then of the Greenbrier, the Elk and the Monongahela.

The other point is the great Grandfather mountain, in North Carolina, from which the New River, the South Holstein, the Notachucky, a branch of the Holstein, Yadkin and the Catawba, issue and flow off to their several destinations.

These are doubtless the two highest regions in all our mountains. The vallies, and high table lands about them, produce fine grass, and will some day nourish a pastoral people, who will make their now lonely rocks, echo with the voice of mirth and the notes of the shepherd's pipe.

The head waters of the Roanoke, have cut deep vallies in the border of the high table land of Montgomery. Into one of these vallies, the road descends, and pursues it to the open country about Salem, where the great valley reassumes its usual features. But on proceeding north-eastward, the traveller, sees a mountain rise before him in a direction athwart the valley, which it contracts to the breadth of three or four miles. Passing this, he finds the country open again, to the width of some twelve or fifteen miles. The narrow place just passed, is found to divide the waters of the Roanoke and the James river. Crossing the latter at Buchanan, a place destined to be of commercial importance, the road ascends and passes near the Natural Bridge, to Lexington, where I arrived on the 18th of August.

I will close these hasty notes, with an allusion to the Natural Bridge in Scott county, Virginia. A gentleman of Tennessee, who had been there, described it to me as a *tunnel*, rather than a bridge. A creek flows three or four hundred feet under an arch of limestone, less elevated than our Natural Bridge; the tunnel makes two angles between its extremities, so that both openings can never be seen at once by a spectator under the arch. It is a great curiosity, but differs materially from its namesake in Rockbridge, which for a union of beauty and grandeur, is still, and probably will ever be, in its kind incomparable.

April, 1839.

SISTER AGNES :

OR, THE DOOMED VESTAL OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

The association of native writers, who cater diligently for the intellectual man, and a goodly portion of the congregation of divines, who vigilantly guard the fold, like the wine merchants of Andalusia and Madeira, seem to have carefully observed the peculiar taste of the American people. A youthful and active race, we have not yet attained that maturity which gives polish and refinement to nations older than ourselves, nor have we leisure to seek, amid the beautiful philosophy of more cultivated writers the hidden and delicate mamma for which we are not yet prepared. The land of promise is before us, but we still wander in the desert, and though sometimes regardless of the report of our spies, who have gone forth in advance, and returned with abundant evidence of the exquisite beauty of our destined country, our ruder appetites still prevail, and we turn not unfrequently to hunger for the flesh pots of Egypt. We do not find welling up around us the refreshing rivulets which pour forth from a thousand fountains in the hillsides of Judea, and water all the land; but in the parched and arid wilderness through which we wander, we trust for refreshment to those alone, who with a strong arm smite the rock, and unseal the hidden torrent.

Both the wine merchant and the author, to secure a wide circulation to his merchandise, must give a high flavor, a quick relish, a powerful zest, to whatever is intended for American consumption. Hence, although a shrewd and intelligent people, our political, intellectual, and religious condition, is one continuous subjection to quackery and humbug. No matter how insolent the impostor, he speedily collects around him a school of disciples and a multitude of followers; and while Irving and Matthias proclaim their fanatical folly in the North, the enthusiastic Mormon dictates a new law to his catechumens in the West. Improving upon the beautiful principles of government, upon which our sagacious forefathers founded those free institutions which have rendered our unprecedented growth and happiness a wonder to the nations of the earth, we have ceased to consider them a permanent republican settlement, and only regard them as a nursery of future revolutions. The wildest dreams, the most incoherent speculations of modern enthusiasts, are implicitly received as emanations of truth, though their immediate tendency is to sap the foundations of morals and religion. Thus, fatalism and destiny lurk under the popular tenets of phrenology; and materialism, once more erects its head under the auspices of animal magnetism.

We maintain the sacred right of opinion in matters purely political, and crush its indulgence under the iron domination of party; we proclaim freedom of religious observances, and sack and fire a convent, even in sight of the cradle of liberty; we boast of the capability of man for self government—we assert the supremacy of the laws, and yet the most populous cities of the Union are frequently at the mercy of a riotous populace. Each religious sect affects to be founded in piety and love, and yet they revile and persecute each other with all the bitterness of intolerance and fanaticism. Ministers of peace and good will, anointed to bless mankind, have

borrowed their inspiration from the foul breathings of a strumpet, and the purses of parsons have been filled by the sale of the lewd libels of Maria Monk.

I was seeking, during the latter part of the summer of 1838, some relaxation from the cares and labors of an arduous profession, at Saratoga, when, wearied at length with the crowds of fashionable folly with which I was surrounded, a friend induced me to accompany him to the falls of Niagara, and exchange for the artificial refinements and pleasures of modern society the stupendous scenery of nature. I will not attempt to describe the feelings of admiration for this display of the powers of the Supreme Architect, who weighs in the hollow of his hand the waters of the great deep, as I stood beneath this arch of tumbling waters, nor the humiliating sensation of nothingness which oppressed and almost overpowered me as I felt the firm-set foundations of the earth trembling beneath the collected tribute of inland seas, as they leaped with a flashing and terrific plunge over the sheer precipice, and deafened me with the precipitate tumult and terrors of this bursting cataract. I passed on to Montreal, and thence to Quebec, and from the impregnable heights of the latter, looked forth on the waters before me, musing on the memories of the illustrious dead, who have made this consecrated ground. At length, musing on the famed narrative of Miss Monk, I resolved to seek in Quebec some of those evidences of the truth of her story, which I had failed to discover in Montreal.

Bear with me, gentle reader, and I will unfold to you a tale of sorrow, the memory of which has sunk deep into my soul. Poor sister Agnes! I shall never again hear those melancholy strains which thy vestal lips breathed in such melting tenderness before the image of the Virgin—but long, long will it be before I forget thy hapless fate:—a soul darkened—a mind in ruins—a broken vow, and a broken heart!!

I proceeded to the Hotel Dieu, and accompanied by an elderly sister of the order of Ursuline Nuns, I visited the different apartments, and beheld with mournful feelings of approval the pious efforts of the good sisters to redeem from the paths of sin its hapless inmates. At the extremity of one of the corridors, a voice of melting tenderness and sorrow fell upon my ears. It was the plaintive melody of a woman's voice, chanting some pious hymn, the strains of which were not unfamiliar to me. Filled with tender emotions, and moved to compassion by the scenes through which I had passed, my attention was rivetted in a moment upon a chamber at the extremity of the corridor, from which the tone of this lone one's voice seemed to proceed. My conductor advanced to the door, and touching a spring on the outside, disclosed to my sight the fairest vision of beauty, upon which the eyes of man have ever gazed. In the recess of her apartment, before an image of the Virgin and a crucifix, knelt a form of exquisite mould, from which poured forth that beautiful hymn, which had already engaged my attention. Suspending her song at intervals, she seemed to be absorbed in penitential prayer, and that voice, which, while singing, breathed such unearthly sweetness, was convulsed with sobbing.

Admonished by my conductor not to disturb her devotions, I remained standing for some moments in the doorway, and she continued alternately to sing and weep until I was nearly choked with emotion. At

length she discovered us, and springing forward, she held the crucifix aloft in her left hand, and pointing to it with the other, the tears still streaming down her cheeks, she continued to repeat, "BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!!"

By the wildness which glared from her eyes, and by the peculiar expression of her features, it was apparent that she was laboring under some strange illusion, which brought into full play those most hallowed and exquisite of the sentiments of the female bosom—love and piety. Still she stood immediately before us, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, "BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!" At length she returned to her devotions, and chanting one of those touching hymns to the Virgin, which find their way directly to the heart, I turned to my conductor for an explanation. But the good sister was overpowered with her feelings, and I followed her footsteps in silence, as she withdrew, and gave a sign to me to retire. Upon arriving at the outer door of the building, she kindly observed, "I see that you are interested in the fate, and desire to learn the history of sister Agnes. It is a tale of sorrow and suffering, which I have not the heart to relate, though I have long been familiar with her afflictions, and she has been placed here at her request from her attachment to me. Call upon father Clement at the cathedral, and he will inform you of all that it is proper you should know."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I entered the cathedral, during that most interesting service of the church, the vespers. It was the festival of the Annunciation of the Virgin, and I had scarcely taken my seat, when amid the wreaths of incense ascending and obscuring the blaze of lights upon the gorgeous altar, the solemn tones of the organ rolled around the spacious edifice, and the whole congregation bowed down in silent devotion before the sacrament exposed upon the offertory, as if preparing themselves to merit the blessing which awaited them at the approaching benediction. But what were my emotions when a female voice of exquisite sweetness and compass commenced in an affecting solo the very hymn I had so lately heard in the cell of the doomed vestal of the Hotel Dieu. But amidst all the powerful tones of the organ, far above all the voices of the choir, the words of the afflicted maiden still rung in my ear, "BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!" Her form was still before me. I was haunted with the peculiar expression of her trifling countenance. I could not banish that beautiful form from my memory, as she knelt before the emblems of her faith—and her words, far above the solemn hymn of adoration of the Eucharist, still lingered in my thoughts—still resounded in my hearing—"BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!"

The service, although conducted with all that impressive decorum, which even those who protest against that church, cannot fail to respect, was becoming intolerable to me; and while my fellow-mortals around were worshipping in the depths of their hearts the great Father of us all, my thoughts were wholly occupied with the lorn and stricken inmate of the Hotel Dieu. At length the service closed, and I lingered for a few moments only to view the tasteful architecture, the gorgeous ornaments, the rich drapery of the altar, and the paintings of the cathedral. I forthwith hastened to the dwelling of father Clement, with whom I

had been long acquainted, and made known to him the object of my visit. The good old man was bowed down with years and premature old age. He was one of the disciples of Loyola, devoted to the interests of his order, not for its temporal goods or wordly gear, but because of his sincere conviction of its usefulness. He had lived to hear it charged with the heaviest crimes ; he had seen their property confiscated, their colleges and seminaries closed, and his brethren expelled from kingdom after kingdom, until they had scarcely an abiding place on earth. The afflictions of the Society had preyed upon him, until his health had been impaired ; and his once vigorous constitution had been exposed to the wasting action of foreign climes, in which he had been an outcast and an exile. But, though bowed down with sorrow and humiliation, he preserved the calm equanimity of his temper, he still cherished the benevolent feelings of his nature, and was the favorite instructor of the crushed and broken-hearted.

"VITTORIA NIGRETI," said father Clement, "whom you have to-day known as sister Agnes, was the only child of respectable and wealthy parents in the city of Oaxaca, in the republic of Mexico. In the civil wars which desolated that unhappy country, her father held a distinguished command under Iturbide, when he marched to quell the insurgent forces of Morelos. Her mother was a native of Spain, and had been educated in a convent in that country, which she had only left at the early age of fifteen, to marry Felix Nigreti, then on a visit to Madrid. Ildefonsa Nigreti, the mother of Vittoria, was eminently beautiful ; but, whether from some hereditary predisposition, or from the nature of her education in the seclusion of a convent, her mind from early youth had been deeply affected with melancholy, which continued to increase after she had left her parents and her native clime to accompany her husband to Mexico. When her father departed from Oaxaca for the camp of Iturbide, Vittoria, then in her fifth year, was left at home under the sole protection of her mother. Morelos, the insurgent chief, finding it impracticable to advance upon the city of Mexico, as he had originally designed, fell back upon Oaxaca, and, as it was unprotected, entered the town in triumph at midnight. With his own hand he applied a torch to one of the principal houses, and the greater part of the place was soon wrapped in flames. Sleeping in fancied security, the dwellers of that ill-fated town were awakened from their slumbers by the shouts of the exulting insurgents and the crackling of the spreading flames. To timid and unprotected females, the fire which blazed around and threatened to consume them in the general conflagration, was scarcely more terrible than the brutal license of the soldiery in the streets. Among others, the terrified mother of Vittoria rushed forth from her dwelling with her infant daughter in her arms, and looked around in vain for some familiar face, of whom she might claim protection for herself and child. Struck with her extraordinary beauty, she was instantly and rudely seized by some of the ruthless soldiery—but struggling in their rude grasp, she at first appealed to them with all the persuasive eloquence of a mother of an only child, to conduct her to a place of safety. Yells of triumph and obscene ribaldry were the only reply she received from these hardened and remorseless ruffians. Shriek after shriek, from the wild, struggling

and distracted mother, arrested the attention of Morelos as he passed along the crowd. Knowing him by his dress as an officer in command, she turned towards him and implored protection for herself and the infant hope of the house of Nigreti. "Spare us, save us, shield us, brave soldier," she exclaimed, in the agony of her soul—"Shield and protect us ; and if the fortunes of war should ever throw you in the path of Nigreti, he will requite your kindness !" The dark countenance of Morelos grew darker as Ildefonsa spoke ; and snatching the child from its raving mother, he shouted with triumph, "I am avenged at last ;—know lady, that my banner would this night have floated in triumph in the streets of Mexico, but for the accursed counsels of Felix Nigreti. He is my evil genius. Twice has he foiled the fondest hopes of my heart—twice has he rode victoriously through my broken ranks—twice have I sworn vengeance—and lo ! vengeance is mine." Ildefonsa shrieked aloud, and, as if her spirit had gone forth in that last cry of a mother's agony, she sank to the earth. The agitation of the dense crowd, and the shouts which now resounded at a short distance, bore evidence that the inhabitants had at length resisted, and that the possession of the town was to be disputed. At this moment a gallant band of the younger citizens, led on by Carlos Carrera, rushing upon the soldiery through a narrow lane that opened upon the main street, in which the insurgents were assembled without order or discipline, pressed forward to the very spot where Morelos stood with the infant in his arms. The attack was too sudden and precipitate to allow the use of musketry, and in a moment the sanguinary conflict with the sword and the stiletto raged around. In the confusion of the moment, the mother of Vittoria had been raised and removed by some of her attendants, while the soldiery, forgetful of every thing but the defence of their persons, resisted this sudden and terrible assault. Nor was this the only scene of conflict—the invading army had been attacked at the same moment in different parts of the town ; and the citizens pouring in upon their enemies by every avenue, and firing upon them from the windows of the blazing houses, committed fearful havoc. Meanwhile Carrera, pressing forward at the head of his detachment had nearly reached the spot where Morelos stood, when the latter, throwing the infant into the arms of one of his soldiers, drew his sword, and rushed forward to meet Carrera. Their swords flashed in the flames of the burning city as they fought hand to hand with desperate valor. At length the sword of Carrera fell with such force upon the covered head of Morelos, that the latter, stunned for a moment, sunk upon his knees—while the shivered blade of the former's sword flew to a distance, leaving in his grasp nothing but the hilt. Springing with the vigor of a lion upon the soldier in whose arms the infant had been placed, he struck his dirk to the heart of the defenceless man, and seizing the child in his arms sought to bear her to a place of safety. He had forced his way through the crowd but a short distance, however, when Morelos recovered from the shock of the blow he had received, and inflamed with wrath, levelled his pistol, and as the sharp report rang around, Carrera was perceived to start and reel in his course. Retaining his hold upon the child, however, he pressed forward ; and his companions having formed around him, he succeeded in making

good his retreat to one of the flaming buildings. His band of followers was now scattered and defeated, and were compelled to leave him to the dreadful fate which seemed to await him in the blazing dwelling. The troops of Morelos spread themselves around the house, and cut off every hope of escape—the roof was already tottering—the flame was pouring forth from every window—and it seemed impossible that any being could breathe in the dark volume of smoke which ascended from the house. Blackened and scorched, the tall form of Carrera was seen in the midst of the smoke and flame, rushing along the flattened roof, which gave way and sunk behind him at every step. Musket after musket was discharged ; but, apparently unscathed, he pressed forward, and, with one desperate leap, made just at the moment when the whole roof fell in one blazing ruin, he cleared the narrow lane which separated him from the next dwelling, and disappeared. The struggle continued with various success in other parts of the town ; but in less than two hours the forces of Morelos were expelled from the city, and the fire arrested in its progress. Ildefonsa Nigreti, removed to the house of a friend, still raved for her lost child ; and the voice of consolation fell like a chill upon the heart of the mother without a hope.

There was a rush in the entry—there was a cry of rejoicing in the hall,—and, Santa Maria ! the panting, the exhausted, the wounded and half-burned Carrera burst into the room, and in a moment the frightened infant was nestling its terrors in the bosom of the exulting, the hysterical, the frantic mother.

The instant the child was brought into the chamber, she sprang from her couch, snatched the little one from the arms of its deliverer, and uttering shriek after shriek, she retired into the farthest corner of the apartment, and there, folding it close to her bosom, crouched to the floor a trembling maniac !”

During the latter part of this narrative, the good father Clement had yielded to the tender current of feeling which the afflictions of poor Ildefonsa Nigreti caused to swell in his bosom. He paused ; and when I looked up to his pale countenance, the unbidden tear, starting in his eye, showed abundantly, that although he had renounced for himself all worldly ties, yet that he had the heart of a father for the sufferings of the children of men. After a brief struggle with feelings so pure and holy that I dared not interrupt him, the old man resumed his story.

“Ildefonsa Nigreti had been too tenderly nurtured to resist the shock which the trials and exposure of that awful night had given to a delicate frame. Her reason, however, was restored a few hours before her death, and she lived to breathe a mother’s blessing over her tender infant, to recommend her to the protection of the youthful deliverer, and to express a hope that Providence might place it in the power of some of her family to reward his gallantry, and discharge the debt of gratitude.

Carrera soon recovered from his wounds ; but the manly beauty of his countenance was marred forever. In rescuing the infant, his face had been frightfully burned, and the smoke and blackened and charred timbers of the burning buildings through which he had rushed, had marked his face with many an ugly scar. The profession of arms in which the father of Vittoria

was ardently engaged, only allowed him time to place his daughter under the charge of his brother, and to evince his gratitude to Carrera by obtaining for him an honorable command in the service of Iturbide, whose fortunes were then in the ascendant. Before Vittoria had attained her twelfth year, she had wept over the early fate of her only surviving parent, who fell in battle after a brief but distinguished career. Carlos Carrera soon became distinguished in arms, and amid the stormy revolutions of the times, continued to increase a well-earned reputation. He was a frequent visitor at the house of Vittoria’s uncle, and tenderly watched the progress of her studies and the development of her mind and person.

She had been fully impressed with the sense of her obligation to her preserver, but her first recollections of him were associated with the memory of her parents, and she entertained for him the same filial regard and reverence. But as she approached that period of life when the youthful heart pants for the enjoyment of worldly bliss, and the wilder fancy paints every thing in the most joyous colors, that tinge of melancholy, which she seemed to have inherited from her mother—increased perhaps by the events of her tender years, and the early loss of her parents—appeared to have banished from her heart all relish for society and its allurements, and she became daily more and more attached to the sisters of the neighboring convent, at which she was educated. And thus,—while Carrera was exulting in the budding and clustering virtues of one whom he had always regarded as his destined bride, bestowed upon him by the last wishes of her parents,—Vittoria had already abandoned the world in her affections, and impatiently awaited the period at which she would be permitted to renounce her princely estates, and seclude herself within the consecrated precincts of the convent.

It would have been well, perhaps, both for herself and Carrera, that the latter should have sought to win her affections before they had been so entirely weaned from the things of this world. But Carrera had so confidently indulged the belief that she whom he had preserved was to be the crown of all his hopes ; he had watched so tenderly over her ripening years, and had been always welcomed and treated by the family of Vittoria’s uncle and guardian so entirely as the betrothed of the heiress of the house of Nigreti, that he never doubted for a moment that the object of his affections was fully apprised of his feelings, and looked forward to this union as the end of her existence.

Vittoria was now in her fifteenth year ; and the beautiful being you this day beheld in the cell of the Hotel Dieu, is but the wreck of one of the loveliest of those creatures whom Providence sometimes permits to visit the earth as if to teach us how beautiful is his handiwork even of earthly mould.

It was about this time that the conflicting factions of Mexico became blended into one great division of the people ; and the Yorkinos, or liberal party, which received countenance from the minister of the United States of North America, and the Escoces, or constitutional party, were competitors for the administration of the government. Carrera, who was himself possessed of large estates, and already considered himself the representative of the princely fortunes of the house

of Nigreti, connected his interests with the Escoces party, which was composed for the most part of large proprietors, and men of moderate principles—while the Yorkinos were in favor of universal freedom of religious opinion, the demolition of all monastic institutions, the confiscation of all church property, and the expulsion of the Spanish residents. The citizens of the United States residing in Mexico, were active supporters of the Yorkinos; and, among others, Charles James Lamar, a young man of brilliant talents and fine person, became an ardent partisan. His employment as one of the family of the United States minister gave additional consequence to his efforts. Carrera, naturally of strong impulses, and a native Mexican, expressed openly his indignation at the interference of foreigners in the domestic polity of Mexico, and indulged in feelings of decided hostility to young Lamar.

About this time Lamar was the bearer of some despatches from the leaders of his party to General Santa Ana, who was then in the vicinity of Oaxaca with a division of the army. The uncle of Vittoria was inclined to favor the Yorkinos, and Lamar became a frequent visitor at his house. Struck with the peerless beauty and fine intellect of Vittoria, he exerted all the powers of his richly cultivated mind to interest her. Educated within the narrow precincts of a convent, unfamiliar with other climes, it was with intense interest that this charming girl listened to the rich tones of a voice, which spoke of the once beautiful, but now desolate land of her mother's nativity and childhood,—of the excellent institutions and diversified climes of his own native land,—and who displayed before her admiring soul the rich mines of his varied information.

Vittoria Nigreti, though simple and artless in her manner, and although seemingly listless and unsusceptible, was naturally of a sanguine and ardent temperament, which was almost unfelt by herself, and entirely unperceived by others, under the modest veil of pensiveness and melancholy, which had hitherto concealed and apparently suppressed her feelings. All the sentiments of her heart had been absorbed in a tender piety; and hence in the absence of any earthly object to attract her affections, her kindred spirit seemed to mingle with the loves of the angels, and to linger around the altars of her religion. Upon Carrera, she looked as upon a stern but fond parent; he had always been associated in her heart with the memory of her mother, and she had regarded him as the nearest friend of her lamented father. She felt for him unbounded reverence, and was prepared up to this period, to have made any sacrifice of her feelings for the happiness and even at the request of her deliverer. But, in the singleness and simplicity of her heart, she made no effort to conceal the pleasure she derived from the frequent visits of Lamar. Their voices often mingled with the music of the light guitar and the resounding harp; and while Lamar drank in with delighted ears the beautiful Spanish airs she sang so sweetly, she would love to learn of him the loftier and more refined music of Germany and Italy. Little dreamed she, but well did Lamar know, that music was the food of love.

This new and fascinating scene in the life of Vittoria, was suddenly closed; and those afflicting trials, which never visit us, except when the passions are awakened, speedily followed. Santa Ana had removed and con-

centrated his forces in the capital on the eve of the election of the chief executive officer of Mexico, during the canvass of which the two great political parties had exerted all their influence. The candidate of the Escoces party was declared duly elected, but Santa Ana threw his sword into the scale, maintained that his opponent of the Yorkinos faction was chosen, and being supported by the whole power of his army on the spot, he frowned down all opposition.

Inflamed with resentment, and driven into retirement, the impetuous Carrera flew to Oaxaca, resolved to consummate his marriage with the lovely Vittoria, and to find, if not new resources in the wealth and influence of the house of Nigreti, at least forgetfulness of the past in the society of his blooming bride.

"I have neither the power nor inclination, my son," continued the venerable father Clement, "to portray the strong violence of Carrera, nor the sufferings of Vittoria in the interview which followed between this unhappy couple. Carrera was astonished to find the girl he had so long guided and nurtured, no longer a docile child. Under the glowing sun of her native clime she had sprung up suddenly into womanhood—a new feeling had been awakened in her bosom—the master chord had been struck, and its vibrations found a quick and thrilling response in every string of the delicate instrument. He urged his suit at first with all the delicacy of refined sentiment, but as he found no return to his ardent feelings, he resorted to every theme which he thought likely to prevail with the beautiful orphan. He spoke feelingly of the friendship of her father, of his long and devoted admiration, and at length, impelled by disappointment and despair, he ungenerously urged the dying wishes of her mother, and finally her own preservation at the imminent peril of his life, and the sacrifice of his personal appearance, scarred, blackened, and scorched as he had been by the flames through which he had securely borne her from the pursuing vengeance of Morelos. Alas, for poor Vittoria! how bitterly did she lament that generous act of noble daring, which made her, the last survivor of her family, appear ungrateful to her preserver. She threw herself in a paroxysm of grief at the feet of Carrera, she poured forth the gratitude of her heart in the most affecting terms, she spoke of her fixed resolve to take the veil, and of the solemn vow made in the sincerity and solitude of her heart to consecrate herself to the service of Heaven. Her lover was inexorable, until overpowered by a burst of overwrought feeling, the impassioned and afflicted girl, unable longer to support herself, sunk pale and inanimate upon the floor. Even the hard and selfish heart of Carrera relented at this distressing scene, but in the very moment when he was renouncing his suit, and relinquishing his claim, he discovered suspended from the neck of Vittoria the miniature of his triumphant foe, the Yorkino Lamar. Surrendering the still insensible girl to the care of her attendants, he rushed into the presence of her uncle, and there learned, for the first time, the frequent visits and intimacy of the young American. In a few moments he was on the road to Mexico, stung with defeated hope and inflamed with resentment. When he arrived at that city, he found the parties which divided the great body of the people highly exasperated with each other. You have already been informed of the armed interposition of Santa Ana,

in pursuance of the advices borne to him by Lamar, while he was encamped at Oaxaca, and of his declaration that the election of Pedraza of the Escoces party was not a fair expression of the popular will, and that the Yorkino Guerrero was the president elect of the Republic. The party of the Constitutionalists was the more wealthy and intelligent—the usurping party the more powerful. But it was not to be expected that the proud and rich proprietors, who composed the great body of Pedraza's friends, would tamely submit to this arrogant assumption of power by a military chieftain. It was at this moment of political excitement that Carrera arrived in the city, and of all the counsellors of Pedraza he was the most violent and uncompromising. Pedraza, although a man of great firmness of character, was anxious to avoid a civil war, and exhausted all the arts of negotiation to effect a compromise with his competitor. He offered to resign the dignity, to which he had been called by a majority of the voices of his countrymen, in favor of Guerrero, provided the election should be remitted to the people. Carrera, apprehensive that this proposition would be accepted, resolved, by a decisive movement, to prevent the compromise.

In the open face of day, at the head of a determined band of Constitutionalists, he contemptuously struck down the American flag, as it waved its folds over the dwelling occupied by some of the legation, and trampled its stripes and stars beneath his feet. The Yorkinos, to whose faction the Americans openly adhered, considered this an insult offered to themselves, and rushed forth to resent the indignity. Besides the defeat of the pending negotiation by this outrage, Carrera had flattered himself that his ardent and fiery rival in the affections of Vittoria, would lead on the assault, and thus at the same moment compromise the neutrality of his nation, and expose himself in open combat. But the partisans on either side rushed indiscriminately to the deadly conflict—the citizens closed their doors and mingled in the affray. Fortunately the street was narrow, and the number of combatants actually engaged was small. High above the surrounding din was raised the stern voice of Carrera, urging his friends to renewed exertions. The conflict was continued for a few moments only, when a detachment of horse from the army of Santa Ana, charging upon the rear of Carrera's party, put them to flight. The insulted flag was redeemed, and hoisted to its former station; and the blood-stains upon it proclaimed, that either at home or abroad—on land or mountain wave—in every clime and in every sea,—it was not only the emblem of freedom, but the protection of all who dwelt beneath its starry field.

The Yorkinos party was now triumphant, and Pedraza, to avert a civil war, resigned his office, and left the country. An act of general amnesty was passed, and Carrera, apparently forgetful of the past, brooded in solitude and bitterness of heart over the disgrace of his party, and cherished in the depths of his heart the hatred he bore to Lamar. Revenge in his bosom supplied the place of banished love. Some months after the events which have been related, the two rivals met at a private table at the house of one of the friends of Guerrero, to which many of the officers of the two parties were invited, and as the wine circulated freely, the restraints of good breeding and the gentle rules of de-

corum yielded to the sterner impulse of the passions. Elated with the success of his friends, and for a moment forgetful of the feelings of those who had lately been his opponents, Lamar sprang upon his feet, and proposed as a sentiment :

"The American Flag—the banner of the free, which none can touch with unhallowed hands, and live."

In compliment to the young American, the toast was drunk with acclamation by all but Carrera, who sat in silence, pale with resentment. "You do not fill your glass, Col. Carrera," observed Lamar, looking him sternly in the face—"I hope from no objection to the sentiment."

"I will respond to your question by another sentiment," coolly replied Carrera; "we will drink standing." Each one filled, and stood with his glass in hand awaiting the sentiment of Carrera. "I propose to you, gentlemen :

"The Constitutional Banner of Mexico—though humbled now, it still bears inscribed upon its ample folds the prophetic word *Resurgam!* May we speedily behold the day when it shall stream in triumph to the breeze, with our feet planted once again, as mine have been, upon the accursed *stars and stripes!*"

The words had scarcely died upon his lips, when Lamar, who stood directly across the table, emptied his glass in Carrera's face. A profound silence throughout the room succeeded to the voice of revelry, and the inevitable consequences which every one perceived must follow this insult and defiance, seemed to have restored to each one, in a great measure, his wandering reason. The company gradually divided; the Constitutionalists proceeding to the side of the table on which Carrera stood, and the Yorkinos crowding around Lamar. Proud and erect stood the principal actors in this shifted scene. With his cheeks still flushed with indignation, but otherwise tranquil and composed, stood the latter, his dark keen eyes still fixed upon his adversary, against whom he appeared to have no further resentment, and seeming satisfied with the promptness with which he had resented his insolence, and with the extent of the indignity he had offered him. Although the proud feelings of Carrera were disturbed in their uttermost depths—although his soul was fired with vengeance—he gave no other evidence of the flame which was consuming him inwardly, than the snowy paleness of his countenance. His swart features assumed an ashen hue; his eyes with tremulous restlessness sparkled with excitement; his lips were compressed until the rivulet of life seemed to have deserted them; nevertheless, he stood calmly erect, and in a deliberate but husky voice observed, with a slight inclination of his head to Lamar, "This insult cannot be borne beyond the spot upon which we stand. Let the arrangements be made here—and at this board, where the outrage has been committed, shall it be expiated." A nod of acquiescence from Lamar closed all hope of explanation, and indeed affairs of this kind had been of too common occurrence among the Mexican officers to shock the better feelings of those who surrounded the table; moreover, the uncompromising character of the combatants, and the nature of the quarrel satisfied all that the matter must proceed. The doors of the apartment were locked, to prevent any alarm from being given, as soon as one of the company had returned from an adjoining room with

a case of pistols. Both of the combatants were capital shots, and the friends of the two, after a moment's consultation, decided that they should fire across the table, and took no other step to avoid a result fatal to both, than to require each to retire one step from the table, and stand back to back, with directions to wheel and fire at discretion after the word should be given. The friend of Carrera won the word. The company fell back a short distance from the duellists, and the arrangements were finally made to conclude this horrible affair. The pistols were charged, the triggers sprung; and the short click of the cocks, as they were drawn back, seemed, like an electric shock, to have been felt throughout the room. The words of the preliminary inquiry, "Are you ready?" fell with fearful distinctness from the lips of the second. "Wheel! Fire!" and at the same instant both pistols were discharged as if with one report. As the curtain of smoke lifted itself, Lamar was seen standing calm, motionless, and unhurt, with his pistol reeking from the lock and muzzle—but the pistol of Carrera flew from his hand to the distance of six or eight feet, and he reeled backwards a few paces towards the wall, until he was caught and supported by his friend. The whole party crowded around, and the blood-stain on his forehead about an inch above the left eye, induced all to believe that he had received a mortal wound. He recovered, however, in a few moments, and inflamed with passion, demanded another fire. The ball of Lamar had struck the muzzle of Carrera's weapon, and knocked it from his grasp, and a small piece of the barrel, or of the split ball, had touched his forehead and glanced along his temple, stunning but not seriously wounding him.

Strange as it may seem, no effort was made to arrest the matter here, although one party had been wounded and disarmed. Carrera demanded that they should be placed face to face, in order that the contest might be brought more speedily and certainly to a close. The report of the pistols had attracted a large crowd to the door of the room, and apprehensions were entertained that they might be interrupted—the proposition was therefore accepted. The pistols were re-loaded, the parties were stationed directly facing each other, and all the other lights in the hall having been extinguished, a solitary light was placed in the centre of the table immediately between the combatants. The word was again given, and the report of both pistols was heard; but the concussion produced by two weapons, whose muzzles so nearly approached each other, extinguished the light on the table, and left the room in utter darkness. Meanwhile the door of the apartment had been forced—and a dense crowd burst promiscuously into the room. The result of the second fire was unknown, and lights were loudly called for on all sides, but in the general confusion, it was some time before they were procured. Meanwhile the impression prevailed that both had fallen, for, on either side of the table, a few who were nearest to the place of combat, felt that the floor was slippery with blood, and neither of the principals answered to the repeated calls which were made to them by their respective friends. Lights were at length obtained, and the result was ascertained to have been to all appearance fatal to at least one of the parties. Lamar was found extended motionless and insensible on the floor, with the blood pouring from a wound on his right

side. Carrera had disappeared. His friend, who had watched closely the effect of his principal's fire, had seen that the ball of Carrera had taken effect; and as the crowd broke into the room, apprehensive that violence might be offered to the survivor, he whispered to him to depart. Immediately behind Carrera, there was a large window coming down to the floor, which opened into the garden, and throwing up the sash he retired in that direction under cover of the darkness in the room.

But during these occurrences between parties, in whose welfare she was deeply interested, where was the gentle Vittoria, to whom it is high time I should return? It was a beautiful summer's eve, and all nature was blooming around her, as she walked along the ornamented pathway in her uncle's garden, accompanied by Isabella Mendez, one of her favorite companions, who had been her intimate associate for many years, and from whom, until lately, she had concealed none of her sentiments. They were engaged in earnest conversation—the manner of Vittoria being somewhat more serious than that of her arch and sportive friend.

"Tell me, Vittoria," said Isabella, "why it is that you seem so much less anxious now than formerly for the arrival of the time when the rules of the convent will permit you to become one of its inmates. Has the gallant Carrera persuaded you to forget the disparity of your ages, and to turn from the secluded and solitary cell of the convent, to preside over his domestic circle, to make him the happiest of men,—or has the gay young American, with his rich voice and light guitar, like our own St. Cecilia and her organ, won another spirit from the skies?"

"Alas! my beautiful cousin," replied Vittoria; "we never know when we are blessed in this world. I confess to you that the happiest, I might well say the only happy, moments of my life, have been passed in the company of Charles Lamar—but, in the fulness of my breaking heart, I bitterly regret that we have ever met, or having met, that we should ever have parted."

"Why so, Vittoria? Can you not meet again? And if the heiress of the princely fortunes of Nigreti choose to see the stranger, is she not mistress of her own will, and who shall say her nay? This will be sad news, however, for the good sisters of the convent; for unless the world does them great scandal, the loss of a fair sister from the community will not fail to be embittered by the loss of the broad lands of Nigreti. The heavy contributions which have been exacted in these times of civil feud, require that their purse should be replenished, and where will they look for aid if all their hopes of your fortunes should be disappointed?"

"Speak no evil of the good sisters, Isabella; there will be enough found for that uncharitable work, without the aid of my pretty cousin, who does not respect them the less because she has a light spirit and a nimble tongue. But in good earnest, Bella, I have been an altered being since my acquaintance with Charles. I find new feelings, other and deeper emotions, springing within my bosom, since I have learned to listen to the accents of his persuasive lips. Before I saw him I was the same thoughtless, careless girl that you are, but I am now a different being. I live no longer in the same world—I have no longer the same affection, except for you, my dear Bella—and my thoughts oppress me—and I have learned to weep, until I sometimes

fear my reason will abandon me, or my poor heart will break."

"Nay, do not weep, Vittoria. I fear my lightness and indiscretion have distressed my good cousin. But tell me, has Col. Carrera never made any pretensions to your favor, and does he know any thing of your acquaintance with the young American?"

"I will be frank with you, Isabella, and conceal nothing from so dear a friend. Some months ago, shortly after Charles had left Oaxaca, Col. Carrera visited my uncle, and for the first time spoke to me of love. I have but an indistinct recollection of what passed between us. But the interview was to me most painful, for he, who had been always to me as a father, tender and affectionate, urged his suit with vehemence—and at length yielding to the native ardor of his temperament, reproached me with ingratitude, and seemed to demand as his right those affections, which, alas! I had it no longer in my power to bestow. I fell upon my knees before him, and entreated him by the memory of my poor mother, by the friendship of my father, to forbear to press his suit. But he remained unmoved—or rather became transported with passion; and surprised and astounded at this exhibition of angry feeling towards me, I fell senseless upon the floor. Oh! Isabella! you know not how it wrings the heart to find one who from your infancy has cherished and loved you—one for whom you entertain the feelings of a child, withering you with dark and angry looks. It is like the dreadful tempests of which we read, when the dark clouds towards evening begin to gather and lower and blacken, and spreading their gloomy veil over the whole face of nature, shut out the beautiful light of day, and are the harbingers of fearful suffering and ruin. I could not bear to behold Carrera, the friend of my childhood, and the preserver of my life, frowning thus darkly upon me—my heart shrunk within me—my limbs refused to support me, and I sunk down before him. He left my uncle's house in anger. My nurse informed me, that when I had swooned, she found him supporting me, and the big tear starting from his eyes; but that in her efforts to relieve me, a miniature of Charles fell from my bosom, which he had no sooner seen than he left me abruptly, breathing vengeance against the innocent Lamar."

"And have you not seen either of them since?" said Isabella. "Surely Charles, after so many delicate attentions and so many protestations of his enduring friendship, has not forgotten his favorite Vittoria."

"I have heard from neither," said Vittoria; "and indeed I have no desire to see Carrera; for the recollection of the dark features of his swart countenance when we last parted, fills me with awe. Oh! Bella! cheerfully would I lay down my life to preserve his, or to render him happy. I am not ungrateful—but I can never love him. I will live single for his sake. I will marry none other; no, though my heart break in the struggle—I will not give that to another which I have refused to my preserver."

"Did you say you had never heard from Charles since he left you? How ungrateful! And this is the end of all his assiduous attentions and profession of regard during an acquaintance of several months. This is his gratitude for the kindness extended to him by your uncle."

"Nay, Bella, you do Charles less than justice. As

soon as my uncle informed me that Carrera had left him in anger, because of the intimacy of the young American at his house, I requested my uncle to write to him, declining his intended visit about this time, and informing him of my fixed determination to abandon the world, and retire to the convent. I intended this as a peace-offering to Carrera. How unkind, how unnatural, how insincere must Charles believe me to be!"

"Have you never regretted your rashness—for I can call it nothing less—in thus abruptly crushing all his budding hopes?" said Isabella; "for Charles loves the gentle Vittoria—and Vittoria, my own blushing cousin, is not indifferent to the virtues of Charles. Tell me now, Vittoria, would you chide very severely the disobedience of this ardent and impetuous youth, if, forgetful of the injunction, he should once again enter the forbidden ground! You were not made for a dissembler, my dear girl; and even now Heaven could not send you a richer blessing than the person of this same American. Am I not right, Vittoria?"

"I can scarcely read my own heart, for it has been visited by feelings I have never known before, since I have known Charles. With him came life, and buoyancy, and happiness, and hope—and with him they departed! I will never see him again, lest I should forget my duty to Carrera and myself."

During the greater part of this conversation, the two ladies had been sitting beneath the foliage of an arbor, in the most retired part of the garden. Isabella arose to depart, and her friend accompanied her to a private gate in the wall of the garden, which opened upon a pathway leading to the dwelling of this affectionate girl, a few steps from where they stood.

"Good night, Vittoria," said the playful Isabella, imprinting a kiss on the cheek of her friend; "good night, and take care that the good sisters of the convent may not yet lose the bird already fluttering around the cage!"

Vittoria returned to her seat beneath the frame-work of lattice, and yielding to the tender emotions which this conversation had awakened in her heart, she wept long and freely—and the tears which she poured forth, fell upon that miniature, which had been the pledge of love from one, and the cause of resentment in another friend. But the tears which she shed were not tears of bitterness—she had let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey upon her heart; and the imperfect confession of her love to Isabella, had unsealed the well of waters, and they gushed forth unbidden, and unrestrained. They were tears of tenderness, such as she had not shed before, and they flowed on without interruption. Oh! there is a luxury in tears! When the affections have been stifled, and the heart has become fevered with the intensity of its concealed emotions, the first tear that falls comes like the first drops of an April shower on the parched and withered daughters of the mead, and lo! all the fountains of living waters are broken up, and we weep in very tenderness of soul.

"Vittoria!" and the deep, solemn tone of the voice would have aroused any one less deeply absorbed in reflection than this sorrowing girl. "Vittoria Nigreti!" The alarmed Vittoria sprang up, and unconsciously concealed the miniature in her bosom, but turning deadly pale in an instant, sunk back upon her seat, and covering her face with both her hands, she remained silent.

"Is this then the welcome which the friend of the father—the protector of the orphan child, is to expect from one who has been the sole care of his life? Is it thus that *she* receives me, who has heretofore been the first to welcome, and the last to say adieu?" As he spoke, the tall form of Carrera, enveloped in a cloak, stepped forward and stood erect before her. His countenance was somewhat paler than usual, and there was an air of deep dejection in his usually animated features. Vittoria arose, and pressing his hand to her lips, welcomed him with a feeble voice.

"Your coming was sudden, Carlos, and I have been very, very unhappy. We parted in anger, and I feared you had forgotten the lone one, whom you have preserved only to behold her wretchedness. Are we friends, Carrera?"

"Lady! I have been rude; and when last we met I wooed you like a soldier—but I come now with the tenderness of a lover, to pour forth the feelings of my heart. Vittoria! he stands before you, who is unpractised in the arts of gentle persuasion, but who openly declares, that from your childhood upward he has looked forward to this moment as the crowning point of his happiness or misery. Speak, daughter of Ildefonso Nigreti, for it is upon this spot, and from those lips alone, that I will learn my destiny."

Overpowered with emotion, Vittoria could only reply with a renewed burst of feeling—and without raising her eyes she continued to weep. The painful meeting, which she had long foreseen, and for which she had been endeavoring to prepare herself, had suddenly occurred, and in a most unpropitious moment for the exercise of that energy and decision of manner, which she had persuaded herself she could assume. He had come to brush away the beautiful illusions of hope in which she had for the first time indulged—he had found her in tears. Had he—and she almost trembled as the question occurred—had he again seen the miniature which had before so much excited him! Carrera contemplated the beautiful and suffering girl with mingled emotions of love and resentment. He awaited her reply for some moments, but finding that she only continued to weep more and more bitterly, the sterner feelings of his nature prevailed, and rising from the seat near her, which he had occupied, and relinquishing her hand, which he had taken, he abruptly exclaimed:

"Uncandid girl! I know it all! Vittoria Nigreti loves the handsome stranger—the daughter of Nigreti has given her affections to the enemy of her father's cause, and her father's friends—the child of the church would bestow her earthly fortunes upon a foreign heretic. I know it all—those emotions which have deprived you of your speech and welcome to a friend, are for the Yorkino Lamar, whose image, bathed in your tears, now reposes in that bosom. I know it all. Isabella Mendez knows less of your heart than I do."

Resentment for this violation of her privacy, effected at once in the breast of Vittoria, that change in the current of her feelings which alone could have enabled her to reply to Carrera.

"And is this the gallantry that is practised by the high-souled Col. Carrera? is this the delicacy which is to be expected from one who, though he has led a soldier's life, has yet moved in a lady's bower? Has the hero of a hundred fields, stooped to become a concealed lis-

tener to words of confidence in a lady's retreat? It is well—for it has spared me the bitterness of repeating what you already know."

He stood before her motionless as a statue—and filled with amazement at the spirit of one, whom his past acquaintance had induced him to believe was all meekness and timidity. Indeed he had often thought that the equable flow of her temper, and the retiring timidity and simplicity of her character, would unfit her for the high stations to which, in the fulness of his early aspirations, he had hoped to raise her. He had returned to Oaxaca with a fixed resolution to press his suit with delicacy—to endeavor to win her favor by all those gentle attentions to which, in his calmer moments, he was no stranger—to appeal to her feelings of gratitude to the friend of her parents—to speak of their last wishes for their union—and, in fine, to make her his own before the news of the fate of Lamar should reach her ears. With this view, he had visited her uncle's dwelling, and finding no person within, availing himself of his privileges as a familiar visitant, he had entered the garden just as the ladies were entering the arbor. Unable clearly to distinguish in the distance that there was more than one, he stepped lightly forward, expecting to find Vittoria alone. As he discovered, upon his nearer approach, that there were two, he turned suddenly into a circular walk which led around the arbor, where he thought he could remain undiscovered. It is improbable that Carrera would have remained a moment in a position in which he could overhear their conversation, had not the first words which he heard touched a chord to which he was tremblingly alive. His own name and that of Lamar, connected in the same sentence, arrested his attention at once, and made him forgetful of every thing but the language itself. It was with difficulty that he could suppress his feelings, when he heard from the lips of Vittoria an indirect avowal of her repugnance to him and of her admiration of Lamar. He resolved, however, to appear ignorant of the true feelings of Vittoria, until he had declared his love, and ascertain the nature of her reply, before resorting to the assertion of any claim upon her hand. But the silence and the tears of Vittoria—the concealment of the miniature—her cool reception of him—all contributed to hurry on the angry tempest of feelings which was gathering in his bosom. He expected to have seen her covered with shame and confusion when she learned that her words had been overheard—and he hoped, that humbling herself before him, she would acknowledge the power of the secret he possessed, and at length favor his unprosperous suit. Since his first sight of the miniature during his former visit, he had ceased to love Vittoria. Revenge and ambition alone were left to share between them the host of violent feelings which occupied the dark chambers of his soul. The former had been gratified by the fall of his rival beneath his unerring aim—the latter still whispered, that with the large fortunes of the house of Nigreti, he might yet expel the Yorkinos, and attain supreme eminence in the state.

"Forbear to insult me, proud lady. I bear with me a charm to quell those exalted feelings, and with a word I can add a degree of bitterness to the chalice, which you hasten to prepare for yourself, purely unmixed, without one alleviating ingredient to commend it to your lips."

"Speak on," said the resolute girl; "speak on—you

may wring my heart, but never, never can I love the man who can steal upon the hours of confiding friendship, and use its language to afflict a helpless woman."

"Vittoria Nigreti, have I not this evening heard from your lips a declaration of love for the Yorkino, and of dislike, if not of hatred, for me? Have not the fair features of the heretic, won from you, in a few short months, that favor which it has been the labor of my life to purchase? Would that the deep and hungry waters from which I rescued you had rolled over us both, rather than I should have lived to hear the names of Lamar and Carrera coupled in the same expression of love and disgust by those lips, which, even in their infant prattle, mingled the name of Carlos with those of your sainted mother, and your heroic father. You cannot deceive me, fickle girl."

"Carlos Carrera! I have betrayed the secret of my affections; and it has been most disingenuously obtained—most cruelly used. Yes, I have laid open the innermost recesses of my heart, and you have read every thing that has long been stored and treasured therein. But tender as are my affections for another, gratitude for my deliverer has induced me to sacrifice them all, and to purchase peace with Carrera by a voluntary sacrifice of the only hopes of happiness which ever dawned upon my cheerless soul. Not even the rudeness I have suffered shall make me forget the debt I owe you. Yes, Carlos; I have loved another, but I offer up that love as a sacrifice of propitiation. Let me hope that when this sacrifice is made, I may still find in you the same affectionate friend. I am an orphan, I am alone in the world, and besides yourself, I have no other friend but my aged uncle, now hastening on the verge of the grave to meet my parents in another world. Be thou to me, then, Carrera, as a father—accept the sacrifice which I make, in the spirit in which it is offered. I can never love another, but I can venerate the virtues of my earliest, best of friends. And when, in a few short weeks, I shall have entered the hallowed precincts of yonder convent, every aspiration which I breathe towards the fountain of mercy, shall bear on high my humble but fervent petitions for the happiness of my deliverer. Do not frown thus darkly on me—pity, help, forgive the unprotected, the unhappy girl who kneels before you!"

"Arise, maiden! I grow weary of the humility which is mingled with deception, of the professions of piety which would wed a heretic, and of the protestations of regard for one you have so lately dreaded to meet. I have read the secret feelings of your heart, as expressed when you thought no listener was near, and I am not to be deceived by insincere and hollow declarations to my face. Yes, you will renounce the heretic Yorkino, until by some accident of war, my hateful life is ended, and the funeral of Carrera will be speedily followed by the nuptials of Lamar. Such are your thoughts. Offer up no prayers for me, gentle lady, in yonder chapel—let your affections accompany your prayer. Let your petitions be for the Yorkino—he needs your prayers, if your prayers can aught avail for him in his present abode. I leave you for a season,—and that you may feel somewhat of the misery you have inflicted upon me, know, that Lamar lies green in his grave, and that the hand which is now upraised in triumph above you, is red with the sign of his death!"

Before Carrera had closed, Vittoria, chilled with hor-

ror, had seized him by his uplifted arm, and seemed by the wild intensity of her gaze, to endeavor to search his innermost soul, and know if this frightful tale were true. Casting her from him, pale and horror-stricken, she reeled back to her seat; and before Carrera had escaped from the garden, he heard scream after scream from the bower—and with the rejoicing, which none but a fiend in mortal shape could know, he felt that he had rendered this innocent creature more miserable than himself. Let us draw the curtain over this child of sorrow, and return to Lamar.

When lights had been brought into the room in which he fell, he was found weltering in his blood, and apparently lifeless. But instead of that placid languor of expression which settles upon the features of those who have fallen by wounds of this kind, the physician in attendance at once discovered that the brow was contracted, as if with excruciating pain, and gave some promise that the shot had not been instantly fatal. He was cautiously removed to an adjoining chamber. Meanwhile the fury of the populace was excited beyond all control against his slayer, and every part of the city was searched with the view of inflicting upon him that summary justice, peculiar to the mob, which knows no mercy. We have seen how he escaped.

About six months after this occurrence, the friends of Pedraza in the different provinces, having entered into a combination to make yet another effort for his restoration, the leaders of that party had in many parts of the country already taken the field in arms, and were preparing to concentrate their forces on Mexico. Among the rest Carrera, whose fortunes were now desperate, was one of the most formidable enemies of the government. Frequent and bloody engagements took place between divisions of the forces of the two parties in distant parts of the republic. Carrera, who now more than ever felt the necessity of means to conduct his ambitious enterprise, determined to make yet another desperate effort to secure the person and the fortunes of Vittoria. He was now encamped in the vicinity of Oaxaca, and a large body of the enemy's forces was rapidly approaching to engage the troops under his command. He resolved to attack the convent to which Vittoria had now retired after the death of her uncle—which happened very shortly after her last interview with Carrera—with the double purpose of leading her away captive, and of seizing upon the treasures which it contained. The sacking of these retreats of piety and learning had not been unfrequent of late, and the opposing troops which were hastening forward, made forced marches to anticipate his design, more with a view of depriving him of the means of carrying on his measures by the booty he would acquire, than from any motive of protection to the peaceful inmates. It was at the dead hour of night, that a select band, headed by Carrera in person, cautiously approached the enclosure of the convent, and speedily scaling the walls, fired the building in every direction, before the alarm was given. The terrified inhabitants were frightened from their quiet slumbers by the shouts of the brutal soldiery, and hurried, half clad, from their solitary cells, to escape from the devouring flames, which were rapidly spreading around them.

In the midst of the bustle and confusion, two of the inmates had been seized and hurried to a vehicle drawn

up on the outside of the wall, when the driver, lashing his horses, drove off at a fearful speed. Carrera, with about forty horsemen, leaving his men to complete the work of ruin at the convent, accompanied this band which followed closely the carriage. Meanwhile the troops of Carrera in the town had been surprised by a detachment of the enemy's forces, and the shouts of the combatants in the streets of Oaxaca gave back a fearful echo to the outcry of the plunderers of the convent. Giving some hasty directions to the driver of the carriage, Carrera, who saw his troops sorely pressed, and already giving way before their assailants, placed himself at the head of the little squadron, and charged at the top of their speed upon the front ranks of his enemies. This sudden and unexpected reinforcement, restored, for a moment, the confidence of his soldiery, and arrested the force of the enemy's assault. But another division having advanced to the relief of the assailants, the retreat was renewed. Carrera still fought gallantly at the head of his troops, and disputed every foot of ground, until he saw a squadron file off under the command of a daring leader, and wheeling to the right at the end of the street, beyond which the battle now raged, at once struck off at full speed in the direction of the carriage he had just left. Leaving the main battle to its fate, he once again placed himself at the head of the squadron he had just brought into action, and by a nearer and more direct course sprang forward to the rescue. The two squadrons were nearly equal in number and equipments, but Carrera having overtaken the carriage first, and formed his men around it, gave to his opponents the advantage of the charge. They came down upon their enemies with a resistless shock, and bursting into their ranks, overthrew horse and rider, and committed a ruinous slaughter. All discipline was now at an end, and each one fought to the best advantage. The sword of Carrera waved like a firebrand on high, as it gleamed with the reflected light from the blazing ruins of the convent, and did dreadful execution wherever it fell. The strife was now most deadly immediately in front of the carriage, and Carrera pressing forward had nearly dropped his sword from his grasp, and reeled in his saddle as he saw, pressing forward towards him in the hottest of the fight, the tall form of Lamar. But his was not a spirit which could quail for any length of time before any apparition. He seemed, however, by no means anxious to seek the contest with this supposed tenant of the grave. But Lamar had now cut his way almost to the very door of the vehicle—his foes were yielding before him, and Carrera finding that his prize was about to be wrested from him, sprang forward to defend it. Arm to arm, hand to hand, impelled with all the feelings which can give quickness to the vision, strength to the body, and skill in the contest, did they assail each other. The other combatants fell back from their terrific blows—each seemed animated with more than human force, and to be inspired with more than human motion. In the midst of this deadly struggle, the blind of the carriage window next to the combatants suddenly fell, the head of a female appeared, and a loud shriek, seemed to have attracted the attention of Carrera for an instant, and his horse veering at the same moment, he was thrown from his guard, and the sword of Lamar descending upon his unprotected head, he was felled to the earth, immediately in front of the horses

of the carriage. As soon as Carrera had fallen, his companions fled, and the driver, leaping from his seat, joined in the flight. In an instant, Lamar ordered one of his followers to take the reins, and drive rapidly to the town of Oaxaca, from which the troops of Carrera had now retreated. The frightened horses started off at full speed, and dashing over the body of Carrera, were soon out of sight. Lamar followed in pursuit of the flying enemy, whose retreat had now become a general rout.

"It was some years after this period," said father Clement—"about the year 1833 or '34; that I for the first time saw sister Agnes, formerly Vittoria Nigreti, one of the community of nuns at the Ursuline Convent, whose ruins now totter on the heights of Charlestown, near the city of Boston, in the United States. Finding that no retreat in Mexico was protected from the assaults of the armed bands which scoured the whole face of the country during the civil feuds which desolated that unhappy republic, many of the nuns abandoned their native land and sought an asylum in the British provinces of North America. Vittoria, after her deliverance from Carrera, had remained sometime at the house of the parents of Isabella Mendez, in Oaxaca, whither the two had been driven after the battle of which we have spoken, and were restored in safety to their friends. Alone in the world, without a human being of whom she could claim protection, she resolved to accompany her companions of the convent to America, and seek that protection at the foot of the altars of her religion, which seemed to be denied to her in the world. She was alike ignorant of the fate of Carrera, and of the recovery of Lamar, and paid but little attention to the solemn assurances of Isabella, that the cry which escaped her from the window of the carriage, during the engagement at Oaxaca, was occasioned by the sight of these two men engaged in deadly strife. The deep attachment of Carrera to the institutions of his religion, forbade her to believe for an instant that he had been guilty of the sacrilegious assault upon the convent; and she had been too firmly convinced of the death of Lamar by the hands of the former, to credit Isabella's report. It was in this city," said father Clement, "that renouncing all earthly feelings, she knelt before the altar in the chapel of the sisterhood, and took those solemn vows, which have never been broken with impunity. A deep melancholy had settled upon her mind, and affected her spirits—and with a view to her relief, a change of scene and climate was recommended, and she was sent to aid those of the order, who were engaged in the instruction of youth at Mount Benedict. Her spirits gradually revived, and the native ardor of her character impelled her to devote herself earnestly to the prosecution of those studies which might render her eminently useful in her vocation. Yet in the midst of the most disinterested labors of charity, her mind would frequently dwell upon the past, and regrets for the untimely fate of Lamar not unfrequently mingled with her purer and holier thoughts.

About this time, from some cause which I have never been able to explore, a feeling of hostility to all the institutions of our holy religion seemed to pervade the lower classes of the people in the vicinity of Boston; and the freezing apathy and indifference of those whose education and station in life lifted them above these vulgar prejudices, soon led to a frightful catastrophe. In-

timations had been received from various quarters that violence was openly threatened. But never dreaming that the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, who had fled from the persecutions of the old world, and who had borne over the sea of waters the emblems of their religion, and had sought in this unfrequented land an asylum for the free indulgence of their opinions, would surpass even their oppressors in ruthless fanaticism, the good sisters of Mount Benedict, relying upon the protection of the civil authorities, and upon the sacred rights of their sex among a refined and christian people, quietly pursued the even tenor of the way.

Charles Lamar had now returned to this country, and having learned that Vittoria, under the name of sister Agnes, had taken the veil, and was now an inmate of the convent of Mount Benedict, resolved to inform her of the approaching storm, and to exert all his powers of persuasion to induce her to renounce her calling, and to leave the institution. His visit to Mexico had confirmed the early prejudices of his life against these religious orders. The party to which he belonged in that country had demanded the expulsion of the Spanish residents, the demolition of all monastic institutions, and the confiscation of all their treasured wealth. Actuated by such sentiments, it is not to be supposed that they were modified when he discovered that the walls of the convent of Mount Benedict separated him from the object of his ardent affections. He consequently exerted himself to disseminate widely all rumors prejudicial to the institution, and actively fomented the growing discontent. When all things seemed ripe for immediate action, and the blow was only suspended to make the necessary arrangements for a united and concerted effort, he found means to convey a letter to sister Agnes, informing her of the time the attack would be made, and entreating her to grant him an interview that evening in the garden of the convent. He related to her the result of his duel with Carrera—his recovery after a tedious and painful confinement—the subsequent defeat and death of his rival—and his despair, when he learned upon his return from the expedition in which he was then engaged, that Vittoria was one of the prisoners of Carrera whom he rescued in the carriage, and that she had departed for North America ; that he had himself returned to this country as soon as he could with propriety leave Mexico, and was now afflicted to find that she was one of the objects of popular resentment. He concluded by stating, that in the event of her being unable to grant him the desired interview, if, when the convent was assailed, she would escape into the garden, he would be present with sufficient force to rescue and protect her, and bear her whithersoever she pleased.

"I will not undertake," continued father Clement, "to afflict you with the narrative of the conflicting feelings of sister Agnes as she afterwards related them to me, upon the receipt of this letter. Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, hysterical bursts of laughter and weeping, religious duties and worldly affections, rendered her by turns the happiest and most wretched of mortals. She threw herself at one moment upon her couch and wept long and bitterly, at another she would kneel before the image of the Virgin, and pray for light to guide her through this perilous path. She felt it to be her duty to communicate this intelligence to her Superior, and yet if she did, she must disclose the source whence

she derived it. Should she meet Lamar that evening ? Alas, my son, when the affections are divided between heaven and earth—when we would serve God and Mammon, the erring tendency of our nature always gives the victory to the evil one. She did meet Lamar, and from that moment sister Agnes looked impatiently for the moment which was to liberate her, but to bring ruin and dismay to the other inhabitants. Although she might have withdrawn without interruption from the convent upon declaring her desire to do so, a mode of retirement less mortifying to her pride was about to present itself.

The Superiors of the convent had received in the course of this day so many intimations of the designs of their enemies, had been so earnestly entreated by their friends to withdraw before the attack commenced, that they became seriously alarmed. Still they resolved to evince no distrust, either in the intelligence or virtue of a free people, or in the disposition and power of the civil authorities to protect them. Group after group of strange faces began to assemble towards nightfall in the vicinity of the grounds—insolent and blasphemous threats occasionally reached their ears—and in the course of four or five hours more, the street was filled with a dense crowd of human beings, many of whom were disguised. What a contrast did the interior of this doomed house of refuge and piety present to the scene without. Profanity, insolence, indecency, bigotry, intolerance, fanaticism and riot held their midnight revels in the street by the light of blazing torches ; while within, the terror-stricken inmates of the convent clustered around their Superior in the silent chapel, were pouring forth on their knees, to their Heavenly Father, their fervent prayers, that he would turn away from them the wrath of their pursuers,—and that He, who had proclaimed himself the father of the fatherless, and the protector of the orphan, would preserve his children. There they were, bent down to the earth in meek submission to His holy will, a group of helpless and sorrowing beings, who would have moved even a heart of stone to pity. But the fanatic knows no mercy—he celebrates the orgies of hell, and offers them up a sacrifice to Heaven !

The storm had burst—the enclosures were torn down—the work of destruction and spoil commenced—the wild boars had broken into the vineyard,—the spirit of the abyss seemed to be abroad, and all the dark and malignant feelings which degrade man to a level with the powers of darkness, hurried them to the wildest excesses. Furniture was dashed to pieces, windows were broken, the privacy of chambers insulted, and at length a general cry rang long and loud around, to fire the building. The torches were instantly applied, and the whole building was soon wrapped in one eddying sheet of flames.

At this moment father Bennet, who sometimes visited the convent in the discharge of his holy functions, appeared among the kneeling sisters, and moved with tenderness at their affliction, could scarcely repress his feelings, as he beheld them even in their humble confidence in Heaven, kneeling before his altar, awaiting his will for their preservation or ruin. There they knelt like lambs for the sacrifice—and meet victims they were, for they were without stain or blemish.

"Arise, daughters of affliction !" said the father ; "the

Being whom you invoke has departed from this house, and there is no mercy here. Let us take up our sick, and depart."

The dense volume of ascending smoke hung like a dark mantle around the increasing flame, until the blazing roof and rafters tumbling in with a frightful crash, the towering flames surmounted every obstruction, and rose upon the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, affrighting far and wide the populous country around! How awfully sublime was this scene! The light of the blazing pile was reflected on the broad bosom of the bay, and from every turret and spire of the neighboring towns. The rioters, assembled in large groups in the streets, their dusky visages burnished by the brightening flame—the crashing of falling timbers, was mingled with shouts of exultation as floor after floor gave way—and around were scattered the fragments of goods and furniture, which had been thrown out while the building was burning, as if this desperate band, not satisfied with the consuming ruin of the flames, carried on their destructive labors at the same time. Far in the distance, the Monument of the illustrious dead, who died in the purchase of their country's rights, reared its unfinished head on a neighboring height, gilded with the light which it reflected far abroad over the land. In another direction, unprotected, uncovered, and unsheltered, the pale and terrified sisters, with their Superior at their head, turned their backs, like Lot and his family of old, upon their blazing home, and meekly pursued their way amid the insults, obscene scoffing, or cold indifference of the frequent passers by. In another direction, a band of these incendiaries had invaded the house of the dead—coffined bodies were exposed—the ceremonies of the dead were disturbed, as if they were searching amid these sacred recesses with the ferocity of howling hyenas, for some hidden morsel of slander, with which to blacken the name, after they had destroyed the property, of an unoffending sisterhood of pious women.

"I admire, my son," said father Clement, with a sorrowful voice, "I admire the free institutions of your country, but the future reader of your history can only preserve his respect for your people, by supposing that this night of horrors had been interpolated into the narrative, and that it belonged to another age and to another people, long before the diffusion of free principles of government, and the light of civilization and refinement. Posterity will close their ears incredulously, and carry back this deed of darkness to the gloomiest ages of intolerance among free-booters and vandals. The blackened walls of that convent still look forth upon the pale and distant Monument of your infant glory, and I trust will stand until the public councils of that State shall by some formal declaration denounce the deed.

But let us turn from those smouldering ruins to seek sister Agnes. True to her appointment, and without seeking the blessing of heaven on her purpose, she had changed her dress and left the burning building before the other inmates, and throwing herself under the protection of Lamar, was hurried into a coach, which drove off instantly on the great northern road. She was carried by her request to the residence of a distant relative of her father, who had been an early settler in the province, and had continued to reside near Chippewa, on the Canada shore. In a few weeks Lamar called upon her, but she could not be prevailed upon to name a day for

the consummation of his happiness by their union, though she made no effort to conceal her attachment to him. Do not imagine, however, it was without a struggle that she withdrew her heart from the duties of her vocation, and surrendered up all her affections to her lover. She had taken the veil under the mistaken impression that Lamar had fallen in the duel with Carrera, and that she had no other refuge from the persecuting addresses of the latter. Indeed she had not known the extent of her love for Lamar until she was informed of his death; and in her holiest vigils in the cell of her convent, she wept over his untimely fate, and breathed a ritual for his departed spirit.

Lamar, in consequence of the disturbances along the frontier, in which he was actively engaged on the American shore, urged Vittoria to fix an early day for their nuptials, lest open hostilities, which seemed to impend, should separate them. She resisted all his entreaties, until he informed her that hostilities had already commenced in Canada, and that he was about to engage in a perilous enterprise, from which he might never return. He did not ask her to leave her friends, or to accompany him at that time, but he only desired to have a claim to protect her amid the scenes of violence which seemed to menace the province. In an evil moment she consented, and from that time her peace of mind was gone forever. Although Vittoria was ardently attached to Lamar—although her love for him had become a part of her existence, and she felt that she only lived for him, yet no sooner had the fatal promise been made, than she drooped like the bruised lily of the vale, and hung down her head in anguish and bitterness of spirit. Religion, stronger than love, was enthroned in her heart—the vows which she had taken, her tender conscience constantly rung in her ears; and she, who had consecrated herself to Heaven, had consented to become the earthly bride of a fellow mortal. She seemed to seek for alleviation to her sufferings in the fervor of her piety—but still the fatal promise recurred, and the day would speedily arrive when Lamar would return to claim her hand. It was then that she commenced singing those tender hymns to the Virgin, some of which filled your heart with sympathy this morning in the Hotel Dieu. She became pensive and abstracted; and often in the early evening, when the stars were newly lit in the skies, she would walk forth alone along the banks of the river, and listen to the sound of the mighty cataract of waters, whose thunders had resounded amid the solitudes of the forest from the beginning of time. The eve of the day fixed for their nuptials had arrived, and on the wings of love Lamar was hastening to meet her; but when he reached the frontier, the state of feeling was such, on the opposite shores, that it was dangerous, if not impossible, to pass over uninterrupted. He therefore remained at Schlosser, on the American shore, awaiting an opportunity to cross, and was suddenly aroused at night by an alarm that the British troops had attacked and were cutting out the steamer *Caroline* from the landing.

All the sympathies of Lamar's heart were with the oppressed Canadians in their struggle—the same love of adventure, and the same enthusiastic devotion to the cause of freedom, which had made him an active partisan in Mexico, impelled him to aid the insurgents in the British provinces. He was only awaiting an organized opposition to the government, to offer his services

to the Patriot army. And perhaps too, he was restrained by his love for Vittoria, with whom he desired to consummate his union before they should be separated by open hostilities. But this insolent invasion of the soil of his native country by an armed force, fired his soul, and hastily arming himself, he hurried through the darkness of the night to repel the invaders. But little more is known of the short, but desperate struggle that ensued, than the result. Lamar was seen to spring on board the steamer; by the flash of the fire-arms he was observed in the midst of the struggle; but before further aid could arrive, the boat was towed out by the captors into the middle of the stream, and having been set on fire, was abandoned in the midst of the waters, to float onward, until it was consumed. It was a sublime spectacle—that burning boat. Herself blazing in the darkness of the night—the foliage of the forest trees on the bank was beautifully lit up as she drifted by—and the waters around her reflecting the mass of flames, she seemed to float in a sea of fire. Onward she went—that boat without a guide—the flames ascending higher and higher, like a mighty holocaust of fire, sent forth to appease the angry spirit of the water-god, whose voice thundered in the cataract below. Pale as the lily, that loves the margin of the brook, sat Vittoria on the shore, as this vision of light passed before her eyes. She started from her seat; and in admiration of the moment, stretching forth her arms towards the vessel, she looked like some priestess placed upon the spot to bless the offering to the mighty god, as it descended. Onward swept the boat, faster and faster, as she approached the precipice—now whirling around in the eddies which prevail near the fall—and at length, having arrived at the verge of the steep precipice, she plunged headlong downwards, and the waters continued to tumble and thunder in solitude and darkness. Lamar was never afterwards heard of—and whether he was thrown from the deck in the struggle, or whether among the wounded and the slain he was borne onward on this fiery bier to a watery grave, none can tell! The sad tidings soon reached Vittoria—but she was spared—in mercy, spared the wretchedness they were calculated to inflict. Her reason had been shaken on its throne, by her exposure during that night and the remorse she had suffered. She was found in her room on the evening of her bridal day, dressed in her bridal garments, singing her hymn to the Virgin, weeping at intervals, and occasionally, with the crucifix in her hand, exclaiming, as you heard her this day, “Beautiful—oh! beautiful!” I learned from one of the family,” said father Clement, “that she must have lost her reason in the excitement and paroxysm of her feelings, when the blazing boat passed her,—that in her deranged imagination, she thought she beheld Lamar standing erect on the stern of the boat as she passed, arrayed in his bridal suit, with the sign of her faith stretched forth in one hand, and beckoning to her with the other to follow him. And straining her mind’s eye to behold him to the last, as that light went down amid the whirl of waters, her reason followed her loved one into the fathomless abyss. But as the whole life of this ill fated girl had been divided between piety to Heaven and love for a fellow mortal, so, amid the ruins of her mind, she has blended her betrothed husband with her heavenly Redeemer, and with a heart overflowing with love for this strange per-

sonification of the two passions of her soul, and ever thinking of the sublime attitude of the vision on the stern of the boat, she still exclaims, with the cross in her hand, “BEAUTIFUL—OH! BEAUTIFUL!”

Such, my son, is the melancholy history of the doomed vestal of the Hotel Dieu. Let us trust that the sufferings she has undergone will at length appease the demands of offended justice—and that before her spirit wings its flight to another world, a ray of mercy may fall upon her darkened soul, and she may look with a clear vision upon the emblem of her faith, and turn with undivided hope and love to Him who died upon it, that she might live. Verily, she has been a vessel of afflictions, and a creature of love. Peace to her disturbed spirit!”

Such was the outline of the narrative of father Clement. It has been imperfectly remembered, and rudely told in these pages. But often in the silent vigils of the night, does the venerable form of the good father appear before me, relating the fortunes of this stricken one, with the tender feelings of a parent for the sufferings of his afflicted child. And oftener still, do the words of the doomed one, herself, fall meltingly upon my soul—“BEAUTIFUL—OH! BEAUTIFUL!”

“BIRD OF MY HEART!”

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Bird of my heart,—come, sing to me
The dear, old tunes of early hours,
And, as thou sing’st, I’ll weave for thee
A nest of Summer’s sweetest flowers:
There shalt thou sleep, if on my breast
Thou find’st a less congenial rest,
There shalt thou sleep, if by my side
Thy beauteous plumes thou wilt not hide!

Bird of my heart,—in distant climes
I’ve strayed since last thy notes I heard;
And, after Vesper’s solemn chimes,
I’ve listened to the Evening bird;
That songstress strange, who only sings
When Night unfolds her sable wings—
But ah! than thine a fainter tale
Was warbled by the nightingale!—

Bird of my heart,—thy lightest tone
Lulls all my senses to repose;
So sings the Eastern charmer lone,
So droops to sleep the captive rose!
Come, sing—and to my soul entice
A pictured dream of Paradise;
For in that dream I shall not see
A Houri, angel, saint, like thee!

Bird of my heart,—come sing to me
The song it thrills my heart to hear,
And as thou sing’st, I’ll fancy thee
The spirit of some starry sphere;—
For Music, poets call divine
And once she made her secret thine,
And, touching her melodious shell,
Hung on thy lips her magic spell!

JONSONIAN READINGS.*

NO I.

"Jonson, to whose name wise Art did bow, and wit
Is only justified, by knowing it :
To hear whose touch, how would the learned choir
With silence stoop ! And, when he touched his lyre,
Apollo stopt his lute, ashamed to see
A rival to the god of Harmony !"

Shirley.

A rich and rare volume ! In manner and matter beautifully according ! Eight hundred milk white, hot-pressed pages, margining most luxuriously the glossy impresse of matter more choice than is often found within the arabesque covers of modern publications. Prefixed to the poems of "Rare Ben," from which we mean to make liberal selections, ere we close the volume, are a fine portrait of the poet, an exquisite engraving of Hawthornden, and a Memoir from the pen of Mr. Procter, who has won so distinguished a name in the modern world of letters, under the *soubriquet* of "Barry Cornwall." From this sketch, we derive the following incidents in the poet's life.

Benjamin Jonson was born in Westminster, in the year 1574. His mother, soon after the decease of his father, which happened shortly after his birth, married a bricklayer. The boy was sent, at an early age, to school, and thence to Cambridge, where, however, he made but a brief stay, his friends being unable to incur the expense of keeping him at the university. Returning home, he was forced to work at his step-father's trade of bricklaying, an occupation not at all to his taste, and which he speedily abandoned for that of a soldier, in the army then serving in Flanders. Having highly distinguished himself in that capacity, he returned to his home, once more, and soon after went upon the stage, not as a bricklayer, but as an actor, being, at this epoch of his life, only nineteen years of age. His business was occasionally to act, but chiefly to alter and rearrange pieces for performance, and it was not until two years after he had commenced this mode of life, that he produced an original piece. This was his yet celebrated Comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," which still possesses the stage. He had acquired some reputation both as author and actor, when, quarrelling with a fellow-player, he slew him in a sword-fight, and was thrown into prison, on a charge of murder. Escaping, soon after, he was married, and had a son and daughter born to him, in 1595 and 1596, neither of which survived many months. In 1596 his play, "Every Man in his Humor" was first produced, and was immediately quite successful. He continued to write, incessantly, and was constantly producing works of more or less merit, for the stage. In 1598, he first became acquainted with Shakspeare, and, in 1603, upon the production of his great tragedy, "Sejanus," he became a frequenter of "The Mermaid," in company with the immortal Bard, and Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne, and the rest of the choice spirits of that golden age of English literature. In that renowned hostelry there was much rare sport, and Fuller has described the "wit-contests" that used to occur at those merry meetings,

* The works of Ben Jonson : with a memoir of his life and writings. By Barry Cornwall, London : Edward Moxon, Dover Street ; 1838.

between the Bard of Avon, and Rare Ben, in the following quaint and racy terms :

"Many were the *wit-contests* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, (like the former,) was built far higher in learning ; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, (like the latter,) lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Jonson was a great favorite with James I., who, upon his accession to the throne, employed the talents of the poet, at court, in arranging and inventing "Masques," and other dramatic entertainments,—adhering to the favorite, indeed, throughout his life, an unwavering and indulgent patron and friend. In 1605, appeared "Volpone, or the Fox ;" in 1610, "The Alchemist" and, in 1611, the tragedy of "Catiline." In 1616, Jonson compiled all he had written in a folio volume, containing "Tragedies, Comedies, Epigrams, and Masques,"—together with various minor poems. About the same period, he was appointed poet Laureate to the king, (in the place of the celebrated Daniel,) upon a handsome salary. The same year, Shakspeare died, and the noblest verses which the occasion brought forth to the memory of that supremest of the Bards in

"The brightest Heaven of invention,"

were from the pen of his sometime rival, but ever firm and honoring friend, Ben Jonson ! It was in this elegy that the well known line occurs, now as familiar to the lover of Shakspeare, "as household words ;"—

"He was not of an age, but for all time !"

In 1621, Jonson was appointed "Master of the Revels," by reversion, after Sir John Astley, who, however, survived the poet, so that the latter never came into the enjoyment of the office. Charles, succeeding James, imitated his predecessor in bestowing upon Jonson every mark of royal patronage and protection, increasing his salary, as poet Laureate, and adding to it the grant of an annual "tierce of Canary," which was the poet's *Falernian*. The city of London also gave him a yearly stipend of one hundred rubles, as a sort of retaining-fee for his services, to be rendered when demanded. These means enabled Jonson to keep up a generous hospitality ; and this he did even after he could not well afford to do so ; his city pension being stopped suddenly, as well as his court salary, on account of a quarrel with the famous architect Inigo Jones. By dint of a zealous and urgent application to the Lord Treasurer, (Weston,) for relief from this state of distress by presents made to him from various quarters, and by his own literary exertions, he recovered from this embarrassment, for a time at least. After a life of much vicissitude, he died, in 1637, a widower, and childless, at the age of sixty-three. He was buried in Westminster Abbey ; the only monument erected to his memory being a common flat stone, bearing the well-known inscription :

"O RARE BEN JONSON !"

Mr. Procter's remarks upon the Drama, and upon the genius of Jonson, which follow the Memoir, we have so hastily condensed, form one of the choicest morceaux of criticism we have ever enjoyed. Our design, in taking

up this beautiful volume, being simply to string together, for our readers, some of the choicest pearls that are scattered over its pages, as the golden sands lie on the bed of the Pactolus, we must resist the temptation that would impel our pen to make liberal extracts from this portion of the "Memoir." What Mr. Procter says of Shakspeare and the rest of that noble band, is, however, irresistible: and we must transcribe it, if only for the pleasure of dwelling, still a little longer, upon the truthful beauty of the passage.

"Amongst the poets of the Drama, Shakspeare was, beyond all comparison, the foremost. Nevertheless, his contemporaries, (the old Dramatists,) were remarkable men. And they exhibit the character of English genius, more completely than any other race of writers. Unencumbered by the weight of authority, and almost untrammelled by precedent, *they looked directly at Nature*; and, instigated and inspired by her smiles, they let loose their imaginations upon us, in all the varieties of passion and humor. Ignorant of the unities, and unintimidated by critics, they built up their dramas to a towering height. They were circumscribed by no measurement or model, save that of truth alone. They penetrated into the depths of the heart, and exhibited its secret springs of action; and thus shaped their labors so as to suit each constitution and character; not making the passion of Revenge, the light of Love, the gloom of Despair, alike, in all; but giving each as many phases as the moon [has]. It is, therefore, that, in Shakspeare and others, we have Wit, in all its moods, airy, saturnine, and bacchanalian; Humor, in fifty fantastic aspects; Vanity, both solemn and gay: every thing, in short, that exhibits the lineaments and distinctions of men; omitting no class or kind of person, either from timidity or scorn, from the beggar up to the king."

One more passage;—nay, we must!

"Shakspeare was, and is, beyond all competition, the greatest poet that the world has ever seen. He is greatest in general power, and greatest in style, which is a symbol or evidence of power. For the motion of verse corresponds with the power of the poet, as the swell and tumult of the sea answer to the winds that call them up. From Lear down to Pericles, there ought to be no mistake between Shakspeare and any other writer. And, in considering his qualities, it should ever be remembered that he was not a mere poet in the vulgar sense of the term: that is to say, a creature dwelling in the regions of fancy, babbling in verse, dreaming in the sunshine, and spinning idle (although ingenious) metaphors. On the contrary, he was a man, eminently acute, logical, philosophical. His reasoning faculty was equal to his imagination, and as completely pervaded all his works. His Henry the Fifth proves that he could argue a case with the precision of a lawyer, His Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Troilus and Cressida, Lear, the Tempest, and the historical plays, show that he was profoundly versed in the secrets and ends of government, the movements of factions, the administration and abuse of justice, and all that constitutes the political world. We hold him to have been 'not one, but Legion!' And we think that in all the cases where critics have attempted to distinguish him by any one particular excellence of intellect, they have failed."

* * * * *

"It was the harmonious combination, the well-adjusted

powers, aiding and answering to each other, as occasion required, that produced his completeness, and constituted, as we think, the secret of his great entire intellectual strength!"

The leading article in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, is a notice of this edition of Jonson, and a most unjustifiable, unworthy, unmanly "notice" it is. It is an unmethodized, desultory, incoherent compilation of personal allusions, and flings, against the author of the "Memoir:" and forms another chapter in the long list of "Quarrels of Authors." Among other things Wilson takes occasion to say of the book before us:

"BEN JONSON by Barry Cornwall!"—"One of the greatest of English poets, patronised by one of her smallest poetasters!" "BEN JONSON by Barry Cornwall!—An eagle heralded by a wren; or is it absolutely a tom-tit?" &c. &c.

The whole of the article is written in the spirit of which these scraps are fair specimens, and the conviction on the mind of the reader as he lays down the critic, after a perusal of the "Memoir," is irresistible,—that a personal motive lies at the foundation of the assault. There is not a line of fair criticism in the article. It is, throughout, captious, querulous, inconsequential, and pointless.

Some few years have gone by, since Barry Cornwall wrote a biographical memoir of John Keats, in which he took occasion to allude in terms of becoming severity to the course that had been pursued towards that promising poet, by certain critics: among these, Blackwood's Magazine came in for its share, and the epithets, "venal, vulgar, and venomous," were, if we remember rightly, applied to the critique upon Keats, which appeared in the pages of that work. From that time to this, Barry Cornwall has been a marked man, and has not been permitted to raise so much as his head above water, without forming a target for the swiftest and most envenomed arrows, in the quiver of old Christopher. We all remember how his "Life of Kean" was cut up in "Maga,"—and it is but just what was to have been expected, neither more nor less, that precisely such a notice of the work before us should appear in Blackwood, as that which we have been noticing.

Our *preliminaries* have insensibly stretched themselves to such an unintended extent, that we must postpone our promised "Readings," another month.

J. F. O.

FIRST LOVE.

O! if there be in Memory's chain,
One link which knits us to youth again,
And binds us to the past,
One thought that carries in its range
The heart, unseared by after change,
To bliss, too pure to last—

If in the darkened sky of life,
One star, undimmed by clouds of strife,
Still sheds a bright'ning beam,
'Tis the remembrance of that love,
Which shines, all other joys above,—
Our first and dearest dream:

J. T. L.

SPRING BIRDS.

Listen! when morn to the east is springing,—
Music is then in the welkin ringing;
Merry and joyous and free as air,
Birds are soaring and singing there;
Sweet—how sweet, for a world of sin,
Those notes that usher the morning in.

They're songs of rapture and songs of love,
Fit to be warbled in skies above,—
Fit for the songs of their first spring hours,
Amidst the myrtles of Eden's bowers.
Beautiful birds! were ye not then given
Tidings to bear to earth from Heaven?

Oh, ye are sweet to the ear and eye,—
Your plumes are bright as the rainbow's dye,
And your notes are clear as the air-harp throws
To the wind that opens the morning rose.
My heart is glad, though it knows not why,
When I hear your songs in the morning sky.

They do from Heaven good tidings bear
To the child of sorrow, the child of care;—
When they spread their pinions and soar away,
Far—upward, far to the realms of day;
They teach him sweetly that even so
Faith leaves the world and its cares below.

Maine.

ELIZA.

BAYLE, THE SCEPTIC.

The admirers and the enemies of this famous personage have, as is usual, equally erred in their opposite estimates of him. Those who look into the six ponderous folios of his dictionary, filled, as he professes, only with what other such works had omitted, and expect to find wit, satire, or wisdom in every sentence,—will be woefully disappointed at having to toil through an immense mass of cumbersome, irregular learning, references to works now long forgotten, citations of authors never to be heard of elsewhere, and tedious discussions of questions not worth a thought. And unless the inquirer be patient and laborious, he will think the diamonds he discovers, too few to requite the fatigue of clearing away so much rubbish.

On the contrary, whoever opens Bayle with hostile prejudices, will often be agreeably surprised to see him strike as powerfully for Religion, as for humanity and freedom. How nervous the subjoined passage, tending to show that nations can be taught wisdom, as Fisher Ames hath it, 'only by the scars and wounds of their adversity,' inflicted by the 'whip of scorpions, which Experience brandishes in her school!'

'Accusations of treason, as a cover for religious persecution,' says Bayle, 'have been so hackneyed an artifice from the time when the Jews employed

it against our Lord, that it seems strange they should still be relied on. Might it not well be feared, that so threadbare a trick could no longer deceive?—No—there is no ground for such a fear. *The world is too unteachable, to profit by the errors or misfortunes of past ages.* Every generation acts, as if none had gone before it: and, as the spirit of persecution and revenge to this day tries to enlist monarchs in its own quarrels, it will so try, till the world shall end. We may apply here the saying of Solomon: 'What has been, will be; what has been done, will be done.' Our posterity will say, as we say,

'Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son roi:
Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni Foi, ni Loi.'

[Bayle, Dict. Tom. 1. 'Abelard,' note O.]

What a lesson to *Ultraists* of all sorts, is conveyed in his remark upon a perversion made by some Anabaptists, of a passage in Luther's book on *Christian Liberty*! They deduced from it, maxims subversive of all government and laws. 'The hottest enemies of the Reformation,' says Bayle, 'could not have conceived so effectual a way to suppress it, as this schism of Munzer,' &c. 'As they professed to follow Luther, all the odium due to their extravagances recoiled upon him; and this greatly retarded the Reformation.'

[Dict. 'Anabaptistes,' note B.]

What we have here said and quoted, is suggested by our having seen in the *March Knickerbocker*, some verses happily commendatory of the man who has quite shut out Pyrrho from modern contemplations of scepticism. By the way, let all readers distinguish between *scepticism* and *unbelief*. They are too often confounded. After the verses, we present a much more full, and an admirably just view of the same character; translated from an able French work which was published in 1822.

[From the *Knickerbocker*.]

BAYLE.

Who had escaped the tomb, could wit prevail,
Or wisdom? Wit and Wisdom answer, BAYLE!
Star of a lowering sky, that shunned the light,
Still more refulgent from surrounding night;
He wielded Luther's force, without his rage,
Erasmus and Melancthon of his age;
Young eyes that o'er his ponderous folios pore,
Deem them too much, yet read and wish them more.

And to that feast return, divided quite
Betwixt instruction, wonder, and delight:
Yet he that knew so much, decided nought;
Lost in perplexity or depth of thought,
Holding the key of Truth within his hand,
On Doubt, her vestibule, behold him stand,
And point, like Moses, to that brighter spot,
Pursued, explored, attained, but entered not.

[From the French.*]

**** 'Bayle, the boldest and coolest of sceptical philosophers. Most writers employ *doubt* to overthrow what exists, in order to rear their own

* De la Littérature Française, pendant le 18me Siècle. Par M. de Barante, Pair de France.

notions instead: it is their weapon for conquest. With Bayle, on the contrary, doubt is the end—not a means. There is a perfect balancing between opposite opinions; and nothing can turn the scale. Party spirit, prejudices, the power of eloquence, the seductions of imagination, affect not Bayle; nothing can determine him. To him, all opinions appear probable. If he find them ill defended, he adopts, and sustains them. In this incertitude he seems to take a strange pleasure: his mind is not in the least oppressed or disturbed by this ignorance, even of the most important questions. He marches up to them, and delights in being unable to resolve them. What forms to so many great minds a source of mortal agony, is to him the merest sport.

'A dangerous influence has been ascribed to Bayle's Philosophy. At first view, this equipoise of opinions may indeed seduce some minds, that fancy it a mark of superiority. But the doubt of Bayle is a wise doubt: he far more pungently ridicules those who reject hastily and inconsiderately, than those who believe submissively. Knowledge once led to scepticism: a broader way has since been opened, by ignorance and frivolity. The vulgar are misled not by works like Bayle's: they are more remotely hurtful. Their vast learning has made them an immense arsenal, whence infidelity easily borrows weapons. In them, too, is found the sad pattern of that perpetual sneer, so withering to every high thought or emotion, and which treats as folly or madness, whatever does not abide the test of Bayle's cold reason. His pleasantry is generally clumsy and vulgar. It sometimes amuses, by its quietude, and its curious blending with critical pedantry: but there have since been men, who by imparting airiness and grace to his jests, have made them subservient to frivolity and procured them a universal circulation.'

EXCERPTS FROM FISHER AMES.

Party. 'The fellowships thus formed are more intimate, and impose commands more imperious, than those of society. Thus *party* forms a state within the state, and is animated by a rivalry, hatred, and fear, of its superior. When this happens, the merits of a government become fresh provocations and offences; for they are the merits of an enemy.' [*Eulogy on Washington*]

Necessity of Experience to Nations. 'Perhaps multitudes are not to be taught by their fears only, without suffering much to deepen the impression; for Experience brandishes in her school a whip of scorpions, and teaches nations her summary lessons of wisdom by the scars and wounds of their adversity.' *Ibid.*

Benefactors of Mankind. 'Of those who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born, not for themselves but for their country and for the human race, how few, alas! are recorded in the long annals of ages; and how wide the in-

tervals of time and space that divide them! In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six light houses on as many thousand miles of coast: they gleam upon the surrounding darkness with an inextinguishable splendor, like stars seen through a mist: they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, to save. WASHINGTON is now added to that small number. Already he attracts curiosity, like a newly discovered star, whose benignant light will travel on to the world's and time's farthest bounds. Already his name is hung up by History as conspicuously, as if it sparkled in one of the constellations of the sky.' *Ibid.*

TRUE BEAUTY.

Say—where does Beauty dwell?—
I gazed upon the dance, where ladies bright
Were moving in the light
Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and with flow'rs,
Danced on the joyous hours,
And fairest bosoms
Heaved happily beneath the winter-roses' blossoms:—
And it is well—
Youth hath its time—
Merry hearts will merrily chime:—
The forms were fair to see,
The tones were sweet to the ear:
But there's beauty more true to me;
That beauty was not here.
I stood in the open air—
Nature's soul was bare:
The beautiful stars were over my head,
The crescent moon hung over the west,
Beauty o'er river and hill was spread,
 wooing the feverish soul to rest.
Beauty breathed in the summer breeze,
Beauty rocked the whispering trees,
Was mirrored in the sleeping billow,
Was bending in the swaying willow,
Flooding the skies, bathing the earth,
Giving all lovely things a birth:
All, all was fair to see,—
All was sweet to the ear,
But there's beauty more true to me,
That beauty was not here.
I sat in my room alone;
My heart began a tone:
Its soothing strains were such,
As if a spirit's touch
Were visiting its chords.
Soon it gathered words,
Pouring forth its feelings
And its deep revealings;
Thoughts and fancies came
With their brightening flame;—
Truths of deepest worth
Sprang embodied forth;—
Deep and solemn mysteries,
Spiritual harmonies,
And the faith that conquers time,
Strong and lovely and sublime.

Then the purposes of life
 Stood apart from vulgar strife ;
 Labor in the path of duty
 Gleamed up like a thing of beauty :
 Beauty shown in self-denial,
 In the hour of solemn trial,
 In a meek obedience
 To the will of Providence ;
 In the lofty sympathies,
 That forgetting worldly ease,
 Prompted acts that sought the good
 Of every spirit,—understood
 The yearnings of the human heart—
 Eager ever to impart
 Blessings to the weary soul
 That hath felt the bitter world's control.

Here is Beauty—such as ne'er
 Met the eye or charmed the ear.
 In the soul's high duties then I felt
 That the loftiest Beauty ever dwelt.

C. P. C.

THE CAMELIA.

ADDRESSED TO *****.

The following lines were occasioned by seeing a very beautiful *Camelia fimbriata* (which two sisters wandering through a conservatory were regarding in admiration) suddenly drop to pieces. The verses addressed by the younger sister to her husband.

Blythe as the lark whose carol hails the dawn,
 Two laughing girls went forth one wintry morn ;
 Light o'er the slipp'ry earth they fearless glide,
 Their comrade Mirth, and Pleasure for their guide.

* * * * *
 Their ramble o'er—delighted now they strayed
 Where Flora's touch had ev'ry hue displayed ;
 Thick lay the snow without—and drear the scene ;
 Spring held her court within, perpetual queen !
 Nature and Art combining there embraced,—
 (And Nature's offspring's Art, harmonious placed ;)
 The Hyacinth here with perfumed breath outspread
 Her Iris tints—and raised its timid head,
 The Crocus wild—there Clytie, reft of hope,*
 Bloomed loveliest, to the scented Heliotrope,
 By Jupiter transformed ; the Daphne too,
 (From coy nymph named, who 'fore Apollo flew,)
 Mid leaves befringed with silver, beauteous shone ;
 And clust'ring there, like bridal joys, half blown,
 The orange blossoms shot their white buds forth ;
 Children of ev'ry clime ! from hardy north
 To glowing south, where Sol the op'ning flower
 Most perfume gives—to Beauty loftiest power,
 And poesie, and witchery of soul,
 Warm heart, fond eye, and love beyond control.

Sporting awhile in youth's Elysian morn,
 Plucking life's rose, (unfelt the lurking thorn,)
 With thoughts more pure, than buds that round them
 sprang,
 Gaily the damsels' merry laughter rang,

* Clytie deserted by Apollo, who became enamored of her sister, pined away and was changed to a Heliotrope, otherwise termed Sun-flower.

Until before a flower, of virgin white,
 Chaste as her breast, but than her smile less bright,
 The elder stood, and gazed—and gazed as though
 She ne'er might tire—and on her cheek the glow
 Of rapture crimson'd, kindling lip and eye.
 Still as she paused—a gentle wind swept by,
 Play'd like a spirit through the leaves around,
 Touch'd the fair flow'r—it fell—bestrew'd the ground !
 Lone as a widowed heart the stalk stood bare,—
 The leaves like early hopes lay withering there !

Oh ! what an emblem of this fading earth !
 Life's transitory dreams, Ambition's birth,
 Meridian splendor, and declining day—
 Thou fair and fallen flow'r ! Thus fleet away
 Hope's gay mirage—joy's phantom, so like truth—
 And Fame, the ignis fatuus of our youth,
 Reaching too soon perfection's dizzy height,
 Like thee to perish, loveliest in their flight ;
 So with the loved and lost—not 'till they part
 Know we their wide dominion o'er the heart :
 Virtues and charms and beauties dawn anew
 In the sad hour we breathe our last adieu.

This shalt thou feel, alas ! when she is gone,
 Thine Hesperus—thy star of eve and morn—
 She who is now the loadstone of thy thought,
 Drawing to her each wish, from her first caught,
 When the bent bow of Azrael from the sky
 Aims at her breast, and lets the arrow fly.
 Oh ! when thy home is desolate—thy hearth
 No more enlivened by her joyous mirth—
 When no loved face and no light step each eve
 Shall greet thy coming—no fond cheek receive
 Thy dear accustomed kiss—no arms entwine
 Thee round—no heart responsive beat to thine—
 And when the voice which calmed thee oft to rest,
 With ready tale, is hushed—when on thy breast
 The nestling head no longer softly lies—
 When thou shalt cease to meet the love-filled eyes,
 That with the morning sun upon thee shone—
 When fled these sweetnesss—and thou'rt alone—
 Though she is now than life more dear to thee,
 Dearer than aught below can ever be,—
 A deeper, holier, passion then—a love,
 Such as alone the bright and blest above
 Inspire—shall pure, undying, deathless burn
 Within thy breast, and reverently turn
 Thy meek devotion to that heavenly throne
 At foot of which thou deem'st her spirit flown.

While grief with sad and softening influence warms
 Thy soul, shall Mem'ry's wand in ideal charms
 Robe the departed—oft her look, her tone,
 Her image, than of erst far sweeter known,
 Will haunt thee—and thou'lt linger, all in vain,
 Her virtues o'er—but Lethe's chalice drain
 To drown her faults—what, tho' her wayward eyes
 Shone changefully as April's varying skies !
 In stormiest mood, could not thy frown, thy smile,
 Or grieve her heart or all her griefs beguile ?
 Thy frown ! 'twas lightning, and all lightnings scathe ;
 Yet one soft word of her's would calm its wrath.
 Thy smile ! 'twas sunshine—to her breast how dear !
 Which broke thro' ev'ry cloud when she drew near !
 Thy pleasure guided still each deed and thought,—

Thy kiss was all the guerdon that she sought ;
For thee, and thee alone, the minstrel lyre
She tuned—for thee, who first the embryo fire
Aroused—and thy approval doth she prize
More than all incense that can e'er arise,
E'en from thy heaven-saluting altar, Fame !—
Than minstrel lays, or poet's honored name !

To her 'twas ever sweet to do thy 'hest :
E'er opened to thy view, her windowed breast,
Useless (wert thine) had made Ithuriel's spear,
Whose art reveals all *seemers* as they are.
The path she trod—the home where long with thee
She dwelt—far from the city's turmoil free ;
The flow'rs she loved will speak to thee of her ;
Aye—ev'ry leaf a tongue shall have, to stir
Each inmost pulse. In dreams thou'lt clasp her form,
And wake—no longer then to hail the morn.
And thou wilt woo no other bride—again
Thy lips can never breathe the hallowed strain,
Whose murmurs to her tend'rest passions spoke,
And struck the chord which first that touch awoke.
Thy love, thy constancy ! 'twas such of yore
The fabled Cephalus for Procris bore ;
Vainly o'er him her spells Aurora wove,
And where are Earth or Heavens to change thy love ?

CORA.

VERBAL CRITICISMS.

To progress.—This word, as well as guess and reckon, is denounced by the English writers of the present day as an Americanism. In a former article (*Southern Literary Messenger*, volume 2, page 388,) it was shown that the people of this country were justified in using these words as they do, by the authority of English writers of eminence. It remains to perform the same service to the verb *to progress*. It is to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, who cites Shakspeare as authority for it, and it is to be met with in Ben Jonson's works—I think in the *Alchemist*. Whilst the English are corrupting their language, and at the same time forgetting many good words familiar to their and our forefathers, it is fortunate for us that the language used by the writers of Queen Elizabeth's day is not obsolete.

Declination.—"Mr. So-and-so, who was lately nominated for congress has sent in his *declination* to the committee of conference." Such language is not uncommon in our newspapers—particularly in those which speak of "two hundred of a majority," and "three thousand of a majority." Declination is an astronomical term; and if a new word is to be coined to express the fact of an individual's declining to be a candidate for an office, declension would seem preferable.

Ameliorate and Amelioration.—These barbarisms still maintain their ground. To meliorate, would signify to improve; to better; but the *a*, prefixed, negatives what follows; and consequently the meaning of, to ameliorate, would be the same as to deteriorate.

"Grant to bless"—"Grant to prosper"—"Grant to aid." Such uncouth expressions are often heard in extemporaneous prayers. It is probably not too late to check this inaccurate and inelegant mode of speech, which has not yet made its way into print.

D.

"THERE IS NO STAR."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

There is no star in Heaven so bright
As that dark eye of thine ;
The gems that gild the crown of night
With paler lustre shine !

I'd leave the fairest thing of Art
To gaze upon that face
And faultless form, whose every part
Is redolent of grace.

Thy step is like the wild gazelle's,
As firm, and light, and free ;
And Beauty, like a spirit, dwells,
Enchanting girl, with thee !

I love—oh, who could ever view
That face and form divine,
Nor feel, when first that smile he knew,
His heart was wholly thine !

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

[The subjoined communication, though not precisely adapted to the pages of a literary periodical, is too interesting, in reference to its facts, to be excluded. Mr. Coles is among the most respectable and opulent of our citizens, and inhabits one of the fairest portions of Virginia. So many instances of extraordinary longevity, in so small a territorial circumference, would seem to point out the Green Mountain as the favorite abode of the goddess Hygieia herself. The facts themselves are given upon such high authority that they will not be disputed.—*Editor S. L. Mes.*]

The undersigned, in presenting the annexed document to the public, feels it due alike to those into whose hands it may fall, and to his own integrity to say, that no care has been spared and no investigation omitted, which might have a tendency to prevent error or inaccuracy in the statement subjoined.

A few years since his attention was elicited to the comparative *health*, and consequent *longevity*, of the part of Virginia in which he is a resident—and he made a list of each farm within a circuit of eight miles around his own dwelling—that forming the centre—giving in every instance the original settler on the different farms, heads of families, (sixty in number with their wives,) who had lived and died there; he believed that such a document could be completed in a few weeks, but soon ascertained that many of the descendants (of whom only, correct intelligence could be obtained,) had removed to a distance, and some of them even beyond the limits of the State; which, together with the investigation of registers, tomb-stones, &c., produced a delay difficult to be conceived; he believes that it now presents a faithful list of the respective ages subjoined, and the annexation of the publisher's name is an evidence of his own conviction of its accuracy.

From the list exhibited below, the average age of the sixty *males* is something less than seventy-eight years—one-tenth of the number being still alive: that of the sixty *females* is seventy-five years, and near a fourth of the number still living.

In a note the reader will find a certificate from a most respectable member of the Clarkson family, attesting that of *thirteen* brothers and sisters, (of whom James Clarkson in the subjoined list was one,) lived, with a single exception, (a female who died somewhat short of it,) to the advanced age of *eighty* years; and the publisher is farther confirmed in his belief of the accuracy of the statement from the concurrent testimony of many members of the family.

TUCKER COLES.

Green Mountain, Albemarle Co., Va.

LIST OF AGES.

William Goolsby,	-	108,	wife	105
Harry Woods,	-	100,	wife	87
Lawrence Suddarth,	-	94,	wife	96
James Jopling,	-	96,	wife	78
James Clarkson,	-	†98,	wife	*90
John Lewis,	-	90,	wife	70
Hugh R. Morris,	-	87,	wife	79
Abraham Eddes,	-	87,	wife	75
Moses Gentry,	-	87,	wife	*94
Bazeleel Maxwell,	-	87,	wife	84
John Morris,	-	78,	wife	65
Jacob Morris,	-	84,	wife	43
Castleton Harper,	-	87,	wife	76
John Wingfield,	-	79,	wife	95
Michael Thomas,	-	88,	wife	83
John Sowel,	-	*95,	wife	70
George Norvell,	-	89,	wife	80
John Burrass,	-	104,	wife	84
Absalom McQuery,	-	84,	wife	*81
John Harris,	-	84,	wife	64
James Suddarth,	-	85,	wife	96
Richard Davenport,	-	80,	wife	85
William Hamner,	-	80,	wife	80
James P. Cacke,	-	82,	wife	66
Leonard Drumheller,	-	79,	wife	79
William Hopkins,	-	79,	wife	69
Giles Tompkins,	-	88,	wife	66
Mash Leake,	-	74,	wife	76
Andrew Squires,	-	58,	wife	*82
Joseph Gilmer,	-	78,	wife	78
Benjamin Harris,	-	80,	wife	*70
Martin Dawson,	-	74,	wife	82
Andrew Hart,	-	78,	wife	*68
William Thurmond,	-	57,	wife	67
George Eubank,	-	71,	wife	87
William Tooley,	-	75,	wife	51
Samuel Dyer,	-	*80,	wife	*72
Nath'l. Watkins,	-	65,	wife	80

* The stars indicate those individuals who are still alive.

† This note has reference to the subjoined certificate.

Wm. Moon, sen.,	-	70,	wife	65
William Irvine,	-	69,	wife	*81
James Eubank,	-	67,	wife	75
William Elsom,	-	65,	wife	73
Orlando Jones,	-	79,	wife	68
John Coles,	-	63,	wife	76
John Scott,	-	62,	wife	65
Christopher Hudson,	-	67,	wife	47
Joseph Harlan,	-	*75,	wife	*73
Dr. Morrison,	-	67,	wife	62
Lewis Nicholas,	-	*70,	wife	50
Nicholas Hamner,	-	51,	wife	80
Martin Thacker,	-	*66,	wife	*56
Edward Carter,	-	62,	wife	77
William Dabney,	-	42,	wife	*61
William Watson,	-	72,	wife	82
John Hall,	-	73,	wife	*61
Thomas Jopling,	-	84,	wife	88
John Fry,	-	36,	wife	63
James Garland,	-	87,	wife	84
William Mooran,	-	77,	wife	*94
David Strange,	-	*75,	wife	*70

My father intermarried into the Clarkson family when I was a small boy—and my marriage into the same family, gave me the chance of being personally acquainted with the thirteen children, as I have heard their mother say were all by one husband, namely, eight sons and five daughters; they were all born in the county of Louisa,—and all of them did, at some time, live in the county of Albemarle. And I have no doubt in my mind, that (with the exception of one, and she was near eighty,) the sons and daughters did live to be more than *eighty* years of age, and several of them bordering on *ninety* years.†

Given under my hand this fifth of February, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

JESSE LEWIS.

† Mr. Lewis does not here allude to the senior member, *James Clarkson*, who he is aware lived to a still greater age.

TASSO AND LEONORA.

The hour of freedom came at last, the dungeon was unclosed !
He quitted now, the couch of stone, where years he had reposed,
Within the damp and vaulted walls, of that deep, gloomy cell,
Where the pure and peaceful gleamings of sunlight never fell.
Once more he trod the verdant turf, with a footstep firm and free,
But his heart was sad and silent, and his voice had lost its glee;
For she was gone—the beautiful—the peerless and the great,—
And the captive's longed for freedom, had come, alas ! too late !

What now to him, was liberty, or happiness, or mirth,
When she, his first and best beloved, had parted from the earth ?
He could not teach his broken lyre to sound another's name,
And when the praise he loved, was mute, what reck'd he then
of fame ?

The proud applause that met him now, he held no longer dear,
For all his sweetest hopes had died on Leonora's bier.
His soul had lost the impulse wild, that lured him to be great,
And the glorious pomp of royal praise, had greeted him too late !

J. T. L.

DREAMS.

What are our dreams ?
 What are those visions, calm and bright,
 That shed o'er the hours of solemn night,
 A radiancy, that seems
 The splendor of that better land—
 Where peace and love, go hand in hand—
 And the sun of glory beams ?

What are our dreams ?
 Do angels round our pillows bow,
 And whisper us in accents low,
 Of the beauty of the sky ?
 Of the Heavens, and the radiant band,
 That near the throne of mercy stand,—
 Of life that may not die ?

No ! it cannot be so !
 Our dreams are not always bright as this ;
 They speak not always of worlds of bliss ;
 For they sometimes throw
 Across the spirit, their shadows deep :
 And gloomy thoughts o'er our slumbers sweep,
 In sadness, still and low !

What then, are dreams ?
 Ye ask in vain ! 'tis all unknown
 To us, the influence o'er us thrown
 By a power divine ;
 And what ye ask, may not be told,
 Till darkness from the grave is rolled,
 And immortality thine !

J. T. L.

ANTHON'S CLASSICAL SERIES.

Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

This admirable series has met, as was predicted long ago, with success so unequivocal, that, having advanced already to the sixth work, it will be carried out by successive publications, to the fullest extent originally contemplated, under the supervision of the able and accomplished scholar, whose name prefaces our remarks. The volumes already given to the public, in this series, are, *Horace*, *Cicero*, *Sallust*, *Cæsar*, a grammar of the Greek Language, a system of Prosody, for the student of the same rich tongue, and a volume of Latin Lessons. It is, we are aware, a bold assertion, that we are about to make, but we are well assured, it is as true, as bold—namely, that there is not one of these works, which does not immeasurably surpass any previous school edition of the same author.—The *Horace*, *Sallust*, *Cicero*, and *Cæsar*, are remarkable for an excellently correct text, and notes brief, luminous, comprehensive and admirably adapted to youthful intellects ; the two latter works are adorned with many additions known to no other edition ; the *Cæsar*, with a set of admirable maps and plans, besides a Greek

paraphrase, of several books—which is not only highly curious, but of great real value to the student—and the *Cicero*, with geographical and historical indexes, compiled with great diligence and acumen. The Greek Grammar and Prosody, are even more valuable than those already specified ; each of them being completely a *sine qua non* to the proper and thorough acquisition of the noble tongue, to which they belong, and both together filling a void which has long existed, and long been regretted alike, by the ripe scholar, and the raw tyro. They are emphatically excellent, and unsurpassed—the grammar being the *best*, the prosody the *only* work of the kind, fitted for the use of schools. The Latin Lessons, we have not had time to examine with the same care and attention, which we have bestowed on the former volumes of this admirable series, though we doubt not, they will be found fully equal to their predecessors. We look forward with the deepest interest to the forthcoming numbers, and especially to the higher order of classics, the Greek Tragedians, and Orators, which are included in the plan, and from which, should the editor succeed, as he has thus far succeeded, in blending deep lore and the results of vast research, with the singular simplicity and rare faculty of explaining that, he has brought to his arduous task, the most desirable effects may be expected, both as to the facilitating the acquisition of this branch of learning, and the increasing the number of classical scholars in the United States ; which, to say truth, notwithstanding the boasted diffusion of knowledge through their limits, are yet, in this respect, centuries behind the European countries, which they would fain imagine their inferiors, in all pertaining to that choicest blessing to a people, a *Liberal Education*.

THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

Why mourn the young ? we know the early dead
 Are welcomed in a world of bliss above—
 That from a sphere of darkness, they have fled
 To one of spotless and eternal love.

Why mourn the flower, plucked in its earliest bloom,
 Ere it had felt a single chilling blast ?
 We know that it will meet a blighting doom—
 Then why regret its brilliancy is past ?

We weep not, when the tempest-driven barque
 Reaches a haven free from storm and cloud—
 We mourn not, when at morning hour, we mark
 The light of day disperse night's sable shroud.

Then mourn them not—the blest, the early dead !
 The fairest things of earth, to die, were made—
 Repine ye not, when those ye loved, have fled—
 The best and dearest, are the first to fade !

J. T. L.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

GREAT MEN.

The pure gold of human character can only be wrought out into the noblest forms of majesty and beauty after passing through a fiery ordeal of trial and suffering. Without this ordeal whatever of gold originally belongs to character is corrupted by the presence of much dross. No very great man ever rose sun-like in the firmament of mind, who had not previously passed through a night of doubt, despair and disquietude.

POETS.

All true poets are of necessity mythologists, for the multiform spirit of the universe is seen by them in ten thousand symbols in creation. To them the ocean is a symbol of its majesty, the stars of its glory, the forests of its beauty, the tempests of its strength, and the mountains of its grandeur.

BAXTER.

People like to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. Baxter was aware of this, and used to put something in each of his sermons which he knew to be above the understanding of his listeners.

TALKING.

Some men in conversation utter nothing but parallelisms of your own thoughts, thereby giving them extension, but not force. They hammer out your gold, and exhibit much action and but little progress.

WOMAN.

Gibbon very truly remarks, that the condition of woman is elevated towards equality with the rougher sex in proportion as civilization is advanced. In Asiatic countries, woman, to this day, is but the slave of her haughty lord. Mahomet said that he stood at the gates of Heaven and the inmates were mostly of the poor, and that he stood at the gates of hell and the inmates were mostly women!

HAPPINESS.

It is a very common error to suppose children happier than men. This is only true on the supposition that happiness means absence of care. But happiness is positive enjoyment, and we are in a condition to feel the most of it when all our faculties are most fully developed, as it is the result of action.

GALLANTS.

From the avidity with which ladies, who have no other charm than that which a bountiful allotment of acres gives them, are sought for by gentlemen in general, one cannot help recognising a likeness between those gallants and those Jews who were enamored of a golden calf in the desert.

ASSIMILATION.

If it be true, as some suppose, that one's nature assimilates to the nature of the food one feeds on, I should think a certain distinguished general lived

on files and handsaws, for his face is as rough as the one and his temper as jagged as the other.

PRINCIPLES.

A principle which is genuinely good, cannot be run into ridiculous extremes. The way to test a principle is to carry it out to its farthest legitimate results. Run it to seed, and its fruits will condemn or commend it.

CREEDS.

I cannot avoid objecting to all creeds, because they essay to fix forever the boundaries of belief and to stereotype opinion—because they take it for granted that all is known that can be known on certain subjects—because they assume that no farther revelation will be made from Heaven, and because they decree that human investigation has penetrated to the very *ultima thule* of truth.

GREAT MINDS.

Great minds do not act immediately on the mass. They require interpreters to be rendered intelligible to common intellects. They are suns in the firmament of mind, and their light is blinding to weak visions. They enlighten their satellites, and they in their turn reflect that light on the world.

INCONSISTENCY AND DEFORMITY.

I know a lady of talent whose opinions are very ingeniously maintained, and are very inconsistent. It is a curious association, but I never think of her inconsistent opinions without having a vision of Madame de Stael's shoulders before my mind. That great woman's shoulders were very symmetrically formed, but, unfortunately, they were not matches; and hence, though each was beautiful when contemplated without reference to what was meant to be its fellow, when viewed together they presented a deformity.

MADAME DE STAEL.

By the way, speaking of De Stael, reminds me of what she once said in regard to the relative desirableness of genius and beauty in woman. She said she would willingly exchange her mind for a beautiful person. This remark is startling at first glance, but when we recollect that she of all things most desired the admiration of men, and that men are, as Byron says, mere moths to be caught by glare, we discover that the lady's opinion, viewed in connection with what she most desired, was not very remarkable for its silliness.

HUSBANDS.

It is to be feared that but too many husbands are like the father of Charles the Twelfth, in one particular, who, when his wife was entreating him to be merciful to some of his subjects, said to her—"Madame, we took you to bring us children, not to give us advice."

PICKPOCKETS.

A pickpocket is a tax gatherer, who gets his commission from nature, and levies on those who have more pounds in their purses than bullion in their brains.

PHILANTHROPISTS.

If there were ground on which to fix a moral lever, then philanthropists might hope to lift the world. But the misfortune with them always has been that they try to elevate the world before they find out the ground on which to plant their levers.

MEN OF GENIUS.

The Roman victors had slaves attached to their chariots to remind them of the mutability of fortune—and men of genius have always had malignant critics near them to remind them of their fallibility.

WALPOLE'S OPINION OF POETS.

Walpole said in reference to Chatterton, that singing birds should not be too freely fed, and the world has very generally acted upon Walpole's opinion.

EXPECTATION.

Look hopefully on what seems to be most darkly mantled with clouds, and do not expect too much from whatever is most brilliant with promise; for the one will turn out better and the other worse than you apprehend.

LOVE.

Love, like a flower, may be crushed to earth—but, like the flower again, it may lift up its head and fling fragrance on the winds. When we are young, it soars like the bird in summer time, and though its pinions may be ruffled by tempests, and broken by the hunter, yet if it have the true *vis medicatrix nature*, it will rise and soar again in the wide empyrean.

A PRAYER.

Give me one kind, confiding heart
To cheer me on life's pilgrimage,
To soothe me when my hopes depart,
And shield me when misfortunes rage,—
And then, though Fortune's brow be dark,
Or bright before me is Hope's form,
Light o'er life's waves my bounding bark
Shall onward sweep through sun and storm.

CIVILIZATION.

Civilization results from the action of those insatiable longings which belong to the heart, craving elevation above the condition in which it finds itself. Commerce, science, and art, instead of being its creators are its creatures—are the means it makes use of to realize in possession what has been glorious in its dreams.

GREATNESS.

Nature scatters the seeds of moral and intellectual greatness with an impartial hand on every soil, although their fructification is frequently frustrated by untoward circumstances. Jesus showed that slandered Nazareth could produce the sublimest specimens of moral greatness, and Plutarch's birth vindicated Bœotia from the current calumny.

FOOLS AND FORTUNE.

Chesterfield remarks that most people complain of Fortune—few of Nature. This is true, for the most egregious fool even supposes Nature has

endowed him with sufficient merit to entitle him to consideration, and imputes the whole blame of his want of success to the especial unkindness of Fortune—as if the blind goddess would condescend from ruling empires to wage hostilities against one so unspeakably inconsiderable as himself.

PASSION AND INSANITY.

From the best established intellect, the judgment, which is the monarch *jure divino*, may be cast down by rebellious passions, which when excited are not content with the servility of eunuch slaves. Who, that has seriously entertained, and been enamored of the visions that love, ambition, revenge, or any other subtle sorcerer evokes from the unfathomed abysses of feeling, has not at times acknowledged himself not only fanatical, but mad. The truth is, a passion is never fully panoplied while sanity is uninvaded.

TITUS' RULE.

The best conservative rule to be commended to those who are anxious to "act well their parts in life," is that observed by Titus, who, at the close of each day, instituted a rigid inquisition into its occurrences.

DOUBT.

The liberty to doubt is forbidden by all creeds, and yet doubt has paved the way for every triumph which truth has won over error and superstition. If I were to build a temple I would dedicate it to Doubt, because she has been of incalculably greater service in the cause of humanity, than all the deities of Olympus and all the saints on the calendar combined.

GENIUS.

Genius has no standing army, but it has an intellectual cohort which is an overmatch for all opposition. When was genius overcome by external force? Never! It may fall a victim to the weaknesses which it has associated with itself in dishonorable friendship, but it has never yielded to the hostility of its sworn foes.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Kentucky, 1839.

LEADING APES IN H***.

PATTY'S RETORT.*

"Ah, know you not," said Martha's beau,
Whom she that morn had sent a-packing—
"The doom that in the realm below
Awaits lone ladies, husbands lacking?
Dismal, for aye, the hapless maids
Lead apes, through Pluto's gloomy shades!"

"I know:" quoth Pat, with scornful air;
"Nor does the doom awake my fear:
I'd rather, far, lead monkies there,
Than let a monkey lead me here."

M.

* Partly founded on fact.